



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

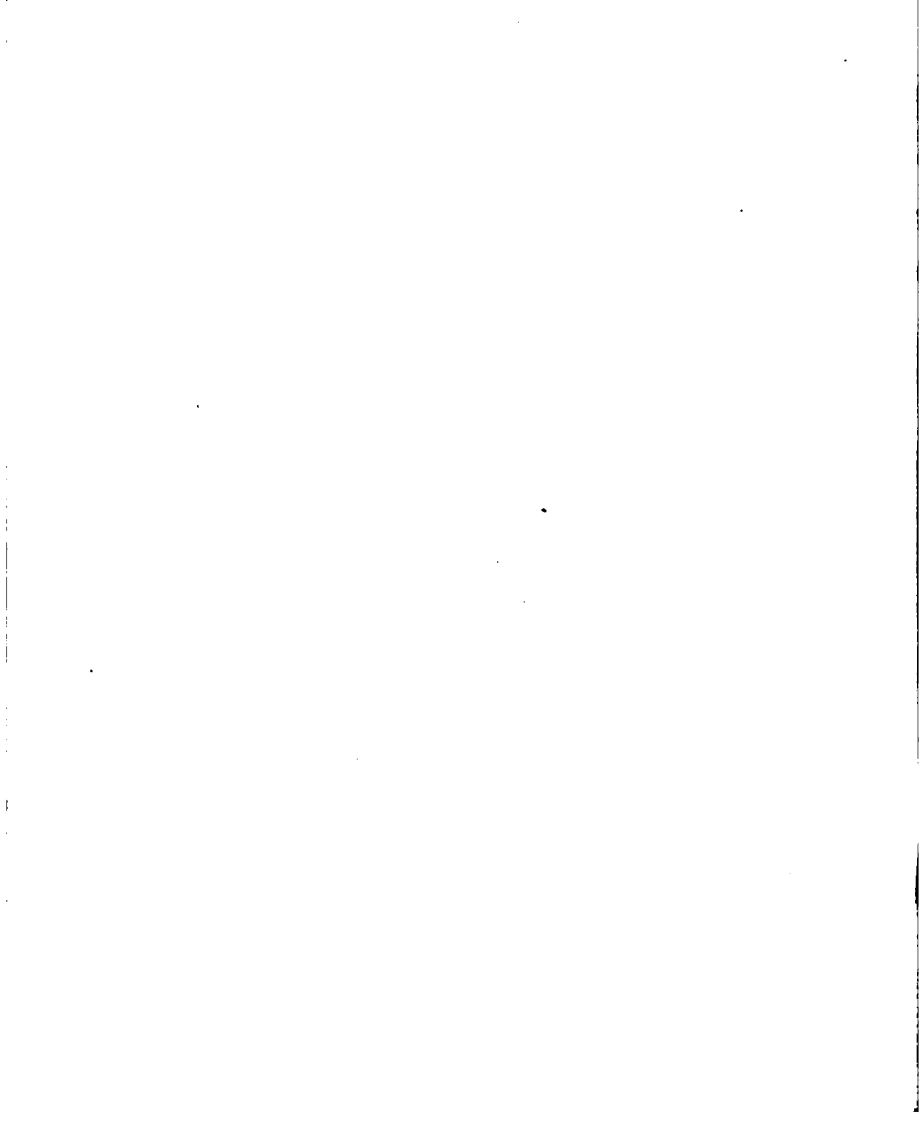
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Per. 2529 e. $\frac{139}{1847}$

PETER PARLEY'S ANNUAL.





PRINTED IN COLORS BY COLLINS AND REYNOLDS.



1

2

3

4

5



PETER PARLEY'S
ANNUAL.

A Christmas and New Year's Present
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

LONDON:
DARTON AND CO., 58, HOLBORN HILL,
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

MDCCCXLVII.

LONDON :

W. LEWIS AND SON, FINCH-LANE, CORNHILL.



PREFACE.



RIGHT merry and joyful be your hearts, my little ones, and they will shine through the fogs of November and December, and make their dark days bright. "Home for the holidays!" I think I hear you

shout; and in my "mind's eye" I behold coaches loaded, omnibuses crammed, and see your cheerful, laughing faces stretched out of the windows in spite of the wind and the rain, and your flags flying inside, and your lumber of boxes on the top; and the horses galloping, and the wheels spinning, and the mud flying centrifugally—if you know what that means, and I fancy you do;—this is what I see in my "mind's eye," and this is a joyful sight for me. And then I think I see you, when you get home, hugging and kissing mama, squeezing and half stifling your sisters, with excess of love; and telling, all in a breath, ten thousand different things, events, pleasures, plays, troubles and disasters; and then, running from them before their relation be half finished, to what you intend to do for the next "long-looked-for" six weeks; and how learning is to be thrown, like physic, to the dogs; and how "fun and frolic" are to wind up the old year and to begin the new——

Well, joy be with you all, my dear children, and if an old man's wish be worth a thought, may God bless you all with health, with good tempers, kind hearts, and affectionate natures! And may you all be as eager to go to school again, when the time comes, as you have been to leave it; and may love and joy and peace be your inheritance for ever. Such is the sincere wish of your faithful friend

PETER PARLEY.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Visit to a Prison - - - - -	260
About Cherries - - - - -	122
Anecdote—Story about Columbus - - - - -	192
Bird Catching in the Shetland Isles - - - - -	295
Boating Extraordinary; or, a Little Boy's Trials - - - - -	103, 145, 177
Boys' Military Companies - - - - -	61
Destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum - - - - -	248
Elephants and Elephant Hunting - - - - -	331
How Pence make Pounds; or, the Little Economist - - - - -	161
Old Edwards - - - - -	33
Parley's Journey in Sacred Places - - - - -	92
Parley's Railway Trips - - - - -	129, 208, 369
Parley's Travels in Palestine and the Holy Land - - - - -	193, 235
Something about Bears - - - - -	97
Something about the Boa Constrictor - - - - -	347
Something about the Esquimaux - - - - -	245
Something about the Fox - - - - -	364
Something about the Horse - - - - -	69
Something about the Ostrich - - - - -	267
Something about the Rhinoceros - - - - -	65
Something about the Sikhs - - - - -	362
Something about the Swan—White and Black - - - - -	336
Story of a Sailor Boy - - - - -	11, 85, 117
The Boy King - - - - -	358

	PAGE
The Child and the Hermit	270, 289, 340
The Eider Fowl	21
The Insects of the Forest	157
The King and the Young Man	315
The King of the Commons	318
The Knights Templar	321, 353
The Missionary	225
The Seal Fishery	1
The Shamoy	58
The Sick Dog	50
The Wild Boar and Boar Hunting	311
Tiger Hunting	200
Veracity of a Moor	63
Walks about London	75, 137, 171, 257, 278, 302

POETRY.

Childhood	256
Hymn of the Mountain Tops	242
Marion Lee	127
Song of the Season, "O how Brightly"	125
The Blackberry Girl	26, 44
The Fly	158
The Monkey	350
The Mother	83
The Silkworm	287
The Swan	224
Tiger Hunt	206
To a Little Child	255
To 'Lilly,' a very Little Child	352
To Mars	290
To some Children listening to a Lark	254
To Venus	291

PETER PARLEY'S ANNUAL.

THE SEAL-FISHERY.

THE Seal is one of the most valuable gifts bestowed by nature on the natives of the northern regions, such as the Greenlanders, Kamtschatkadales, and Esquimaux. To them the animal is of the utmost utility, and supplies the greatest part of their wants. Its skin furnishes them with clothes, shoes, boots, stockings, and coverings for their tents and their boats; its flesh serves them for food; its fat they burn in lamps to light their wretched huts, and at these, as they have no other fires, they likewise warm themselves and dress their victuals. The sinews they use for thread, and with the intestines they contrive to make windows, shirts, and curtains for their summer tents. The stomach answers the purposes of a pitcher or bottle; and, lastly, with the bones they make all sorts of utensils. Since the Europeans extended their commerce to those dreary regions, the inhabitants have bartered a great quantity of seals' skins

and grease for cloth, iron implements, and other things necessary in the daily concerns of life.

From what I have just said, you may infer that a scarcity of seals is as great a calamity to the poor Greenlanders as a failure of our crops would be to us ; and that they are then reduced to as great distress as we should be in case of a sudden dearth of corn and other alimentary productions.

Since, then, the seal is an object indispensably necessary for the existence of the Greenlanders, all their efforts must consequently tend towards procuring this primary article with more facility, and in the greatest possible quantity. As with us youths early apply themselves to the sciences or arts belonging to the profession which they have adopted, so the young Greenlanders devote their whole attention to the art of taking their prey—that is to say, to fishing and hunting ; since these are the only pursuits that can furnish them with the means of securing themselves against hunger, cold, and the inclemencies of the weather.

We cannot sufficiently admire the providence of nature, or rather of the God of nature, who has bestowed on these regions, destitute of his other gifts, a creature capable of supplying the urgent necessities of their inhabitants. We must not, therefore, be astonished to find that the idea of seals mingles with all their thoughts, and prevails even in their religious notions. They conceive that the felicity of Paradise consists in the productive seal-fishery which they shall there meet with. It is, therefore, but natural that they should attach the utmost importance to this fishery, on which their existence, as it were, depends, and that they have invented such ingenious methods to render its success more certain.

All the preparations made by the Greenlanders for this fishery prove that it required considerable reflection, time, and experience, to discover the surest way of taking these animals. If you look at a Greenland fisherman, you cannot help admiring the ingenuity and singular contrivances by which he arms himself beforehand against



such dangers as he cannot entirely avoid. His very dress is precisely what it ought to be for this pursuit, and could not be better adapted to the purpose; it is made of seal-skins, and is fastened together with bone buttons. His canoe, or boat, is likewise suited to the nature of the spot to which the Greenlander is confined. Rocks of ice being very frequent in the sea that washes those coasts, a large

vessel would find it difficult to pass between them ; for which reason the Greenlander makes use of a very narrow and extremely light boat, that he may be able to penetrate everywhere, and steer it as he pleases. This boat is composed of very thin straight laths, joined together with whalebone, and covered on the outside with seal skins : it will hold but one person.

These boats, which they call " kayaks," are five or six yards long, and terminate at each end in a point ; in the middle they are not at most a yard in width, and their depth does not exceed half a yard. The two points are protected with whalebone and strong knobs, to prevent their being broken against the ice or rocks.

Having provided himself with an oar, a quantity of arrows, a harpoon fastened to a long cord, and a bladder filled with air, the fisherman carries his boat to the shore, gets into it, covers himself with skins, and sets out on his expedition. The boat, from its lightness, shoots swiftly over the waves, with which it rises and falls : sometimes a tremendous billow overwhelms it, but this accident excites no fear in the bosom of the navigator, who dexterously balances the boat by means of the oar, which he passes from one hand to the other : nay, even if he is upset by the force of the wave, he can right himself again with the aid of his oar.

As soon as he perceives a seal, he softly approaches, and suddenly throws his harpoon at the animal with one hand, while he holds a cord which is tied to it in the other. The seal, finding itself wounded, instantly dives ; the cord follows, and the bladder of air floating on the surface marks the place to which the animal retires. It is soon obliged to rise again to the surface for breath, when the fisherman dispatches it with his spear, tipped with very sharp and hooked

points. When the seal is dead, the Greenlander tows his prey to the shore, turns the boat upside down on the beach, drags the seal after him, and returns home. His wife cuts it up: they eat part of the flesh, and bury the rest in the earth for winter. I have mentioned the uses that are made of the skin and of the other parts of this animal.

That the fisherman is not always successful, and must have to encounter very great dangers, may easily be imagined. In a climate



so inclement as that of Greenland, the sea, which is at all times dangerous, presents numberless obstacles to the fisherman, how intrepid soever he may be. We are almost frightened to think that a single individual ventures to penetrate into places rendered almost inaccessible by tremendous tempests and prodigious barriers of ice; where he cannot expect any assistance; where dreary solitude pre-

vails ; where, finally, he has to contend alone against the elements, which seem to be let loose upon him, and to conspire his destruction. This situation, which to us appears so terrific, has no other effect on the Greenlander than to render him more capable of contending with success against the obstacles which nature throws in his way. He knows that it is of importance to him to keep his body supple, and to exercise all his limbs, that he may be able to extricate himself from the perilous situations in which he is liable to be involved. To this end, the Greenlanders have invented various kinds of exercises, intended to give their youth agility and address. They frequently exercise themselves in preserving, by the motions of the body, the equilibrium of a boat, which is made to incline in every direction. They even learn to keep themselves in the boat, and to seize the oar, if they happen to let it go, at the moment when they are turning topsy-turvy ; for, as I have already told you, it sometimes happens that a wave upsets the boat when out at sea, and woe be then to the poor fellow who loses his presence of mind, and does not endeavour to right the boat again, and keep fast hold of his oar, for this is one of the implements which he cannot do without. Sometimes, too, he is entangled in the cord, which the seal, when struck with the harpoon, draws down with it. He must then contrive to balance himself in such a manner that his boat may not be upset, or himself even drawn under water. You may imagine what address and presence of mind is required to get over all these accidents ; and accordingly the acquisition of these two qualities is the sole object of education among the Greenlanders.

When the cold is so intense as to prevent the Greenlanders from going to sea, they seek their prey upon the ice ; and on this occasion

they employ other ingenious though equally laborious methods. As the seals cannot remain long under water, for want of breath, they make holes in the ice, by which they ascend to take the air and lie down : in this situation they frequently drop asleep, and fall easy victims to their imprudence ; for the Greenlander is at hand, and when he hears them snore he softly approaches and kills them with a club, or of late years with a gun. When, on the other hand, the



seal happens to be awake, its enemy is obliged to employ a stratagem to take it. Covered from head to foot with a seal skin, imitating the cry of the animal, and creeping upon his belly on the ice, he bears no small resemblance to his intended victim ; at least, the creature commonly takes him for one of its own species, and suffers him to approach without mistrust. Scarcely has the supposed animal reached the real seal, when he pierces it with a lance concealed under his

disguise, becomes a Greenlander again, and secures his prize. At other times several persons surround holes made in the ice, and when one or more seals make their appearance, they dispatch them with spears.

In the peninsula of Kamtschatka the seal-fishery is likewise an important occupation. There is no danger so great as to deter them when in pursuit of these animals; nothing can frighten, nothing can daunt these intrepid adventurers. The mere description of this fishery is enough to excite terror in us, whereas these people look upon all the circumstances attending it as perfectly simple and natural.

They commonly choose the darkest nights of winter for their expeditions. Figure to yourselves what a winter's night must be in the midst of the Frozen Ocean, when fields of ice, frequently a league in length, borne furiously along by the waves, dash against each other with a tremendous noise, which alone is sufficient to appal the boldest heart in these dreary solitudes; when the snow, driven about by hurricanes, falls in large flakes; when, in short, everything seems to announce a general convulsion of the elements, and the end of the world. Well, it is exactly at the moment when all these circumstances are combined, that the inhabitants of Kamtschatka undertake their expedition, and expose their frail lives a thousand and a thousand times again to apparently inevitable destruction. Notwithstanding all this, they are frequently so successful as to return home with plenty of booty.

Often, too, these unfortunate creatures fall victims to their audacity, and are entombed in the billows which they so boldly brave. Sometimes it happens that the wind, which at their departure blew

from the sea to the shore, suddenly shifts, and drives the fields of ice which they are upon farther and farther out to sea ; in this case it requires their utmost efforts to save their lives. Notwithstanding the most intense cold, they are obliged to throw themselves into the water that they may reach the shore by swimming : those who are less expert, tie themselves with cords to their dogs, which drag them faithfully to the land, and thus become the saviours of their masters.

There are less dangerous methods of catching seals, but they are of course uncertain, and never so successful as when the fishermen go in quest of these animals on their native element. From time to time, for instance, a general search is made along the coast, by women as well as men, armed with clubs, with which they knock on the head the seals that appear on the beach, and when once surrounded, they have no means of escaping : or, if they find none on the shore, they set up such a shout, that the seals which are under water, terrified by the noise, raise their heads, and are instantly struck by very sharp spears.

The Danish merchants frequently equip vessels to fish for seals near Spitzbergen, an island situated in the Frozen Ocean, and belonging, as you know, to the King of Denmark. On their arrival in the neighbourhood of this island, the sailors make excursions on the ice, and surprise the seals, which often lie asleep there in herds ; they first stun the animals, by striking them on the nose with sticks, and afterwards dispatch them.

The Russian merchants do the same at the Kurile Islands, situated near the peninsula of Kamtschatka. The crew of each of their ships generally consists of from fifty to seventy men, who divide

themselves into several detachments, to go in quest of the seals ; they, moreover, induce the islanders, by force or presents, to assist them in their expedition, and when they have collected a great number of skins they return to Russia, to dispose of them there or to send them off to China.

Greenland, where, as I have told you, seals are found in great numbers, is indebted to these animals in particular, and to the trade in their skins, for having at present much more intercourse than formerly with Europeans.



STORY OF A SAILOR-BOY.



CHAPTER I.

I AM now about to tell you the story of a sailor boy, who went through many strange adventures. He ran away from his father and mother. It is seldom, however, that boys who run away turn out so well as even to make good sailors; for one who makes a good man of any

kind, as many as twenty, if not a hundred, come to some very bad end, and perhaps die in prison or on a gallows. They often first become gamesters, then drunkards, then thieves or robbers by sea and land; and then—I have already told you what becomes of them.

The story is about Tom Turnagain, who lived at a school not far from Hampstead. His master was a young man, a first-rate scholar, and a kind teacher; but Tom wickedly repaid his kindness by bad behaviour.

Tom was very fond of playing the truant, being of a wandering disposition; and he would often, after the whole school had been sent to bed, steal out from his chamber, let himself down by the sheets into the garden, scale the wall, and find himself on the hills surrounding his school. There, reaching to the highest knoll, he would sit and see the moon rise at midnight—sometimes all alone; and then he would think upon foreign countries, and of the accidents by flood and field, and long to be a soldier or a sailor, or anything to get away from books.

The reason Tom hated books was because he was continually crammed with them: he had Latin of a morning, Greek in the middle of the day, French in the afternoon, and mathematics and writing, and such a crowd of other things, that he sickened at the very sight of a book.

So he determined to run away from school; and having no one to care about him but a poor old bedridden grandfather, Tom asked leave to visit him, which was readily granted. He found the old man lying in bed, full of trouble, as he supposed that his illness was mortal. Tom said he came to see him before he died; and there-

upon the old man began to give Tom a great deal of advice, telling him to be particular in keeping to his school, and to be a good boy, and never to lead a roving life, as such would be sure to end in sorrow.

To all of this admonition Tom replied with strong assurances of obedience, though at the same time he intended to run away from



school the next day: he, however, took an affectionate leave of him, and returned to his school the same evening.

When the night was come, Tom, without saying a word to any one, dressed himself in his best suit, and breaking open his money-box, took out all his savings, and sewed them up in the waistband of his trowsers; he then ate the remainder of his plum-cake, which had

been sent him by his cousin Mary, and made ready to depart. All the boys were asleep: he went towards the window; a bright light appeared in the houses opposite—it was a fire. There was no time to lose; so he leaped out of the window, scaled the garden wall, and was, as he considered, free.

When the morning dawned he found himself some miles from the metropolis, on the road to Portsmouth, walking away as fast as his



feet could carry him. He recollected that about midway between London and this seaport his aunt lived; and Tom thought as he went along that he should like to call upon his cousin Mary, and bid her good-bye; for she had always been very kind to him at school, and sent him both playthings and money, and always kept him supplied with plum-cake. But Tom did not intend to show himself to his

aunt, for fear he should be prevented from carrying his plans into execution.

It was now evening, and Tom had walked above thirty miles : he at last discovered the shrubbery of his aunt's dwelling, and having walked round to the back premises, and peeped through the palings of the garden, he at last saw his cousin Mary sitting on a bench by the summer-house.



Tom was over in a twinkling, and in a few minutes found himself seated by his cousin's side, to whom he related his determination to go to sea. The poor girl tried all she could to dissuade him from such a mad project, without producing any effect on his mind. At

last she attempted to call her mother, and ran out of the garden for that purpose. Tom immediately leaped over the fence, and took to his heels as fast as his legs would carry him.

The hue and cry was soon raised. Cousin Mary had told her mamma. The whole household was in motion: the servants and labourers were called together, and sent out in every direction to arrest the fugitive. But Tom took the advantage of a stage coach which was passing, and ran behind it for several miles, till he was out of breath, and so much fatigued that he could scarcely walk; but still he trudged on, determined not to stop till he reached Portsmouth, where he hoped to ship himself immediately.

His relations, however, had been too active in their pursuit; and before he had proceeded a mile farther he perceived at a distance a man-servant riding post-haste towards him. Tom threw himself into a ditch, and lay down among the nettles, in hopes that he should not be discovered; but his hopes were not realised, for the servant had caught a glimpse of him, and rode directly up to the spot where Tom lay.

"Come, young gentleman," said he, "I have had a rare chase after you. What, are you so mad as to think you can walk quicker than old Honesty (that was the horse's name) can gallop? You think yourself very clever and cunning, no doubt; but you must go back with me,"

"I won't," said Tom.

"Then I'll thrash you," said the man.

"Two can play at that," said Tom.

"Well, we will see who can play best," said the man, smacking his whip. "I have got orders to bring you, dead or alive."

"Kill me, then," said Tom.

"I'll flay you alive first," said the man.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," replied Tom, "to beat a poor lad like me."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the man, "to run away from school."

"I'd do it again," said Tom.

"Come, come," said the man, somewhat softened, "go back with me, and be a good boy. I dare say, if you return, it will be looked over."

"I dare say it won't," said Tom.

"There, get on the horse's back," said the man, "and I will lead him for a bit till he gets cool; and then I can mount behind you, and we will soon be home."

A sudden notion now seized the boy, and he leaped on the horse's back.

"That's a good lad," said the man; and he put the reins into his hand. While he was doing this, Tom snatched the whip, and giving the man a cut on the head, and the horse a "cut behind," almost at the same moment, dashed off at a gallop, leaving the astonished servant in the middle of the road.

Away he dashed towards Portsmouth at a full gallop, never once turning his head to look behind him, and he reached that port in two hours. He immediately rode to an inn, put up his horse, and then went down to the hoe. There lay the men-of-war, and the sailors in their blue jackets were cruising about, while one of the frigates had her flag up for sailing, and was enlisting hands on every side.

Tom had not been down on the "hard" long before a midshipman hailed him with "What cheer, my hearty? are you looking out for a ship?"

"I am," said Tom.

"What say you to the *Arethusa*? a crack frigate, plenty of prize-money, good usage, and lots of grog. Will you enter?"

"I will," replied Tom. "Put me on board, and I'll enter directly."



So Tom was immediately put into the ship's boat, and away they all rowed together.

When Tom got on board he was very much amazed, for he had no idea of a ship of war. Such an admixture of men; so much order and so much irregularity; such rampant roaring singing and shouting between decks; and when the boatswain's shrill whistle blew, so much running and springing about, that he was for a while completely bewildered. However, he was soon called below. One sailor held out his hand, and received Tom with such a spank as shattered

his whole frame ; another came with a can of grog, and without asking Tom whether he would or no, rudely pushed the can against his lips, and poured the precious liquor down his waistcoat. Soon after this a wet swab was placed upon his head by another, while the salt water trickled all over his clothes. Then the cook passing by with dough in his hands, took the liberty to dab a large piece into Tom's eye, and to shake his floury hands over his weeping hair. Presently a tar-brush was put under his nose ; and last, although not least, a pistol was flashed close to his ear.

" If this is being on board of a man-of-war, and going to sea," said Tom to himself, " I wish I had never come."

And now he began to think that he had been very foolish in leaving his school, and very wicked in running away with his aunt's horse ; but he said to himself, " Well, the dye is cast, and I must run the hazard of it : if it comes up a blank I must put up with it, and if a prize, I must make the best of it."

Just as Tom was making these remarks to himself, a loud bang aroused him from his reverie. He started, and before he could recover himself another was heard in the distance, then several more in quick succession.

" What is that ?" inquired he of a sailor near him.

" The French are coming," said the tar : " you will have to fight like a Briton. Have you made your will ? If not, you had better do so, for you will be whistled off like a shot in a few minutes—take care of yourself." With that he stamped on Tom's toes, which made him roar again.

Tom, however, need not have been under any alarm, for it was only the booming of the sunset-gun, which is always fired at that

hour ; and upon reflection he soon discovered it to be so, and had no further thoughts of the French coming.

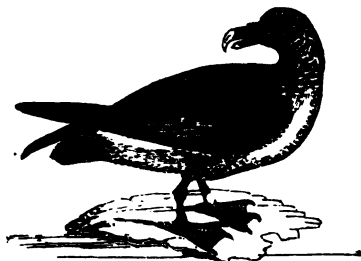
All hands were now piped on deck : and after being told by the first lieutenant that they were under sailing orders in the morning, and to be ready at a moment's notice, they were piped down again: hammocks were slung, and all made ready for a turn in.

Tom was soon directed to his hammock, and having undressed himself all but his trousers, was about to swing into it, as he supposed, as dexterously as any one ; but, just as he made a spring, down came the hammock with a run, and brought him down to the ground with a whack upon the hard oaken deck, which nearly stunned him. At this the sailors laughed ; for it was a trick that had been played him by one of his messmates, who had fastened the end of the hammock to the eye with a very slight bit of twine.

At last, however, Tom turned in, and in a very short space of time was sound asleep, where we shall leave him for the present.



THE EIDER FOWL.



THE Eider Fowl is a species of water-fowl, which bears a great resemblance to a goose. It inhabits cold countries, such as Iceland, the coasts of Scotland, and the Orkneys.

This bird builds its nest among the rocks, and feeds upon fish and aquatic insects. The eggs of the eider fowl, and still more its feathers and down, are in great request.

I shall now describe to you the manner of taking these birds and their eggs, which I witnessed more than once on the eastern coast of Scotland and the Orkney Islands, for there these birds are found in very great numbers.

The inhabitants of these barren and rocky regions subsist entirely, during part of the year, on the eggs of the eider fowl, but are often

obliged to expose themselves to the greatest dangers to come at them. The fowler endeavours to scramble up the rocks to which the eider fowl resort, which are often two, three, and even four hundred feet high, and so abrupt that it is scarcely possible to find a footing. Ascending to the elevated parts, where the birds deposit their eggs, the bold adventurer braves the danger of inevitable death, which would be the consequence of a false step. No dread of this, however, deters him; he secures the eggs, and descends with his booty from this prodigious height with more indifference than we should go down a ladder.

But many of the precipices are so abrupt as not to be accessible from below. The natives then employ another expedient. Having climbed to the top of the opposite rock, one of them lowers down the other from the slope contiguous to the brink by a rope, made either of straw or of hogs' bristles: the latter they prefer even to ropes of hemp, as it is not so liable to be cut by the sharpness of the rocks, and the former is apt to untwist. They trust themselves to a single assistant, who lets his companion down by the rope, while the other holds it upon the eminence. The courageous fowler descends, examines the cavities of the rocks, and puts all the eggs which he discovers into a basket fastened to his waist. His life, therefore, depends solely on the strength of his comrade at the top of the rock, who holds the other end of the rope; for if he should happen to loose it, the adventurer would of course fall, and be dashed in pieces against the projecting crags, or drowned in the billows, which break with a tremendous noise against the foot of these rocks. Such accidents not unfrequently happen.

If the fowler finds no eggs in one place he proceeds to another,

pushing himself out from the face of the rock with a small staff, to avoid injury, while thus suspended, from its projecting parts. Being far out of sight of the person above, he gives signals to him from time to time to shift the rope, which is often done while encumbered with the whole weight of the fowler and his booty.

But the most singular mode of bird-catching is pursued on the Holm of Noss, a vast rock apparently severed from the isle of the same name by some unknown convulsion, and only about sixteen fathoms distant. It is of the same stupendous height as the opposite precipice, with a raging sea between, so that the intervening chasm is a scene of matchless horror. Some adventurous islander having reached the rock in a boat, which he fastens at its foot, and climbed to the top, drives several stakes into the small portion of earth which is there to be found. Correspondent stakes are placed on the edge of the opposite cliffs. To these stakes on both sides is fastened a strong rope, along which a kind of basket, called a cradle, is contrived to slide. The fowler placing himself in the basket, by means of a small parallel cord wafts himself over, and returns the same way with his booty.

Such is the method of catching the birds which build their nests on the tops of rocks; but similar risks are run to take those which have their haunts below. The party goes on this expedition in a boat; and on its arrival at the foot of the precipice, one of the most daring, having fastened a rope about his waist, and being furnished with a long pole having an iron hook at one end, either climbs, or is thrust up with a pole by his companions, to a place where he can gain a footing. By means of the rope he draws up one of the boat's crew; the rest, each furnished with his rope and fowling-staff, are

brought up in the same manner. They thus continue their progress upwards till they reach the haunts of the birds, and wander about the face of the rock in search of them. They then act in pairs; one fastens himself to the end of his associate's rope, and, in places where birds have nestled beneath his footing, he permits himself to be lowered down. It is evident that in this case he must depend for his security on the strength of his companion, who has to haul him up again; but it sometimes happens that the person above is overpowered by the weight, and both precipitated headlong into the sea, or dashed against the points of the rocks, inevitably perish.

It frequently happens that they pass seven or eight days in this tremendous employment, during which they live in the most miserable manner, and have no other lodging than the clefts of the rocks.

The poor birds make a lamentable noise, while hovering full of anxiety about their nests, when they see their eggs or their young carried off. Sometimes it even happens that, exasperated by the loss of their little ones, they attack the robbers with the utmost fury; this exposes them to an additional danger, which they find it very difficult to guard against, especially when they are assailed by several birds at once.

The down obtained from them is dried in the sun, by whose heat it is so reduced that ten pounds yield, after this indispensable operation, no more than three of good down, which is sold by the name of eider-down, and is used for feather-beds and pillows. The Greenlanders take from these poor birds nothing but their eggs and their young; as to the down they leave it behind, or amuse themselves with letting it fly about in the air.

You see, my dear children, by what I have just been relating, to how many perils man frequently exposes himself to procure a subsistence, and how fortunate are those who can provide the means of living with greater ease and fewer dangers.



THE BLACKBERRY-GIRL:

A TALE IN VERSE.

PART I.

ONE day beside the window
Stood little Caroline;
"Blackberries," cried a little girl,
"Blackberries very fine."

The child looked pale and weary,
And tears were in her eye,
As she looked meekly up, and said,
"Kind lady, will you buy?"

Though coarse and plain her garments,
They were both whole and clean;
Her whole appearance seemed to say,
She better days had seen.

When Caroline observed her,
Her book aside she threw;
She pitied the poor little girl,
And wished to help her, too.

Therefore, when to the window
That poor child raised her eye,



And asked in such a piteous tone
" Kind lady, will you buy?"—

THE BLACKBERRY-GIRL.

" Yes, little girl, I hope so,"
She said, " I'll ask mamma;
I'm almost sure she won't refuse—
So nice your berries are."

Caroline to her mother
Upstairs did quickly fly,
And begged with so much earnestness
She would her berries buy—

That her indulgent mother
Came down into the hall,
And, in compliance with her wish,
Most kindly bought them all.

And when the fruit was purchased,
The lady notice took
Of the poor girl's pale face,
And of her weary look.

And she with kindness ordered
Some breakfast to be brought;
" For the poor thing is hungry too,
As well as tired," she thought.

And when she saw the breakfast,
The poor girl tried to speak;
But all in vain—so rapidly
The tears rolled down her cheek.

" My poor girl, what's the matter?"
Surprised, the lady said:
" You know, if you don't like it,
You need not eat the bread."

" I'm not unthankful, lady,
And you are kind indeed,"
The little girl at length replied;
" And food 'tis true I need;

" But I can't eat it, lady,
It would do me no good,
While my poor parents are at home
Starving for want of food."

" But, child," replied the lady,
" 'Twill do your friends no good,
For you still hungry to remain,
Because they have no food.

" So eat a hearty breakfast;
The money I have paid
Will for your parents' breakfast buy
Two or three loaves of bread."

" No, ma'am, that is for medicine;
Father has had a fit,
And he shall have a doctor now,
Since I can pay for it."

" But, child, who is your father? "
The lady now inquired.
" Sit down while you the story tell,
For you are faint and tired."

" Father is farmer Wilson,"
The little girl replied;
" And I his only daughter am,
He has no child beside.

" We always lived in plenty,
Till that bad storm of hail
Came on before last harvest,
And caused the crops to fail.

" Then sickness seized the cattle,
And most of father's died;
They were our only riches,
Nothing had we beside.

" Though hard we had to labour,
Yet still we got along;
Till too much work made father ill,
For he was never strong.

" My mother's health is feeble,
Too weak to wash is she;
And they have in the whole wide world
None to help them but me.

" I do not mind hard labour,
Could I their wants supply;
But I so little earn, I fear
That they for want will die.

" If you this loaf would send them,
I should no hunger feel;
And my poor parents would enjoy
A comfortable meal.

" And the great God would bless you
For your kindness, I am sure:
Lady, 'tis hard for them to beg
Who were not always poor."

The lady, as she listened,
Kind tears of pity shed;
And in the empty basket placed
Two or three loaves of bread.

"Take them to your sick parents,
And buy your medicine too,"
She said, "and I tomorrow
Will find some work for you."

The child, for all her kindness,
Did the good lady bless,
And set off for her humble home,
With heartfelt thankfulness.

"Oh, why not give her money,
When her distress is such?"
Cried Caroline: "I'm sure, mamma,
Few need it half so much."

Her mother smiled, and answered,
"My dear, do you not know
That 'tis not always charity
Our money to bestow.

"The way to help the needy,
And do them real good,
Is to put them in some good way
To earn a livelihood.

"And when the poor are virtuous,
They would much rather get
Their bread by honest industry,
Than beg for what they eat.

THE BLACKBERRY-GIRL.

" This child appear'd so artless,
Her story I believe;
And if I find she speaks the truth,
Their wants I will relieve.

" But had I wealth to give her,
To last her whole life long,
I think in giving it to her
I should do very wrong.

" Perhaps she would but waste it,
And become poor again ;
And it might make her idle,
If not both proud and vain,

" Instead of money, therefore,
I greatly should prefer
Making her happy in the state
God has allotted her."



OLD EDWARDS.



THE sun was in his decline, and the evening remarkably serene, when Harley entered a hollow part of the road, which winded between the surrounding banks, and seamed the sward in different lines, as the choice of travellers had directed them to tread it. It seemed now to be little frequented, for some of those had partly recovered their former verdure. The scene was such as induced him to stand and examine it; when, turning round, his notice was attracted by a different object.

An old man, who from his dress seemed to have been a soldier, lay fast asleep on the ground ; a knapsack rested on a stone at his right hand, while his staff and brass-hilted sword were crossed at his left.

Harley looked on him with the most earnest attention. His face had the marks of manly comeliness impaired by time ; his forehead was not altogether bald, but its hairs might have been numbered ; while a few white locks behind crossed the brown of his neck with a contrast, to a mind like Harley's, the most venerable. " Thou art old," said he to himself, " but age has not brought thee rest for its infirmities. I fear those silver hairs have not found shelter from thy country, though that neck has been bronzed in its service."

The stranger waked : he looked at Harley with the appearance of some confusion. It was a pain the latter knew too well to think of causing in another : he turned and went on. The old man re-adjusted his knapsack, and followed in one of the tracks on the opposite side of the road.

When Harley heard the tread of his feet behind him, he could not help stealing back a glance at his fellow-traveller. He seemed to bend under the weight of his knapsack ; he halted on his walk, and one of his arms was supported by a sling, and lay motionless across his breast. He had that steady look of sorrow, which indicates that its owner has gazed upon his griefs till he has forgotten to lament them ; yet not without those streaks of complacency, which a good mind will sometimes throw into the countenance, through all the incumbent load of its depression.

He had now advanced nearer to Harley, and, with an uncertain sort of voice, begged to know what it was o'clock. " I fear," said he,

"sleep has beguiled me of my time, and I shall hardly have light enough left to carry me to the end of my journey."

"Father," said Harley, who by this time found the romantic enthusiasm rising within him, "how far do you mean to go?"

"But a little way, sir," returned the other; "and indeed it is but a little way I can manage now. It is just four miles from the height to the village whither I am going."

"I am going there too," said Harley; "we may make the road shorter to each other. You seem to have served your country—to have served it hardly, too; it is a character I have the highest esteem for. I would not be impertinently inquisitive; but there is that in your appearance which excites my curiosity to know something more of you. In the mean time suffer me to carry that knapsack."

The old man gazed on him; a tear stood in his eye. "Young gentleman," said he, "you are too good; may Heaven bless you for an old man's sake, who has nothing but his blessing to give! but my knapsack is so familiar to my shoulders, that I should walk the worse for wanting it; and it would be troublesome to you, who have not been used to its weight."

"Far from it," answered Harley, "I should tread the lighter; it would be the most honourable badge I ever wore."

"Sir," said the stranger, who had looked earnestly in Harley's face during the latter part of his discourse, "is not your name Harley?"

"It is," replied he. "I am ashamed to say I have forgotten yours."

"You may well have forgotten my face," said the stranger, "it is a long time since you saw it; but possibly you may remember something of old Edwards."

"Edwards!" cried Harley, springing to embrace him. "Let me clasp those knees on which I have sat so often! Edwards! I shall never forget that fire-side, round which I have been so happy! But where—where have you been? Where is Jack? where is your daughter? How has it fared with them, when fortune, I fear, has been so unkind to you?"

"It is a long tale," replied Edwards; "but I will try to tell it you as we walk. When you were at school in the neighbourhood, you remember me at South-hill. That farm had been possessed by my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, which last was a younger brother of that very man's ancestor who is now lord of the manor. I thought I managed it, as they had done, with prudence: I paid my rent regularly as it became due, and had always as much behind as gave bread to me and my children.

"But my last lease was out soon after you left that part of the country; and the squire, who had lately adopted a London attorney for his steward, would not renew it, because, he said, he did not choose to have any farm under £300 a year value on his estate; but offered to give me the preference on the same terms with another; if I chose to take the one he had marked out, of which mine was a part.

"What could I do, Mr. Harley? I feared the undertaking was too great for me; yet to leave, at my age, the house I had lived in from my cradle!—I could not, Mr. Harley, I could not: there was not a tree about it that I did not look on as my father, my brother, or my child; so I even ran the risk, and took the squire's offer of the whole.

"But I had soon reason to repent of my bargain. The steward

had taken care that my former farm should be the best land of the division ; I was obliged to hire more servants, and I could not have my eye over them all. Some unfavourable seasons followed each other, and I found my affairs entangling on my hands. To add to my distress, a considerable corn-factor turned bankrupt, with a sum of mine in his possession. I failed paying my rent so punctually as I was wont to do, and the same steward had my stock taken in execution a few days after. So, Mr. Harley, there was an end of my prosperity. However, there was as much produced from the sale of my effects as paid my debts, and saved me from a gaol. I thank God I wronged no man, and the world could never charge me with dishonesty.

“ Had you seen us, Mr. Harley, when we were turned out of South-hill, I am sure you would have wept at the sight. You remember old Trusty, my shag house-dog; I shall never forget it while I live; the poor creature was blind with age, and could scarce crawl after us to the door: he went, however, as far as the gooseberry bush, that you may remember stood on the left side of the yard—he was wont to bask in the sun there. When he had reached that spot he stopped. We went on. I called to him: he wagged his tail, but did not stir. I called again; he laid down: I whistled, and cried, “ Trusty!” He gave a short howl, and died. I could have lain down and died too; but God gave me strength to live for my children.”

The old man now paused a moment to take breath. He eyed Harley's face—it was bathed with tears: the story was grown familiar to himself; he dropped one tear, and no more.

“ Though I was poor,” continued he, “ I was not altogether with-

out credit. A gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had a small farm unoccupied at the time, offered to let me have it, on giving security for the rent, which I made shift to procure. It was a piece of ground which required management to make anything of; but it was nearly within the compass of my son's labour and my own. We exerted all our industry to bring it into some heart. We began to succeed tolerably, and lived contented on its produce, when an unlucky accident brought us under the displeasure of a neighbouring justice of the peace, and destroyed all our family happiness again.

"My son was a remarkably good shooter; he had always kept a pointer on our former farm, and thought no harm in doing so now; when one day, having sprung a covey of birds in our own ground, the dog of his own accord followed them into the justice's. My son laid down his gun, and went after his dog to bring him back. The gamekeeper, who had marked the birds, came up, and seeing the pointer, shot him, just as my son approached. The creature fell. My son ran up to him: he died with a complaining sort of cry at his master's feet. Jack could bear it no longer; but flying at the gamekeeper wrenched his gun out of his hands, and with the butt-end of it felled him to the ground.

"He scarce had got home, when a constable came with a warrant, and dragged him to prison: there he lay—for the justices would not take bail—till he was tried at the quarter sessions for the assault and battery. His fine was hard upon us to pay: we contrived, however, to live the worse for it, and make up the loss by our frugality. But the justice was not content with that punishment, and soon after had an opportunity of punishing us indeed.

"An officer with press orders came down to our country, and hav-

ing met with the justices, agreed that they should pitch on a certain number who could most easily be spared from the county, of whom he would take care to clear it. My son's name was in the justice's list.

"It was on a Christmas Eve, and the birthday, too, of my son's little boy. The night was piercing cold, and it blew a storm, with showers of hail and snow. We had made up a cheering fire in an inner room: I sat before it in my wicker chair, blessing Providence, that had still left a shelter for me and my children. My son's two little ones were holding their gambols around us: my heart warmed at the sight: I brought a bottle of my best ale, and all our misfortunes were forgotten.

"It had long been our custom to play at blind-man's-buff on that night, and it was not omitted now. So to it we fell; I, and my son, and his wife, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, who happened to be with us at the time, the two children, and an old maid-servant who had lived with me from a child. The lot fell on my son to be blindfolded: we had continued some time in our game, when he groped his way into an outer room in pursuit of some of us, who he imagined had taken shelter there. We kept snug in our places, and enjoyed his mistake. He had not been long there when he was suddenly seized from behind. 'I shall have you now,' said he, and turned about.

"'Shall you so, master?' answered the ruffian who had laid hold of him: 'we shall make you play at another sort of game by and bye.'

"On hearing these words in a strange voice, we all rushed out to discover the cause. The room by this time was almost full of the

gang. My daughter-in-law fainted at the sight: the maid and I ran to assist her, while my poor son remained motionless, gazing by turns on his children and their mother.

“ In the gang was one of a smoother aspect, whom by his dress we discovered to be a serjeant of foot: he came up to me, and told me that my son had his choice of the sea or land service; whispering at the same time, that if he chose the land he might get off, on procuring him another man, and paying a certain sum for his freedom. The money we could just muster up in the house, by the assistance of the maid, who produced in a green bag all the little savings of her service; but the man we could not expect to find.

“ At last, calling the serjeant aside, I asked him if I was too old to be accepted in the place of my son?

“ ‘ Why, I do not know,’ said he; ‘ you are rather old, to be sure, but yet the money may do much.’

“ I put the money into his hand, and coming back to my children, ‘ Jack,’ said I, ‘ you are free! live to give your wife and these little ones bread; I will go, my child, in your stead. I have but little of life to lose, and if I staid I should add one to the wretches you left behind.’

“ ‘ No,’ replied my son; ‘ Heaven forbid that my father’s grey hairs should be so exposed, while I sat idle at home. I am young, and able to endure much, and God will take care of you and my family.’

“ ‘ Jack,’ said I, ‘ I will put an end to this matter. You have never hitherto disobeyed me; I will not be contradicted in this. Stay at home, I charge you, and for my sake be kind to my children.’

“ Our parting, Mr. Harley, I cannot describe to you: it was the first time we ever had parted. The very press-gang could scarce keep from tears; but the serjeant, who had seemed the softest before, was now the least moved of them all.

“ I was conducted to a party of new-raised recruits, who lay at a village in the neighbourhood, and we soon after joined the regiment.



I had not been long with it, when we were ordered to the East Indies, where I was soon made a serjeant, and might have picked up some money, if my heart had been as hard as some others' were; but my nature was never of that kind, that I could think of making myself rich at the expense of my conscience.

“ Amongst our prisoners was an old Indian, whom some of our officers supposed to have a treasure hidden somewhere, which is no

uncommon practice in that country. They pressed him to discover it. He declared he had none; but that would not satisfy them: so they ordered him to be tied to a stake, and suffer fifty lashes every morning, till he should learn to speak out, as they said.

“ Oh! Mr. Harley, had you seen him, as I did, with his hands bound behind him, suffering in silence, while the big drops trickled down his shrivelled cheeks, and wet his grey beard, which some of the inhuman soldiers plucked in scorn! I could not bear it; and one morning, when the rest of the guard were out of the way, I found means to let him escape.

“ I was tried by a court-martial for negligence of my post, and ordered, in compassion of my age, and having been wounded in the service, only to suffer three hundred lashes, and be turned out of the regiment; but my sentence was mitigated as to the lashes, and I received only two hundred. When I had suffered these, I was turned out of the camp, and had betwixt three and four hundred miles to travel before I could reach a sea-port, without guide to conduct me, or money to buy me provisions by the way.

“ I set out, however, resolved to walk as far as I could, and then to lay myself down and die. But I had scarce gone a mile when I was met by the Indian whom I had delivered. He pressed me in his arms, and kissed the marks of the lashes on my back a thousand times: he led me to a little hut, where some friend of his dwelt; and, after I was recovered of my wounds, conducted me so far on my journey himself, and sent another Indian to guide me through the rest. When we parted, he pulled out a purse with two hundred pieces of gold in it. ‘ Take this,’ said he, ‘ my dear preserver, it is all I have been able to procure.’

“ I begged him not to bring himself to poverty for my sake, who would probably have no need of it long ; but he insisted on my accepting it.

“ We parted ; and not long after I made shift to get my passage to England. It is but about a week since I landed, and I am going to end my days in the arms of my son. This sum may be of use to him and his children ; it is all the value I put upon it. I thank Heaven I never was covetous of wealth ; I never had much, but was always so happy as to be contented with my little.”



THE BLACKBERRY-GIRL:

A TALE IN VERSE.

PART II.

" AND now put on your bonnet,
Together we will go
To farmer Wilson's cottage,
That we the truth may know.

" And you may take some jellies,
And bread, too, if you will;
For the poor man must need them,
If he is really ill.

" And, for their future comfort,
Some plan I'll think upon;
For deeds of charity, you know,
Must not be left half done."

To get her shawl and bonnet
Caroline skipped away,
And to the farmer's cottage went
With a glad heart that day.

They found the worthy farmer
Extremely ill in bed,
And his condition quite as bad
As the poor child had said.



The lady tried to cheer them,
And homeward as she went,
She to attend the farmer
A kind physician sent.

" Now, let us stop a moment,"

She said, " as home we pass,
To speak with the good milliner,
The worthy Mrs. Grasse.

" I think the farmer's daughter
I cannot better aid,
Than by binding her apprentice
To that good woman's trade.

" And, for the worthy farmer,
And Mrs. Wilson too,
When they are well enough to work,
I'll find them work to do.

" For that farm of your father's
That wants an overseer,
I think this farmer Wilson
The very man, my dear."

" But why, my dearest mother,"
Then Caroline began,
" Did you not make their poor hearts glad,
By telling them your plan?"

" Because, my dearest daughter,
You know I am not sure
That all the doctors on the earth
Can the poor farmer cure.

" There would be little kindness
In talking to him now
Of working for his livelihood,
While he is weak and low.

" I must consult your father,
And speak with Mrs. Grasse;
Without whose aid I cannot bring
All this fine scheme to pass.

" But stop, here is the milliner
That I did speak about;
I'm very glad indeed to find
That she was not gone out.

" I have a little girl," she said,
I wish to put with you:
I dare say you have something for
A little girl to do."

" Indeed I have," said Mrs. Grasse,
And happy I shall be,
Whenever you may think it well
To send the child to me."

Caroline and her mother
Were very glad indeed,
That to receive the little girl
Good Mrs. Grasse agreed.

With blackberries no longer
The streets did Lucy pass,
For she became a milliner,
And worked with Mrs. Grasse.

And so industrious she proved,
So dutiful and mild,
That Mrs. Grasse soon loved her
As if she were her child.

She offered to adopt her,
And all her wants supply;
And gave her everything she left,
Whenever she should die.

But Lucy loved her parents
More than she wished for gain;
And with them in their humble home
Chose therefore to remain.

'Twas her delight to lessen
Their labour and their care;
And she desired no happiness
In which they might not share.

The farmer to recover
Did very soon begin,
And his wife soon was well enough
To sew, and knit, and spin.

Greatly were they respected
For their industry and worth,
For they had scorned in idleness
To waste their time on earth.

And they were not forgetful
Of the aid they had received,
But were grateful to the lady
Who had their wants relieved.

And daily they prayed fervently
To God, that he would shed
His choicest gifts and blessings
On that good lady's head.

Caroline with her mother
To see them often went,
And found their dwelling the abode
Of neatness and content.

And, seeing them so happy,
The little girl confess'd
Her mother's mode of doing good
Was certainly the best.

And that to bless the needy,
And do them real good,
We should put them in the right way
To earn a livelihood.



THE SICK DOG.

It was Saturday afternoon, and had been longed for all the week by little Geordie, as he was called—for he was a very little fellow. Geordie had built himself a boat, and had determined to give it a fine sail in a pond not a great way from the house in which he lived, called the Fen Ditch.

So away he went before he had quite eaten his dinner, with his boat in one hand and the remains of a slice of bread-and-butter in the other; for his mother was a poor woman, and Geordie did not get meat every day, and never on a Saturday.

But his cheeks were rosy and his eyes were bright, and his ringlets laughed in the wind as he ran along, looking at his boat with eyes of delight all the way, and every now and then taking a huge mouthful, and then stopping for breath, for fear that the dry crumbs should blow down his chest.

There was a beautiful breeze, as he called it—for he called everything beautiful that pleased him: he had a beautiful piece of bread-and-butter, and a beautiful knife, and a beautiful pair of shoes—only his toes peeped through them.

He had a kind, cheerful, and tender heart, and so everything appeared beautiful to him, and few things had the power to make him discontented or peevish. But just as Geordie got over the warren hills, which led to the place of his destination, he saw Harry Dyke, the groom at the great house of Lady Clover, coming along, with several of the boys of the village dancing about him apparently in great delight.

When he came nearer, he found that Harry was carrying, wrapped up in a piece of an old sack, a little dog, which Geordie recognised as being one which he had before seen with its two fore paws leaning over the ledge of the sash-pane in Lady Clover's carriage, when she drove through the village.

One of the boys had got a couple of brickbats and a long piece of cord, and seemed very officious. He called out to Harry, "Harry, let me throw him in, will you, there's a good fellow. But won't you give him a knock on the head first, just one knock to dozzle him?"

"Why, they are going to drown that little pet dog that we children used to say lived a great deal better than we did; and when I have been very hungry, I have often wished I was Lady Clover's lap-dog, for I heard say that she sometimes gave it rump-steak for its dinner, with oyster sauce." So thought little Geordie to himself; he did not, however, say anything.

"Oh, here is little Geordie," said one of the boys. "Geordie, Geordie, come and have some sport; we are going to drown a dog in the Fen Ditch."

"What are you going to drown it for?" said Geordie.

"Oh, to have some fun, I suppose."

"No, it is not that," said the groom; "it is because my lady can't

bear the nasty thing. It has got the mange, or some disorder. There, don't touch it. Don't you smell it?"

The poor little dog looked at Geordie, and struggled to get out of the sacking: it gave a whine, as if it would be glad to get away from its enemies.

"Lay down, you beast," said Harry, and gave it a severe blow on the head. "Lay down: I'll soon settle your business."

By this time they had come to the Fen Ditch, and the dog was placed on the ground and taken from the sackcloth in which it was wrapped. It was a deplorable-looking creature, and its hair was off in several places. It yelped woefully as it looked around, while the boys began to prepare the noose and the brickbat.

"Oh! do not drown him!" said Geordie; pray do not drown him! What are you going to drown him for?"

"Why, because he is sick and ill, and dirty. He is no good to any one," said Harry. "My lady used to be very fond of him, but now he looks such an object, she says he is to be destroyed."

"Give him to me," said Geordie. "I'll have him, and keep him till he gets well: he shall have half my dinner every day. Here, little dog, have this piece of bread-and-butter."

"Go away, and leave the dog alone," said the boy who had the cord. "You are not going to spoil our sport: get out of the way with you." And so he drew near and fastened the cord to the dog's neck

"Oh! do give him to me! Pray don't drown him!" said Geordie, "pray don't! Oh! do give him to me! I will make him well, indeed I will! Do let me have him, there's a good Harry Dyke!" and the tears came into Geordie's eyes.

"Go along, Mr. Dog-doctor," said Harry. "Go along, Mr. Cry-baby."

"Here, Harry, I'll give you my boat for the little dog. It is a beautiful boat: here, put it into the water instead of the dog—do! do! do!" And so Geordie thrust the boat into Harry's hand, and, without waiting to settle the bargain, laid hold of the dog.

"Leave go of him," said the boy with the cord and brick-bats: "leave go, I tell you; if you do not, it shall be the worse for you. Leave go, or—"

"Ay, you may rap my knuckles," said Geordie; "I do not mind that. Harry Dike, Harry Dike, am I not to have the dog, and you have the boat?" said he, struggling.

"Oh, I don't care about it," said Harry. "Take him, if you will have him. The boat will do for my brother Tom; and I wish you joy of the bargain."

The other boys hearing this were much disconcerted, and would no doubt have molested Geordie still further; but the little fellow no sooner heard Harry's tacit consent, than he set off full speed, with the dog under his arm, in the direction of home.

When he reached his home he was quite out of breath, and his mother was fearful something had happened to him. "Why, Geordie, Geordie, what is the matter with you, and what have you got under your arm?"

Geordie laid down the dog; and the sight of the poor creature, whose looks told the state of disease in which it was, made the good woman quite afraid to have it in the house; and, without hearing anything of the circumstances connected with the poor thing, or giving Geordie time to explain, she declared it should not set foot in

the house, and drove Geordie and his purchase out of it together, telling the latter to take it from whence it came, and that the house was not to be converted into an hospital for sick dogs.

Geordie was more disconsolate than ever. He went into the fields with the dog under his arm. Now he laid it down and patted it; then he talked to it, and in his childish manner tried to comfort it. The poor creature looked up to Geordie and wagged its tail, and seemed quite glad to find that somebody could feel for it.

“Ay, that is the way of these lady-folks,” thought Geordie to himself; “they like their pets, and fondle them enough while they look pretty, and frisk about, and play and jump; but when they get sick and ill, or old, then they hang or drown them. I wonder what makes them do it?”

What to do with the dog Geordie knew not. At last, however, he bethought himself that he would take him up into a little loft over a small stable which his father had, and there make him a bed with some nice hay, and try and make him better.

So he mounted the ladder and got into the loft. He soon made the poor thing a bed, and then he thought he would get him something to eat—but Geordie had no money.

He had, however, a good many marbles—for Geordie was a capital hand at ring-taw—and so he took his marble-bag and went unto the green, where several boys were playing, and very soon sold his marbles. They produced fourpence, for there were more than fifty, at sixteen a penny.

He then bought some dog's meat, a halfpennyworth of milk, and a halfpennyworth of sulphur, to mix with the milk; for somebody once said in his hearing that sulphur and milk was a good physic for dogs.

He then washed the animal and fed him ; and what with washing, and physicing, and comforting, in a few days the poor dog regained his strength ; in a few days more he regained his coat, and it was not many days before he was as well as ever.

Geordie then ventured to bring him in to his father and mother, who seeing the animal quite changed in appearance, and a lively,



handsome little dog, and not very old, were quite pleased with him and no less pleased with their son's conduct when it was all explained to them.

Some weeks after this Lady Clover came through the village in her carriage, as usual, and was astonished to behold her little dog sitting with his fore paws out of Geordie's mother's parlour window, just as he used to do out of her ladyship's carriage.

Lady Clover alighted, and went towards the house. The dog immediately began to bark, nor would the soft tones of the lady's voice by any means pacify him. In a few minutes she learned the whole of her former pet's history, and wished to have him again; she would give Geordie a crown for him, she said. But Geordie would not sell his dog.

"No, I thank you, my lady."

"Bow, wow, wow," said the little dog.

"He might be sick again, my lady, and then he would be drowned, my lady."

"Bow, wow, wow—bow, wow, wow."

"Keep the plaguesome creature quiet," said her ladyship, "and hear me."

"Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, wow," said the little dog.

Her ladyship could not obtain a hearing, and left the cottage in high displeasure.

"I would not sell him for his weight in gold," said Geordie—"not to Lady Clover."

Geordie's father had prospered in life, and from being a poor cottager had become a small farmer. It was some years after this,—Geordie having grown almost a man, and Chloe, for that was the dog's name, having grown old,—that his father had one night returned from market with a considerable sum of money, arising from the sale of his crops, the principal of which he had to pay away to his landlord in a few days.

Some evil-disposed fellows had obtained a knowledge of this money being in the house, and determined to break into it and rob it—perhaps to murder those who might oppose them.

It was a very dark night, and all were sound asleep, when Black Bill and two companions approached on tiptoe, to make an entrance into the back premises.

By means of a centre-bit they soon cut a panel out of the wash-house door, and had entered the kitchen without making the least noise. Black Bill had a large carving-knife in one hand and a dark lantern in the other; and, supposing the money to be in the bedroom, was mounting the stairs to take it, at any hazard.

The stairs creaked with the weight of the robber, and in a moment Chloe aroused the whole house with her barking; her shrill voice was heard in every room. In a moment Geordie was up, with his father's blunderbuss at his shoulder.

"Speak, or I will fire," said he. No answer—but a scampering through the passage. Geordie followed. He heard the robbers making their escape—he fired—the robber fell.

Lights were procured. It was found that the fellow was only slightly wounded in the leg, which prevented his running away. In the morning it was discovered who the robber was—it was the very boy, now grown a man, who had the cord and the brickbats.

Chloe did not live long after this, but died of sheer old age; not, however, you see, till she had amply repaid the kindness which had been bestowed upon her by Geordie. Learn from this, my little readers, a lesson of HUMANITY.

THE SHAMOY.



I HAVE told you what risks are run by the bird-catchers of Scotland and Iceland for the down and eggs of the eider-fowl : I will now give you a description of the manner of taking shamoyes in the Alps ; and you will thence find that the Swiss hunter runs not less risk to catch a poor goat, called in that country a shamoy, than the others to catch the eider-fowl.

The native country of these goats, or shamoyes, is Switzerland, Savoy, and Tyrol. Here they are seen clambering up and running along the highest rocks, and browsing upon the moss and herbage. They are known frequently to leap over chasms of twenty or thirty feet, from cliff to cliff, and are often seen in herds crossing the plains of snow. As it is then difficult for them to proceed on account of

their small feet and hooked hoofs, the last climbs upon the backs of the others, over which he runs till he is at the head of the herd; the others follow in succession; and in this manner they traverse the most extensive plains with the greatest ease.

In summer the shamoy remains upon the highest peaks of the rocks, or in cold and inaccessible grottos; but in winter they prefer the forests and valleys. As these animals are always running, they pass the night under detached rocks, or in their cavities. They have for enemies the bears, the wolves, and the vultures, which carry off the young in their talons; as for the old shamoy, they sometimes in their flight tumble them from the rocks, and prey upon them afterwards.

But the most dangerous enemy of the shamoy is the Swiss hunter, a man whom no dangers can appal, and who is continually risking his life for the skin of one of these animals. Before he sets out on the chase, he provides himself with a good gun, a perspective glass, a bag full of provisions, and a hunting-knife; he likewise takes with him a stick pointed with iron, and a hatchet, that he may be able to cut a passage as he climbs up hills and over fields of ice; neither does he forget a couple of spikes, which he fixes in the soles of his shoes, that he may obtain a firm footing on the ice, and thus be enabled to pursue the shamoy over the glaciers.

Furnished with all these indispensably necessary instruments, he sets out on his expedition. The usual hour of his departure is twelve at night, because he endeavours to reach the most elevated pasturage of the Alps, to which the shamoy repairs to feed, before the shepherds of these mountains come thither with their flocks. On his arrival, he looks about with his perspective-glass for game: if

he discovers any at some distance, he makes a considerable circuit, and takes particular care not to get to windward, because the smell and hearing of the shamoy are so extremely acute that they can smell powder at the distance of nearly a mile, and hear the least noise. The hunter, therefore, if he would not have his game escape, must employ great address in climbing the rocky hills till he gets within shot of the shamoy which he has in view. He commonly endeavours to shoot it on some elevation, where the shamoy, while grazing, cannot perceive its enemy : he takes aim, fires, and as soon as he sees his game fall, he quickly runs up, and the first thing he does is to cut the ham-strings.

He serves the poor animal in this way as a measure of precaution ; for the shamoy having a very thick skin, and being extremely tenacious of life, frequently escape after they are wounded.



BOYS' MILITARY COMPANIES.

IN a town not a hundred miles off, the boys of two or three schools united to form a company. They used to meet for parade and exercise every afternoon, as soon as they were dismissed from school. The company, the uniform, the manœuvres, and the martial music, took such possession of the minds of those who enlisted, especially in the afternoon, that study was almost entirely out of the question. Things grew daily worse and worse, and at last it became plain that if the company were not broken up, the schools to which its members belonged might as well be closed.

But how could this be done? To persuade our young heroes was impossible—and to force them, with arms in their hands, was impossible. A single word of well-timed ridicule disbanded them.

In the yard, where one of the schools alluded to was kept, there was a large old cock, whose crowing often annoyed the master almost as much as the military mania that raged among the pupils. The only effectual means of silencing the noisy fellow, was to seize him and put him into a bag. When thus shut up in darkness, he probably supposed that night had come on, and uttered no sound till he was let out again after school. In vain would you chase, or scold him—he only crowed the louder for it.

It was in this yard, that the captain of our youthful band attended school. One day the cock was uncommonly noisy and troublesome. After calling to him in vain, at the door, two or three times, "shu, shu," the master at length turned round, and said to the captain, "Dick, take out a file of your men, put that fellow under arrest, and keep him in the bag till after school."

The boys had often done this very deed before—but for a captain and his men to be summoned out in military style for such a purpose! it was too much—and it broke up the company. Our young captain, unable to digest the affront, threw up his commission, and when the joke reached the parade-ground, it was not long before the soldiers all retired from the field.



VERACITY OF A MOOR.

A SPANISH cavalier having assassinated a Moorish gentleman, instantly fled from justice. He was vigorously pursued ; but availing himself of a sudden turn in the road, he leaped unperceived over a garden wall. The proprietor, who was also a Moor, happened to be at that time walking in the garden : the Spaniard fell upon his knees before him, acquainted him with his case, and in the most pathetic manner implored concealment.

The Moor listened to him with compassion, and generously promised his assistance. He then locked him in a summer-house, and left him, with an assurance that when night approached he would provide for his escape.

A few hours afterwards the dead body of his son was brought to him, and the description of the murderer exactly agreed with the appearance of the Spaniard, whom he had then in custody. He concealed the horror and suspicion which he felt, and retiring to his chamber remained there till midnight ; then going privately into the garden, he opened the door of the summer-house, and thus accosted the cavalier : " Christian," said he, " the youth whom you have

murdered was my only son. Your crime merits the severest punishment ; but I have solemnly pledged myself for your security, and I disdain to violate even a rash engagement with a cruel enemy."

He conducted the Spaniard to the stables, and furnishing him with one of his swiftest mules, " Fly," said he, " whilst the darkness of the night conceals you. Your hands are polluted with blood. But God is just ; and I humbly thank him that my faith is unspotted, and that I have resigned judgment unto him."

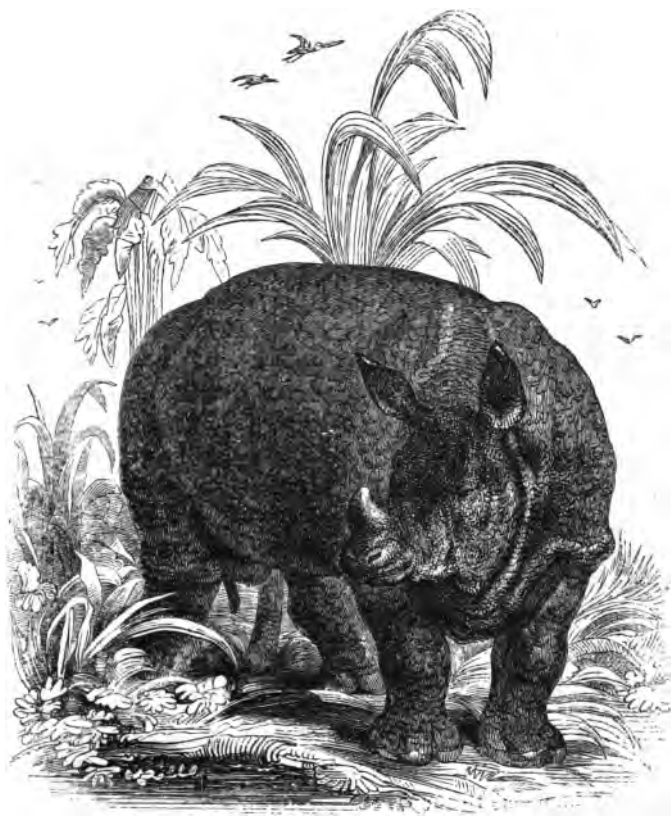


SOMETHING ABOUT THE RHINOCEROS.

THERE is a hard word which my young readers will be likely to stumble at—it is—Pachydermatous; come, try again; now for the meaning: it is—thick-skinned. The animal here represented is said to belong to a genus of the *pachydermatous mammalia*—that is, to those who have *thick skins*. Such is the Elephant, Hog, &c.

This animal is remarkable also for a horn, not on the head, but on the nose; hence the name, from the Greek Rhinoceros. This horn is not bone, nor has it any connection with the bones of the animal any more than the claws of a cat. The horn of the rhinoceros grows on a disc or plate closely set with pores, by which it has enormous strength; it is a formidable weapon, and is used both offensively and defensively by the animal—more generally, however, in tearing its way through branches, and grubbing up the roots from the ground, on which it feeds when it can get nothing better.

The beast has a clumsy look; the legs are short and thick; the skin is of immense thickness and strength, and gathered into folds, with very few hairs, and these generally near the tail, or on the



margin of the ears ; the bones are thick and compact, and the hide resists a leaden bullet, unless fired from a gun very close.

There are several kinds of this animal ; some have two horns. The one-horned rhinoceros is the unicorn of the ancients, and is now found on the Indian Continent. In consequence of its boldness and strength, the hunting of the rhinoceros is one of the most splendid and hazardous of the sports of the east : it is sought for in the jungles, and is often found in parties of about half a dozen, led on by the largest of the whole, as is the case with the herds of elephants.

The hunters are mounted on elephants, and as soon as a herd is discovered, the elephants are made to charge upon them, while the hunters fire : when the rhinoceros turns, it endeavours to rip up the elephant, and very frequently overturns it with its riders. The danger is, that when they are disturbed, they often become furious, and should a hunter happen to be exposed, it is very difficult for him to escape, unless he possesses great coolness and presence of mind then, if he will wait till the enraged animal makes a run at him, and will then spring suddenly on one side to let him pass, he may gain time enough to re-load his gun before the beast makes at him again.

A very curious adventure happened in India, not many miles from Bombay, in the year 1822. An officer in the British army, attended by his son, a lad only 13 years old, had gone into the jungle to shoot monkeys ; they had not been long engaged in this cruel sport, when a rhinoceros was seen at a short distance snuffing up the air and stamping his front feet in great excitement. The officer advanced at him directly, determined to kill him if possible. He had a double-

barrel gun, with which he discharged one shot after the other rapidly, and retreated behind a tree: the rhinoceros upon this, charged furiously, and in a minute drove the officer from his position, and who, in attempting to fly to another post, stumbled and fell; the furious beast made a dreadful plunge at him, and ripped up the breast of his coat, and his horn got entangled in his sash, and he was thrown over the head of the animal, and fell down insensible, when the rhinoceros turned round to despatch him. The boy, however, with admirable presence of mind, had seized his father's gun and re-loaded it, then advancing quickly to the ear of the beast, discharged one barrel, which made him reel; the boy then drew back, and discharged the second into his mouth, when he fell dead instantly.

He now went to his father and raised him up—he was dreadfully lacerated—but he succeeded in tying up his wounds, when soon after he came to himself; he then led him as well as he could to the edge of the jungle, and procured assistance. Thus he saved his father's life; and this anecdote may serve as a lesson for my young readers on coolness and courage; which they should endeavour to cultivate whenever they are able.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE HORSE.

" THE horse he is noble, and valiant, and strong,
And looks all on fire as he gallops along
With his long flowing mane, and his ringlets that deck
The rich arched curve of his beautiful neck.
How he snorts when he hears the fierce trumpet afar,
The clash of the sword, and the thunders of war!
How proudly he bears the brave chieftain on high,
And shows his full soul in the glow of his eye!
He prances in foam, and bounds onwards in glee,
As wild as the billow that springs from the sea;
And the sparks from his hoofs as he dashes away,
Are scattered around like the glittering spray."

MARTIN.

I have TOLD you in another part of those thick-skinned animals called the *pachydermatous mammalia* ; the horse is another of them, and its generic name is *equus*.



Of the genus there *equus* are not many species, the horse properly so called, the ass, the zebra, and the *quagga*. These all resemble each other in the structure of their skeletons; outwardly the chief distinction is the length of the ears, and the different character of the nose, the mane, and the tail; the wild ass, the zebra, the *quagga*, and the wild horse of central Asia are all found on the margins of the great sandy deserts, or where there is great breadth of country characterized by dryness; in all places where they are found native they are inhabitants of the plains, and not found on mountains, among rocks, or in close forests, neither do they follow the lines of the great rivers and the rich savannahs so much as the ox tribes. Their solid feet enable them to bound lightly along hard pastures and sandy plains, and they are usually found in large flocks or droves, and living in great harmony with each other, although the males occasionally fight desperate battles.

The horse is an inhabitant of the Eastern continent only, no trace of it having been met with as showing it to have existed in any part of America, until it was taken there by European settlers. But yet in the vast plains of South America they abound in a kind of wild state as cats do in our parks and forests. The wild horses of South America and of the plains northward of Mexico are of the Spanish race, and were originally conveyed from Spain by the first conquerors. In some places of South America, particularly in the districts of the river Plata, they are to be seen in great numbers, some of the herds amounting to not less than ten thousand animals.

The Arabian or Arab horse is entitled to take the lead among all the breed of horses; they are seldom more than 13 or 14 hands high; their pace is rapid and graceful, and they can continue travelling

from fifty to sixty miles a day for many days ; their wind is good, and they carry their heads and tails in a very graceful manner. The



horses of Arabia are divided into nibee and ignibee, the latter being doomed to drudge, and the former reserved for the saddle, highly esteemed and kindly treated by their owners. The Arab word which

designates the ignibee means without pedigree, and that which designates the nibee means with pedigree, and some of these pedigrees are known for above a thousand years. The best horses are bred by the Bedouins of the north part of Arabia, and the genealogy invariably reckoned from the mother.

The English race-horse is perhaps the finest horse in the world for swiftness; they are called blood horses, but that does not mean that they are pure Arabian blood, but a mixture with the English breed.

The Hunter is the English horse which stands next in blood to the "high mettled racer." This horse possesses many excellent qualities, having more bone and power than the race-horse, and more capable of prolonged exertion.

The Roadster is a handsome horse, plump, round, of graceful figure, active, and of excellent service in all particulars.

The Dray-horse is the largest found in this country; it is a portly animal, and capable of powerful effect for a short time. It is supposed that the first import of this horse was from Flanders. They are more abundant in London than in any other part, and some of the teams of the great brewers, such as Messrs. Barclay's, exhibit horses of extraordinary dimensions and of great muscular beauty; they are extremely docile, and may be managed by mere infants. These horses are highly prized in India, and on a late occasion when Lieutenant Barnes was sent on an expedition to appease the wrath of Zungeet Singh, a team of dray-horses were considered as the most acceptable present that could be sent to that personage, and the chieftain was so much delighted with them, that he sent to the British governors of India a letter, expressing his

admiration of the animals, and stating, that the *sheen* of their ample shoes was so splendid, that the moon had been puzzled as to whether it should or should not enter into comparison with them, and venture to shine after their arrival at Lahore.

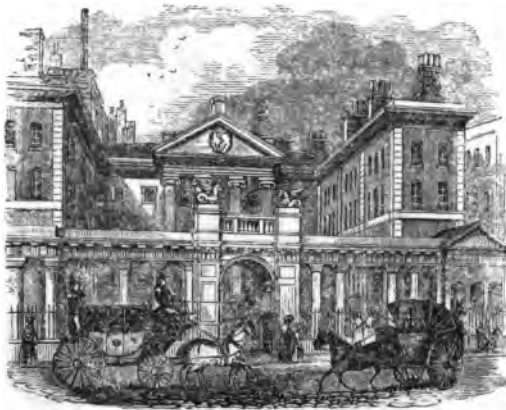
The Quagga is an African species, and very abundant in the territory of the cape, where it is found in large herds, especially in the interior of the country. It is a small animal, and well represented in the engraving; the Ethiopian fits him out very prettily, and makes use of him as a war-horse. Its colours on the head and neck are a deep blackish brown, streaked with greyish white, the ground colour on the body is clear brown, on the back becoming paler on the sides, and passing into pure white in the middle of the under part.

I will tell you more about horses another time.



WALKS ABOUT LONDON.

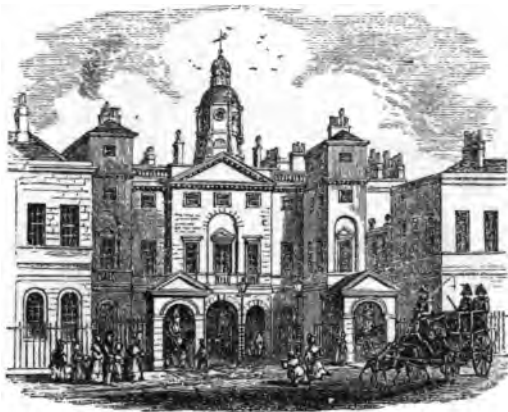
I TOLD my young friends that I should resume my walks about London in the spring, and tell them about the London Lions, as they are called ; and I now fulfil my pledge.



My friends will then imagine me to be standing at the ponds, or reservoirs, at Charing Cross, looking at the fountains playing into

them. The first object I pass, on my right hand, is a rather heavy-looking building but extensive, receding from the street, but communicating with it by advancing wings. The part which you see here represented is of the Ionic order. It was built by Ripley, in the reign of George II., on the site of a mansion called Wallingford House. In this building are the offices and spacious abodes of the Lords of the Admiralty, together with a handsome hall. On the top of the building is a semaphore, or telegraph, which communicates orders by signal to the principal ports of the kingdom.

Passing along, I soon came to the Horse Guards, or War Office. It holds its name of Horse Guards, from its being the principal



station where the military corps are generally on duty. It is a noble building of hewn stone, erected in 1730, at an expense of above

£30,000. You see, at the front is a gateway, at the sides of which are two stone pavilions, or horse sentry-boxes, where two fine-looking fellows, with shining breastplates, long heavy boots, fierce moustachios, and tartar-looking helmets, sit for show, or as sentries, mount guard. At ten o'clock every morning the troop musters in array—trumpets sound, drums beat, swords are shouldered—and little, thin striplings, with pale faces and weak voices, call out, "Take close order—ma-a-r-ch!" and the sight is a very pretty one, I assure you.

Nearly opposite to the Horse Guards is the Banqueting House of Whitehall. The edifice shown in the cut is only a single pavilion of the ancient palace of that name. Old Whitehall was of great



extent, not only occupying the ground between this building and the river, but even extending across the street to the verge of St. James's

Park, on the other side of the Horse Guards. The present building was the scene of one of the most memorable events in English history ; namely, the execution of Charles I., who walked out of the centre window on the scaffold, January 30, 1648.

Crossing the park, the rambler soon comes to the garden-front of the palace of St. James's, the site of which was formerly occupied by an hospital for lepers, which was erected here before the Conquest, and continued till the reign of Henry VIII. It has been the scene of many important transactions. It was for some time the prison of Charles I. ; and here his body was brought after his execution, and exhibited for some days to the public. Cromwell is said to have been one of the visitors, muffled up in a cloak and otherwise disguised. He walked round the corse, exclaiming " Dreadful necessity ! " and withdrew. Here Edward IV. was born. Close to the palace is York House, the mansion of the Duke of Sutherland, and where his grace and the amiable and beloved duchess not only give the most splendid entertainments, but dispense the most disinterested charity. In this residence is the unique gallery of paintings called the " Stafford Collection."

I now entered the Green Park, which has of late years been beautifully laid out in what is called the natural style of gardening. I recollect when the beautiful piece of water which now makes so many beautiful curvatures, having islands interspersed, to have been one long parallelogram, stiff and formal. Here, too, I saw, in 1814, the great commemoration of our victories during the three days' fair, festivities and rejoicings, which took place on the establishment of peace. There was a grand naval sham-fight in these waters—miniature men-of-war, frigates, and bomb ships pelted each other with

blank cartridges for some hours. In the midst of the rejoicings, a beautiful Chinese bridge, which extended over the centre of the



water, took fire and burnt splendidly. The populace thought it was a piece of the entertainment, and applauded magnificently ; but alas ! it was an accident, and several people lost their lives.

I re-entered Parliament Street by the Horse Guards, and, turning to the right, soon reached the Treasury, which looks into the park behind. The side fronting Parliament Street—and which is at this moment undergoing repairs—is a portion of the old palace of Cardinal Wolsey ; but little of its antique state can now be seen. Beside it is the new Privy Council Office. The principal front has a series of attached columns, and a magnificent entablature finished

with a balustrade. The offices for the Home Department are in a house close by; and the offices for Foreign Affairs are on the left side of Downing Street Square; and those for the War Department on the same side facing the street.

Passing towards Westminster, we soon obtain a glimpse of the New Houses of Parliament; and Westminster Hall stands proudly



before us, and is one of the most venerable remains of English architecture; and it has been associated with royal pageantry for nearly a century. It was originally built by William Rufus, as a banqueting-room. The present structure was erected by Richard II.; and here Henry III. feasted six thousand persons, in honour of the coronation of Queen Eleanor.

Westminster Hall has been, from the period of its erection, the place where the Coronation banquets have been held. It was anciently the custom for the sovereign to proceed from the Tower on the preceding evening and sleep at Westminster, and in the morning to take his seat on the throne and give the regalia to those appointed to bear them in the ceremony.

The great hall is allowed to be the largest room in Europe unsupported by pillars, being 270 feet in length, 90 feet high, and 74 broad. The roof is a fine specimen of the carpentry of the



middle ages. In this hall Charles I. was tried, and found guilty of treason to the State; and on the top of it some years after the heads of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were fixed. Tradition relates that

in the reign of James II., the head of Cromwell was blown off the pole, and, being picked up, was afterwards presented to the Russell family.

Such is one of my recent walks through London. In another part of my Annual will be found some journeyings eastward equally full of interest.



THE MOTHER.



How carefully the anxious bird
Protects her infant brood,
Heedless herself of hunger's pain,
She oft neglects her food.

THE MOTHER.

While they in feeble state remain,
She is their watchful friend;
And when they perfect strength attain,
Her tender labours end.

The eider duck is known to tear
The down from her own breast,
And leave her parent bosom bare,
To line her duckling's nest.

Yet should she ever chance to meet
These ducklings when full grown,
She would not then her children greet,
Nor know them for her own.

But shall the mother ere forget
The babe upon her knee,
When it has ceased to be the pet
Of helpless infancy?

Her anxious thoughts are not confined
To clothing, and to food;
She watches o'er her infant's mind,
She strives to make it good.

And when from the fond mother's side,
The child is forced to part.
No seas or mountains can divide
Its image from her heart.

Oh, little child, remember this!
Who at your mother's knee,
Now stand to give your doll a kiss,
Beneath the arbour tree.

STORY OF A SAILOR-BOY.



CHAPTER II.

I LEFT Tom sleeping—he did not however sleep long, for before day-break the wind had shifted, and blew out of the harbour a smart breeze, and the boatswain began to pipe all hands with his shrill whistle. Tom heard it, and with it a tremendous crash, like the falling of three or four tons of chain, a crack, a whack, and a rumble—he started up, half awake and half asleep, hearing the whistle he thought himself on a railroad, and that the engine had driven off the

line; while he was thinking what he had better do—down he went head foremost, his heels in the air—the boatswain's mate had cut the bearers of his hammock at the head; Tom was speedily awoke by this, and had he not, he soon would have been, by the savage kick he received from the mate, and the fierce round oath he swore at him. " 'Pon deck you lubber, in the twinkle of a bed-post," said he; and gave the lad a blow over the head and shoulders with a rope's end, and up Tom went, whether by the heels or the head he did not know.

When he got on deck all was hurry scurry; the wind was blowing; a signal gun was firing; the anchor was being weighed with a loud yoe heave yoe; the men, some of them, were scampering up the rattlings; others hoisting at the hallyards; some running one way and some another. Tom was several times knocked down, but at last being told to hold on a rope at the crank, he kept out of harm's way, and in the dim grey of the morning saw the ship standing nobly out of the harbour; as the day began to brighten he looked around him, and beheld five other ships, two large and three small, in company.

"Where are we going to?" enquired Tom of the cook's mate; who seemed to enjoy his apparent consternation, as he smoked his pipe with great *sang froid*.

"To Davy Jones," said the youth.

"What country does he live in?" said Tom.

"In the country of dead fishes' eyes, sharks' grinders, mermaids, cockle shells, and ambergris," replied the mate.

"Is it far away?" asked Tom, with a look expressive of the most innocent ignorance.

"Far—what an ignoramus you are—go and ask the lob-lolly boy;" with that the young sparkler turned on his heel and vanished.

The wind now blew with increased violence, and the *Arethusa* being a good sailor, had passed far ahead of her accompanying squadron, who, by noon, were scarcely discernible in the horizon astern. The captain of the frigate was named Martin, or as they



used to call him, Black Bill, from his black curly hair, thick whiskers, and dark skin, was the very ideal of a British sailor; he was active as a monkey, bold as a lion, as fierce in fight as a wild cat, as gentle as a lamb in his usual mood, heart whole, blunt, sincere, off hand, an enemy to all deceit and craft, yet cunning enough when he thought people were trying to get the weather-gauge of him, but above all, a lover of bravery, enterprise, daring, and a generous rewarder of every good action that came under his notice.

As the weather continued to get worse, the captain had so much to do with regard to the frigate, that he had no time to think of Tom

or any of the other fifty new hands that were taken on board ; but as Tom looked a poor milksop of a thing, he on one occasion turned his eye upon him, when he found him holding on one of the pumps when the ship lurched low. "What milksop is that?" he said; but before he could get an answer, crack was heard above, and down came the fore-top-mast with part of the fore-top-gallant sail; "take in the main-top-gallant sail, and new reefs on your top-sails," was the order; "clear away above, cheerly, cheerly."

Away went the saucy frigate under close reefed top-sails and courses, as much as she could stagger under, while heavy seas kept dashing over the weather bow, and the live lumber began to kick about, all afloat in the lee scuppers.

Just at this moment, a man who had been on the fore-top-mast head, and who had altered his position to the main-top-mast head, cried out, "a sail on the lee bow." Every eye was turned towards it. In a moment the captain was in the fore-top with his telescope, and after having "taken a sight" cried out to the first lieutenant, "'tis the lee ship of the French squadron, the old Achillies, let's walk into her at once; take out your reefs, set another fore-top gallant-mast," and in a few minutes she was under as much canvas as she could carry to a quarter's wind, which she now had. The drum beat to quarters; the decks were cleared; every gun was run out, chests of wads in readiness, and the fire screens hung up. Captain Martin visited every part of the decks to see that the officers and men were properly stationed, and giving all the same directions not to fire till within pistol shot; and now the boarders were armed, pikes, tomahawks, and outlasses distributed, an abundant supply of ball cartridges

were handed to the mariners, principally by the agency of Tom, who found himself elevated to the important rank of powder-monkey.

The wind had fallen, but there was still a stiffish breeze at play, and the sea wafted about in fine style; the frigate soon began to overhaul her chase, and as she neared it, beheld beyond her seven sail of the line, all of whom had tacked and were beating up. The captain never looked abaft to see if any of his squadron were in sight,



but pressed forward, determined to sink, take, burn, or destroy the first ship he could get at, and then to fight his way out of danger as well as he could, trusting to the bravery of his crew and the fine sailing qualities of his frigate.

At about seven o'clock in the evening we came up so hand over hand with the chase, that she did not like it, and stuck out more canvas, to enable her to get to her own squadron. She was a noble three-decker of eighty guns, the *Arethusa* was only sixty-four, but that was nothing in the way of odds. As we pressed on, the *Achillies* did not like it, so she run up the tri-colour at her mizen, and fired in

quick succession her long stern chasers, which being double-shotted, knocked away the binnacle, and killed one of the men at the wheel. "Steady, boys," said the captain, and held the wheel till another man had taken the place of the one who had fallen. Steady was the word, and not a shot did we think of returning till we closed upon the weather quarter, when putting the helm hard up, we stretched across her stern, till our broadside bore upon her gingerbread work abaft, and then she had the contents of our guns, which were double-shotted. This evidently astonished her, and as the smoke blew off, we perceived that her mizen-top-mast had been knocked away, and was hanging over the side ; this was a fortunate accident of which we took advantage ; we were now about thirty yards from her stern, the helm was put a starboard, and as we bore up, we gave her another broadside, as hot as she could take it.

This was warm work, and poor Tom scarcely knew what to make of it ; he had been employed running to and fro from the hatchway leading to the magazine with powder, so what with the noise, the confusion, the smoke, the hurrahing, and splinters flying, he was not a little bewildered ; he however felt that he was a Briton, and that "England expected every man to do his duty," so therefore he worked away cheerfully. Many a fine fellow did he see cut in two by shot, some terribly mangled by splinters, some with legs shot off, some with their heads blown away and their brains scattered upon the stauncheons, while the blood trickled down the scuppers ; at last, something struck poor Tom on his legs and down he went, a loud cheer arose from the upper deck, and the last sounds he heard were that the French were trying to board.

The frigate had run in under the lee quarter of the French ship ;

at the instant of the contact the French captain with about fifty very ferocious fellows, dashed down from the bowsprit; but they had a warm reception, the bold fellows of the *Arethusa* met them hand to hand, killed their captain, and in return, poured into the ship so quickly, that in a few minutes the greater part of her crew were killed or driven below, and the English Jack waved proudly at the main-mast head—the *Achillies* was taken; next morning, Tom who was badly wounded, heard the whole story from the lips of an old black woman, wife of the cook's mate, and of her and Tom's further adventures I shall tell you in my next.



PARLEY'S JOURNEY IN SACRED PLACES

JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA.



SOME time ago I gave my young friends an account of some of my travels in the East, when I was a younger man than I am now ; I shall continue these sketches from time to time, and at present shall content myself with saying a few words about the river Jordan and the Dead Sea.

I had to start from Jericho, which if you recollect, is often alluded to in Scripture. In ancient days it was a walled town of considerable size and strength : now it is nothing more than an assemblage of the

poorest and most wretched huts that can be imagined, and nothing but desolation on every side ; beyond Jericho the plain is still more barren, in many parts the sandy soil was impregnated with salt, and the only vegetation was stumpy shrubs ; I passed by many rocks of a threatening character as I drew near the river, one in particular in



a little creek at one side. had a most curious appearance, being literally cleft in twain by some horrid convulsion of nature and looking awfully sublime.

In the immediate vicinity of the river and on its banks are long lines of willows and rushes. It was the dry season, and the breadth

of it was not quite forty feet ; the water is muddy, and appeared at intervals to run very deep ; the willows, tamarinds, and numerous shrubs which grow rankly on the borders of the stream, form quite a forest and entangled wilderness ; no human habitation is nigh, and it is difficult to explore the plain beyond, lest the traveller should fall a prey to the roving creatures of the desert.

Such has been the general aspect of the valley of the Jordan for ages, whilst its waters have performed their yearly pilgrimage ; the time was when towns and numerous villages flourished here ; now it is abandoned to the wayward sons of Ishmael. Civilisation has long left its borders ; in the place of the corn, the wine, the oil, the produce of the palm, and the precious balsam, has succeeded a wild and inhospitable waste, covered with thorns and prickly shrubs.

I followed the course of the Jordan with feelings highly elated, I could not but remember how God's wonders had been performed there, nor that the Saviour of mankind had been baptised there, and after proceeding for some hours, I at last came in view of the Dead Sea. The heat was excessive, all was as still as death, and this together with the striking wildness of the scene around, produced a silent melancholy on our whole party ; there was nothing, however, in the sea itself to depress the feelings, the water was as clear as crystal, and seemed so inviting that I determined on a bathe. I had read much of the buoyancy of the Dead Sea, and now felt glad of an opportunity to test it ; at first I doubted, but no sooner did I go beyond my depth, than I felt myself borne up as on some solid body, which sensation increased the farther I swam from the shore.

This buoyancy arises from the specific gravity of the water ; the

taste is extremely pungent and bitter, and my eyes felt very sore for a long time after I had bathed, while my face and hands were covered with a thin coat of salt. The shore of the lake was strewed with shrubs and branches of trees, which had been thrown up from time to time, but I could not find a single shell or any other vestige to lead us to conclude that any creature lived in its waters.



The rocks around the Dead Sea are as peculiar as those on the confines of the Jordan, huge masses standing up like pillows; on the west side they are very precipitous, many abounding in caves and deep holes like those shown in the engraving.

In Holy Scripture this body of water has received many appellations, it is called the sea of the plain, the salt sea, and the east sea ; the Greek and Roman writers call it the sea of Asphaltitus, i. e., the Bituminous lake ; and the Arabs of the present day know it under the names of " Bahar il Mout," the Dead Sea ; or " Bahar Loot," the sea of Lot.

The Dead Sea flows over the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, those cities of the plain which God destroyed for their wickedness, and looking on it, I could not but shudder at the just judgments of God upon the wicked, and hoped that our favoured land might never require such signal judgments for the correction of our sins.



SOMETHING ABOUT BEARS.

Never be a "bear."

THE bear is what some people would call an "ugly customer" to come in contact with on a snowy plain, just about nightfall. His embraces are by no means to be sought after, and his friendship is too pressing to be entertained even for a moment.

Bears are of various kinds, white, brown, grey, grizzly, and black, and they are found in all the northern districts of Europe, Asia, and America, and in some parts of Norway are very numerous; but among all the kinds the black and the brown are the most celebrated.

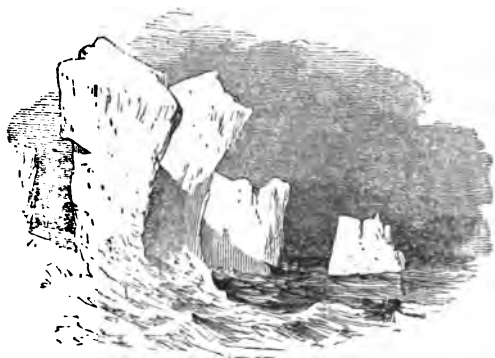
The brown bear is a solitary animal, inhabiting the chasms and precipices, and frequently choosing for its abode the hollow of some tree; there it lives for some months in the winter without provisions, seemingly on the exuberance of its former flesh which it had acquired in summer.

The black bears are common in Canada, and inhabit those trees which are hollow at the top, but when hunted, are forced from their retreats by setting fire to the tree, by which means the old one generally issues out first and is shot by the barbarous hunters, and the young ones as they descend are caught in a noose, and are either kept or killed for provision.



In northern counties these animals retire about the beginning of October into their dens or caves, where they prepare for themselves a bed of green leaves and moss; here they continue till the ensuing spring, subsisting through the winter entirely without food.

In some of the thinly inhabited districts of Greenland, such as those uninhabitable spots shown in the cut, where ice and snow abound through nearly the whole year, bears are both numerous and



destructive. Whenever they are seen to approach the cultivated parts, the natives unite in pursuing them, in order to prevent the race from increasing in their neighbourhood. As these animals are generally very ferocious when wounded, the hunters seldom venture to go out against them in parties smaller than four or five in number. They arm themselves with long spears, and are attended by dogs.

Bears are very numerous in Kamtschatka; they are often seen

roaming about the plains in great numbers, and would long since have been exterminated were they not more tame here than in other parts. When a Kamtschatdale espies a bear, he endeavours to conciliate its friendship at a distance, accompanying his gestures by courteous words. The bears are here so familiar, that the children gather roots, herbs, or turf for fuel, in the midst of a whole drove of these animals, and are never disturbed by them in their employment; if any of the bears come up to them, it is only to eat something out of their hands.

In other countries bears are hunted by the inhabitants. In Russia, in consequence of the well known partiality of these animals for honey, the Russians sometimes fix to the trees where bees are hived a heavy log of wood at the end of a long string; when the unwieldy creature climbs up to get at the hive, he finds himself interrupted by the log; he pushes it aside and attempts to pass it, but in returning it strikes him such a blow, that in a rage he flings it from him with greater force, which makes it return with greater violence, and he sometimes continues this, till the poor animal is either killed or falls from the tree.

Bears are so remarkably attached to each other, that the hunters never dare fire at a young one while the parent is on the spot, for if the cub happens to be killed, she becomes so enraged, that she will either revenge herself or die in the attempt; if on the contrary, the mother should be shot, the cub will continue with her long after she is dead.

The bear represented in the large engraving, is the white or Polar bear; he is rather a sedate-looking animal, inhabits both the sea and the land, and passes most of his time on the ice; often do they

get a ride of two or three hundred miles upon an iceberg, and they have in this way been sometimes conveyed into latitudes many leagues south of their native country. These bears live in a state of continual warfare with all the species of seals, and with the arctic walrus, or sea cow, which they kill and devour upon the ice.



Barentz in his voyage in search of a north-east passage to China, had certain proofs of the ferocity of the bear in Nova Zembla; they attacked his seamen, seizing them in their mouth, carrying them off with the utmost ease, and devouring them even in the sight of their comrades.

A few years ago, the crew of a boat belonging to the whale fishery, shot at a bear at a short distance off, and wounded it; the animal immediately set up a grievous howl, and ran along the ice towards the boat, but, before he reached it, a second shot was fired, which also hit him; this served but to increase his fury; he presently

swam to the boat, and in attempting to get on board, placed one of his feet upon the gunwale of the boat, but a sailor having a hatchet in his hand, said, "Hands off, Pompey," and cut it off. The animal, however, continued to swim revengefully after the boat, till it reached the ship, when he followed the men, and was attempting to get up the side, when another shot was fired at him, which laid him low.

There are many other interesting stories about bears, which I shall tell you at some other time.



**BOATING EXTRAORDINARY;
OR, A LITTLE BOY'S TRIALS.**



CHAPTER I.

WILLIAM Manly had a pony, a whip, a hutch full of rabbits, tops,

marbles, kites one or two, and hoops quite a selection, fine clothes to walk in, boots to ride in, and a great many other comforts ; but yet he was by no means a happy boy, for whenever he saw another boy in the possession of anything he had not he grieved at it, and never let his mamma rest till he had obtained it.

One day he went to the sea-beach, and there he saw the boats sailing in all directions, and the little luggers dancing about hither and thither on the billows, and among other things he saw George Playfair and Thomas Thomson, who had each procured a smart rigged cutter. George Playfair's was about three feet long and beautifully rigged ; Thomson's was quite as large, but he had contented himself with three lug sails, which looked very well, and made his boat sail the better.

When Master William saw the boats sailing one against the other, he positively leaped with delight ; but his joy was soon turned into peevishness, for he reflected he had not got a boat : but he determined to have one, and with tears in his eyes ran off to his mother.

When he reached home, he sought his mother till he found her when he had done so, he began to importune her by that pretty eloquence for which some boys are so remarkable.

" Dear mother," said he, without further prelude, " do give me a pound to buy a boat with ? I can buy a splendid one for that money, rigged, sails, and all complete."

" That is a very large sum to spend in one article," said his mother, " and I cannot afford it ; why do you want to buy a boat so suddenly ? "

"Oh, George Playfair has a boat, and so has Thomas Thomson; but I have not got one, and I cannot play with them at all."

"But will they not let you see theirs swim?" said his mother.

"Yes, ma,'" replied William, "but they are not mine, and when I see theirs sailing about in the bay, I wish I had one too; and do



you know, dear mother, I almost wished the other day if I had not one that they had not. I felt quite vexed to think they should have such nice boats and I had not."

"Then do you know, my child, that you had a very evil feeling in your breast. Shall I tell you what it was?"

"If you please, mother."

"But first you must tell me whether it made you feel comfortable or uncomfortable?"

"Oh, I felt as if I could cry once or twice, and then I had a good mind to give Playfair's boat a tilt over, only I was afraid he would give me a beating. There was, however, a bigger boy than I, who got behind the hedge, and threw over a large brickbat, splash into the water, which very nearly upset it."

"And how did you feel when you saw the brickbat splash into the water, and endanger the boat?"

"Oh, I felt quite pleased—I wished however it had gone quite upon it—I think I should have been more pleased at that."

"And pray, have you invited Master Playfair to come to your birthday party on Tuesday evening?"

"No, mamma; you told me only to invite whom I liked, and I did not ask him."

"And why not?"

"Oh, I do not like him half so much as I used to do."

"Why do you not like him?"

"He seems so proud of his boat and all that, makes such a fuss about it, also makes her sail so beautifully, talks so much about his foresail, mainsail, and jib; and I have not got a boat at all." Here little William began to cry.

"Ay," said his mother, "you are very unhappy, a very miserable, sad, wretched little boy."

"Yes, tha—tha—that I am," sobbed William, "ver—ver—ver—very unhappy;" and here again he wept as if he would never leave off, till his eyes were quite red and sore with weeping, and his

little pocket-handkerchief was as if it had been dipped in a tub of water.

"Yes, you are very wretched indeed," said his mamma.

"Yes, very, very. Do give me the pound, there's a dear mother, and let me buy a boat?"

"No, my child," said his mother, "not one farthing must you have of me. It is not the want of a pound or a boat that makes you so wretched; it is the wicked passions you have, which you are not able to subdue, and all the money in the world would not make you happy—but for a moment."

"What! wicked passions, mamma? I am sure I do not feel any wicked passions; I only want a boat like Playfair's."

"Listen to me, William. You were not satisfied at seeing Playfair's boat swim, but wished for one of your own. This was natural, and perhaps reasonable. But when you wished because you had not a boat that others had not got them—it was the bad passion envy, that took hold of you—and immediately you were unhappy. Then you rejoiced at the brickbat when it splashed the water over Playfair's boat; this my son was a cruel passion, it was spite or malice; had you been big enough you would have destroyed your playfellow's toy, but being a coward dare not attempt it; then you would not invite the unoffending youth to your party, because your bosom was full of hatred. Now then, sir, look in the mirror I have prepared for you, and see yourself."

"I did not know I was all that you say, mamma; I am sure I cannot be as bad as that. Will you kiss me, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear; you are full of 'envy, hatred, malice, and all

uncharitableness.' If I were to take a serpent to my bosom it might be less dangerous than you."

"Oh, mamma, do not talk so, I am sure I did not mean it. I could not help feeling as you say, it came upon me of its own accord. I don't know how it came. I am sure I could not help it. If you had seen his boat how nice it looked with all the flags, sails, little brass cannon, and brass anchors, I am sure you would have wished me to have had one."

"I have no doubt these evil passions came upon you suddenly, and of their own accord, when you did not expect them ; but this is how it is they have such power, and see how wretched they have made you ; you have had no peace since you first began to envy your playfellow ; your little heart has been in a strange ferment. Did you say your prayers last night ?"

"Yes, no, mamma, I could not think of them because I could not help thinking about the boat."

"Do you wonder that you have been wretched ? You see that those evil passions have drawn you away from God."

"But I do not want any boat now, mamma ; I should like Playfair to come to my party on Tuesday."

"I will consider of this," said his mamma,— "that will depend upon circumstances ; but remember, that William is envious, malicious, and full of hatred : is he fit to have a party at all ? I must leave you, my child, to answer this question yourself."

So saying, William's mother left the room, and the little boy was —alone.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST LIE.



At first William began to cry at being left alone, particularly as his mamma seemed to be angry with him; he sobbed and sobbed a good deal, and at last began to wish he had not told his mother what he felt with regard to Playfair's boat. "I am sure," said he to himself,

"I don't want his boat, he may have two boats if he likes ; I only wish I had never seen his boat at all, and then I should not have been in this trouble."

He was talking in this manner to himself for some time, sometimes crying, and sometimes sobbing ; at last he went to the window of the room which looked into the garden, the sun was shining so brightly, the birds were singing, and all the flowers seemed quite full of smiles, presently he saw a blackbird with a long stick in his mouth, hopping about close under his window, which at last made a spring from the ground, took to the wing, and darted off to a holly-bush at the end of the garden.

"Ay," said William, "he is off to build his nest in the same place he did last year ; and now I think of it, if a bird can build a nest, why can't I make a boat ? that would be capital ; I should not want any money from ma,' and then I could say to Playfair, here is my boat all made out of my own head. Well, now I do think of it, I think this would be better than buying one ; but let me see, where am I to get the wood—I should want a thick piece to cut it out—then masts, sails, and cannon : these I cannot make, therefore I must buy them ; and then the flags—oh, I could paint them on pieces of paper."

The little boy had quite forgotten all his troubles in this new notion of making his own boat, which he was resolved to do—but yet he thought of what his mamma had said to him—and when he thought of that, he felt as if he could not go on till he had made peace with her, for William was very fond of his mamma.

So he ran off to look for her, to say he was a good boy, and after

a little while found her in the garden. "Mamma," said he, "I want to be good—do kiss me and make me a good boy."

"But," said his mamma, "I want you to do a favour for me, before I can tell whether you are good or not; I cannot forgive you, my dear, till you deserve to be forgiven."

"Oh, I will do anything you wish, mamma; only do kiss me."

His mamma, without saying a word, returned into the house and went up stairs, William following her all the way, at last she went into the lumber-room. "What are you going to do, mamma?" said he. "Oh, I know you are going to get me something to play with."

His mamma took from her girdle her large bunch of keys, and after turning over several boxes, at last found one made of mahogany; this she opened, and taking out a smaller box tied round with string, gave it to William with directions to take it down stairs; William ran down stairs joyfully enough. He supposed that the box contained something for him to play with instead of a boat, he heard several things rattle within it, and called up to ask his mamma if he might cut the string.

"No," said his mamma; "you must untie the knot."

William looked at the box, and he looked at the knot, and he tried and tried to unpick it, but all to no purpose, for the knot was tied in such a manner, that when he had undone one part, the other part seemed to be more fixed.

His mamma was a considerable time before she came down stairs, during which William had been employed in undoing the knot. He tried it first one way and then the other, at last he endeavoured to slip the string over the corners of the box, but was unable to do even that.

"Supposing I cut it," said he to himself, "I can easily say it broke itself as I was trying to undo it." He listened for the footsteps of his mother on the stairs, but all was silent ; he then looked round for a penknife or a pair of scissors, for he was quite impatient to know what was within the box ; the penknife and the scissors were both in his mother's work-box, and that was locked. "How provoking," said he to himself. He then went back, and tried again to get the string over the corners of the box, but it was tied too tight, he had quite bruised the ends of his little fingers in his endeavours to get the knot undone or to remove the string, and began to be quite feverish with impatience. He looked round and round the room, thinking something might do instead of a knife to get it asunder. There were several shells on the mantel-shelf, one of them seemed tolerably sharp, he thought he could cut through the string with the sharp part of this shell.

"Ay," said he, "I can easily say the string broke—but that will be a story—but then it won't do anybody any harm, there is nothing in a lie if it does no one any hurt," said he to himself.

The little boy sawed and sawed away with his shell, till he had got the string in two.

"There it is," said he, "I have done it." He then hurried the cord off, but when he came to look further, found the box was still fastened, nor could he by any kind of examination discover the way to open it. "There," said he, "and I have just cut the string for nothing. I wish I could put the string on again, for I think mamma will find it out."

At this moment Mr. and Mrs. Manly came down stairs, for that

was her name, and looking at the box, said immediately, "Why, you have cut the string, William, when I told you not to do so?"

"Why, mamma," said he, "it broke as I was trying to get it undone."



Mrs. Manly looked at her son with the deepest concern, the colour came into her face—she spoke not—but burst into tears.

Oh! mamma, dear mamma, do not cry. Why do you cry, mamma? Here, let me wipe your eyes. Why do you cry, dear mamma?"

"Oh! my dear child," said she, "you have hurt yourself seriously,

what shall I do for my dear child ? Oh ! you are in great danger ; you are seriously injured ;" and then she wrung her hands as in great consternation."

" No, dear mother," said the little boy, " I am not hurt at all—my fingers are only a little sore with picking at the knot—I am not hurt—there is nothing in the box to hurt me, is there, mamma ?"

" You have given yourself a wound," said his mother, " which will injure you for ever."

" Where, mamma," said William, a little alarmed, looking at his hands, to see if he had cut or bruised them by the shell.

" It is of no use to look at your hands, my child, the wound is not there—it is not in your body ; I would rather that you had cut your finger to the bone, than have—"

" What, dear mamma. Do tell me ?"

" *Told a lie !*"

Poor little William dropped the shell, which he had still retained in his hand during this conversation.

" Yes," continued his mother, " my son is a ——," and here she again burst into tears, for the word liar seemed to stick in her throat. " You have injured your immortal part, that part which can never die—your soul."

William turned pale at the latter part of this conversation, and felt quite sick at heart ; his ears were of a deep glowing red, and he could scarce draw his breath.

" Do you not feel the wound ?" said his mother.

" I did not do it to harm any one, mamma, indeed I did not ; I heard one of my school-fellows say a lie was nothing if it did not hurt any one."

"Does it not hurt me? Has it not hurt yourself? Do you feel happy now? Am I happy? I cannot take your word again—you have deceived me; you will not be believed though you speak the truth—but what is more awful—the words of the living God who sees and knows all things, has said, 'Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, and the deceitful tongue shall not tarry in my sight.'"

"Oh! dear mamma, you quite frighten me, you look so awful. What shall I do?"

"Can you undo what you have done? the time can never again be in which you can say I am a child of truth. You have deceived a mother who loves you dearer than her own life. You have set God at defiance by a lie."

"No, mamma, I did not mean that, indeed I did not; I only said so, that you might not be angry with me."

"Did you not know God was looking at you, that he heard you, and that he would be angry?" No, you forgot that.

William stood at last abashed and silent, while his mother kept fixed upon him a stern but sorrowful frown.

"Oh! do not punish me, mamma, I will never do so again."

"Never! be careful, my child."

"I hope I shall not. I am sorry—indeed I am."

"Why are you sorry?"

"Because you cry so, and are angry with me."

"God in heaven, who both sees and knows our thoughts, is more grieved and angry than I can be; he has given you life, which I cannot give; he has given you a soul to improve and to devote to his service; you do not love him for his goodness, and will not obey him

although he wishes you to be happy. You should be sorry you have rebelled against so good a God."

"I do wish to be sorry, indeed, mamma; I do try to feel sorry; I am sorry; I will not do so again."

"Kneel down then with me, and let us ask of God to forgive you for so great a sin."

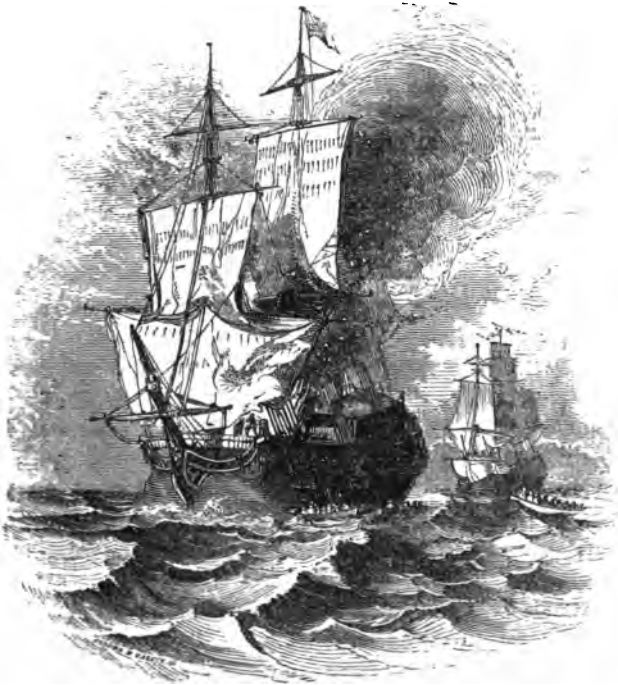
Mrs. Manly and her child here knelt down, and the affected mother clasping her son's hands together, and bending over, put up a prayer to the Father of all Mercies, that he would be merciful unto her son, and forgive him his sin.

When they arose from their knees, Mrs. Manly took the box which had been the occasion of so much evil, and placed it on the top of her piano-forte; she then gave her child a kiss, saying, "I have forgiven you, William; may God forgive you too."

William was quite unfit for play during the whole of the afternoon. He thought several times, however, of the boat he had an intention of building, but as often as he thought of it, he thought of the lie he had told—for he was uncertain whether it would not even be wrong to build a boat unknown to his mamma, as he feared something might happen which would lead him to do wrong.

When he went to bed therefore, that night, in saying the Lord's prayer, when he came to that part which says, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," he really and sincerely wished that God would deliver him in all danger; thinking of this and worn out by the trials of the day, the poor little boy fell asleep, he, however, could not help dreaming of his boat.

STORY OF A SAILOR-BOY.



CHAPTER III.

WE left Tom sleeping, with an old black woman watching over him.

When he awoke in the morning he felt very faint, and as he lay in a dark corner of the forecastle, he could not see things very distinctly. Soon, however, he saw two black balls glaring upon him, surrounded by white rings in a dark hemisphere of something, which after opening his eyes to their full extent, he discovered to be a face—a black one it is true—an ugly one, but still a face, and what was better, ugly as it was, it had a smile upon it—an ugly grin—with large tush teeth glaring at him, and a horrid capacity of mouth, which looked as if it would swallow him; at last something came out of the afore-said mouth, not very musical, but still very sweet.

“How do picaninny? Not dead me see. How do pic?”

“How do pic,” said Tom, “I don’t understand.”

“Picninny get leg broke; picninny get well; picnin eat, trink, laffe, dancee, jump him bout like skip-jac-monkey.”

Tom moved his leg and attempted to sit up, but it gave him such pain he called out “Oh!”

“De dear picninny soul, let I rub de bone, it no brokee, doctor say only smash a bit—leetle crack like.”

Tom found his leg bound up with splinters, and it seemed to him quite as bad as broke, and so he groaned again, but before he had quite got his groan over, he found a bottle at his mouth pressed heartily by the old black woman.

“Dere swallof, swallof, it make oo man agen; it is de raal tuff, do stuff what stick all de bones of de body together like de carpenter glue, make oo well, make oo well, quick as litning.”

Tom therefore supped at the bottle again and again, and it seemed to do him good, but what it was he knew not.

“It is de modder milk,” said the old woman, “try him gen.”

So Tom tried "him gen," and in a short time found himself revived and in a condition to ask questions.

So the old woman told him exactly how the matter stood, that his ship had beaten the French, how many had been killed, and all the whole particulars, not forgetting a most lamentable account of the death of her husband the cook, who had his head blown off by a cannon shot, which she ended by a deep sigh and ejaculation, "Ay, poor massy, him nebber hold him head up gen."

"I should think not, poor fellow," said Tom, "if he had it blown off his shoulders."

"Him nebber cookee, nebber no more. Him gone to pot himself now."

Tom thought this a very queer way for the poor woman to talk of her husband, but supposed her English not very good.

"Him gone to Davy Jones," she said again, with shrugged up shoulders, and a melancholy look. "Dead him door nail ; de crabs have got him now ; de shark pull him into leetle bits ; de big lobster scratch him eye out ; oh deare me, deare me," and then the poor old creature howled with anguish, while the hot tears seemed to burn her eyes, and turn their white to fiery redness.

Just as this colloquy was proceeding, Tom heard an unusual noise upon deck, running and scampering, bolts hammering, ropes falling, presently a gun was fired, then a crackling, a bawling, a crash, another gun, and a tremendous rush to the ship's side.

The old woman rushed up the forecastle ladder, and as quickly rushed down again, calling out, "The ship is all in a blaze."

Again a gun fired—again the crackling of the spars—and Tom thought he could hear the voice of the flames among the sails like

the roaring of the sea, which roared but little. The old woman stood below looking piteously on Tom, thumping her closed hands together in an agony of alarm; at last a most horrid crash was heard, the ship seemed to shrink at it. The mainmast had fallen, and the whole of the midships were in a blaze, so that it was quite impossible for those in the stern of the ship to come to the aid of those forward.

"We shall soon be blown up sky high," said the old woman.

"I'll be hanged if I do," said Tom, leaping up on one leg, and creeping round the sides of the forecastle towards the ladder.

"Me do wid you," said the old woman, and clasped Tom round the neck; "me nebber part from picaninny."

"Carry me up the ladder then," said Tom, and leaped on to her back.

The old woman was quite ready, and crawled up the ladder with Tom holding on behind as well as he was able, when he got upon deck an awful sight presented itself; the ship was completely in flames from the fore-mast to the mizen; the prize was some little distance behind, and a well-manned boat was pulling up lustily, over the side the boats had been launched, and officers and men were dropping into them. The old woman went to the forecastle gangway with Tom on her back, and turning her head round over her shoulder, said, "Shall me jump in de worra, massa?"

"No, no, no," said Tom. "What for goodness is the use of that?"

"Me swim beauful—me swim like de alligator—me swim wid four picaninny. Hold him fast behind, here go."

"Stop a bit, pray stop a bit," said Tom; "only while I say my prayers."

"Him no time to pray much; tink it, tink it, it will do just as well. Here we go, hold fast behind."

"Stop, stop, for goodness, stop;" cried Tom, and he clung to the bulwarks.

"De magazine burst and we go up to de very tip top of de moon," said the old woman, "come down whack, break you oder leg; hold him up stiff behind, here go, got bless all de world."

And so without saying another word, the old woman jumped into the sea, Tom and all.

What became of them I shall relate in my next chapter.



ABOUT CHERRIES.



HERE is the picture of a little girl and boy—brother and sister—both of them with cherry cheeks and lips, and what is more to their delight, cherries in their hands. Therefore as the season of the year is now approaching, I will tell you something about cherries. Obtain a bunch when you can, but do not eat them too quickly.

Parts of a cherry. There are three parts to every ripe cherry : the skin, the pulp, and the kernel. The stone or kernel of the cherry is the seed from which, if sown or planted, a new tree springs.

Use of cherries. Cherries are for mankind as well as for birds to eat; but we should never eat them till they are perfectly ripe. Some children think they are fit to eat as soon as they turn red a little, but this is a great mistake. When they are ripe, they are soft and sweet. There is a richness of flavour in cherries when they are completely ripe that is not to be found in them either before or afterwards.

You should avoid eating those which ripen here and there on the trees a few days before the rest, for they are almost always wormy or defective. You must have patience enough to wait till they are fairly ripe.

Abuse of them. One thing to be observed in eating cherries is moderation—be very careful not to eat too many of them; never swallow the stones or kernels; and it would be better if you would avoid the skins, as the pulp alone is the part that should be eaten.

Cherries should not be eaten just after we have taken a full meal of something else; perhaps it is the best way, on the whole, to eat them as part of a regular breakfast, dinner, or supper.

Some people think if we have eaten too many cherries, it is useful to drink a little brandy to keep them from hurting us; this is like making ourselves sick, and then taking poisonous medicines to cure us. The best way is not to take too much of anything, and then we need not talk about what is good to take afterwards.

Cherries are sometimes dried and eaten in that state, but they are not very wholesome; sweetmeats or jam made of them is still worse. Some persons put them in spirits and make cherry brandy; I have known persons who drank this poisonous stuff, then give the cherries

after the brandy was gone, to little children; nothing is worse for the stomach than cherries which have been steeped in spirits.

Cherry gum. The gum that oozes out of the body of cherry trees is very useful in some of the arts, and as a medicine; it is also very nutritious when better food cannot be obtained. More than one hundred men were once kept alive for nearly two months, in a city that was besieged, by eating a little of the gum every day.

There are many young persons who no sooner begin to cough a little, than they eat a great deal of candy and other sweet things; but a piece of cherry gum, the same size, would do them a great deal more good.

I have a liquorice story for you about cherry brandy some day.



SONG OF THE SEASON.

OH! HOW BRIGHTLY.

Oh! how brightly, how brightly the sun moves along,
From the east to the west through the sky;
Oh! how lovely, how lovely the moon looks among
All the stars as they sparkle on high;
There glorious lights to us were given,
To raise our thoughts from earth to heaven;
Oh! how brightly, how brightly they all move along,
Shedding light on the world from on high.

Oh! how swiftly, how swiftly the bird flies away,
To his home on the tall forest tree;
Oh! how sweetly, how sweetly he sings all the day,
And is happy as happy can be;
And thus he tells of favours given,
And while he sings he soars to heaven.
Oh! how sweetly, how sweetly he sings all the day,
In his nest on the tall forest tree.

And the roses, the roses and lilies so fair,
Which we pluck from the green fields in May,
Fill with fragrance, with fragrance, the fresh morning air,
And to us as they bloom seem to say,
By whom their sweet perfume was given,
And thus they send it back to heaven.
Oh! the roses, the roses, and lilies so fair,
Fill the air, fill the air all the day.



MARION LEE.

NOT a care hath Marion Lee,
Dwelling by the sounding sea!
Her young life's a flowery way:—
Without toil from day to day,
Without bodings for the morrow,—
Marion was not made for sorrow!

Like the summer-billows wild
Leaps the happy-hearted child;
Sees her father's fishing-boat,
O'er the waters gaily float;
Hears her brother's fishing-song
On the light gale borne along;
Half a league she hears the lay,
Ere they turn into the bay,
And with glee, o'er cliff and main,
Sings an answer back again,
Which by man and boy is heard,
Like the carol of a bird.
Look! she sitteth laughing there,
Wreathing sea-weed in her hair,
Saw ye e'er a thing so fair?

Marion, some are rich in gold,
Heaped-up treasure-stores untold;
Some in thought sublime, refined,
And the glorious wealth of mind:

Thou, sweet child, life's rose unblown,
Hast a treasure of thine own—
Youth's most unalloyed delights;
Happy days, and tranquil nights;
Hast a brain with thought unvexed;
A heart untroubled, unperplexed!
Go, thou sweet one, all day long,
Like a glad bird, pour thy song;
And let thy young, graceful head,
Be with sea-flowers garlanded;
For all outward signs of glee,
Well befit thee, Marion Lee!

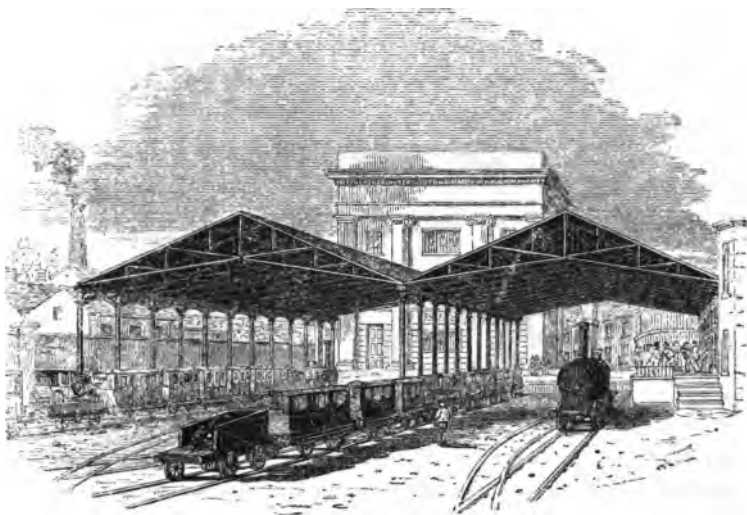


PARLEY'S RAILWAY TRIPS.



OH dear me, what a difference in travelling there is now to what it was when Peter Parley was a boy—then I remember to have been two days and three nights coming from Exeter, now I can travel there in five hours, quicker than the martin can fly. It seems when you get into a railroad carriage, that nothing more is necessary than a whistle, a cough, cough, huff, puff, spirt, hiss, whisk, and rattle, and you are at your journey's end. I wish therefore to say a few words to my young friends about railways.

The cut, page 129, affords a representation of the terminus of the London and Birmingham Railway behind Euston Square. The entrance, as you see, consists of a lofty gateway like the entrance to a temple, flanked by a lodge and iron gates. The structure is upon the plan



of a Greek Propylæum ; on each side of the front are two lodges connected by piers, lofty iron gates, and railings.

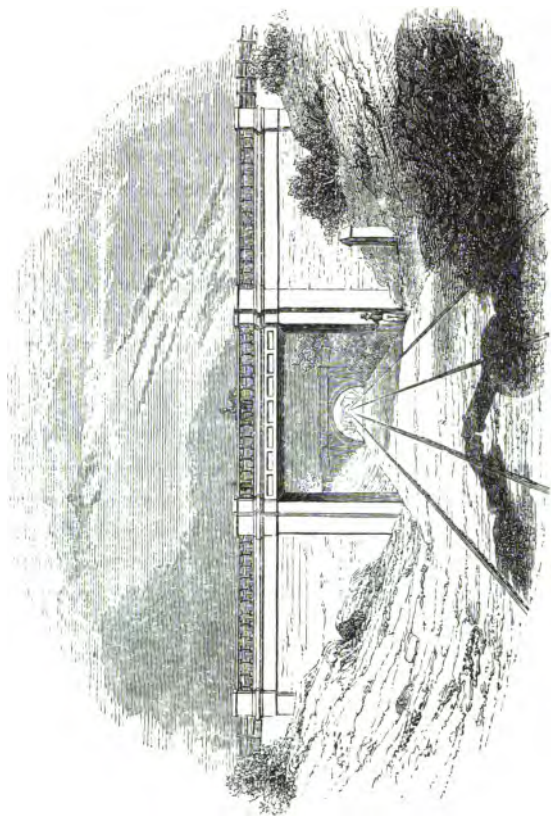
When we enter into the premises we come to an enormous covered way, in which are the carriages all arranged in lines ; an engine

perhaps is coming up, having just brought in another train, and is puffing, blowing, and sneezing, while the bright sunshine upon its ribs of brass dazzles your eyes. The rails are distinctly seen in the engraving : they are of soft iron, and are laid either on stone blocks, or on wooden sleepers, and rise above the ground about an inch, crossing each other in such a manner that the wheels of the carriages can cross from one line to another at certain places with the greatest ease.

But the bell rings—the signal to take our seats.

The first-class carriages are comfortable coaches, in which passengers may shut themselves up comfortably enough, but the second-class, which go first in order, are open, without a window or even a curtain to protect you from the fierce cutting wind, and without a cushion to ease you of the vibratory motion which shakes you to and fro in such a manner that before you get to the end of your journey you feel very much like a jelly. I think some wag proposed to have machines full of cream attached to the trains, which he argued would speedily turn to butter, by the churning it would get in the transit, and thought of establishing a “ Railroad Cream-churning Butter-making Company.” The carriages are also so low that you cannot stand up in them, and generally you are locked in so that you cannot get out : but these things are in the way of amendment, and I shall therefore, say no more about them.

We now leave London in a northern direction, pass through a short tunnel under houses and streets at St. Pancras, and are carried over an arch as we proceed, till we enter a deep cutting walled up on either side, and pass under seven bridges ; presently we come upon the open country, the tall and stately chimney shafts of the stationary



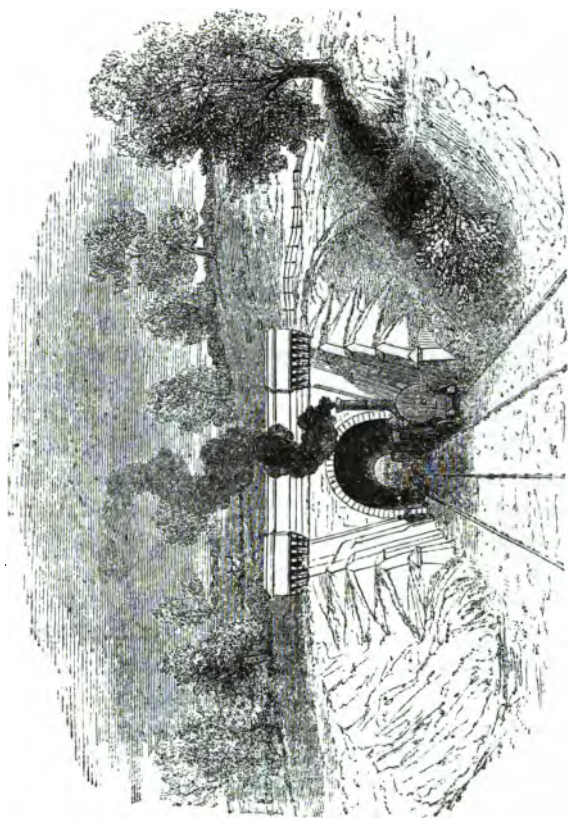
engines towering on either side of the railway like guardian pillars. This is the Camden Town depôt. We are drawn up to this spot by two engines of sixty-horse power, and are then cast off and committed to the locomotive engine, which now takes the train in charge.

We now proceed in good earnest down a declivity by Chalk Farm to the foot of Primrose Hill; this hill has long been the Cockney Parnassus. The handsome brick and stone entrance of the Primrose Hill tunnel was built at an expense of £7000, and now is the time to sit still and fear nothing. Peeping out before you enter you can see through Primrose Hill tunnel, for it seems such a little way, that no one can hardly fancy it should be so dark; but after entering, the light becomes dimmer and dimmer, and although for a moment, a gleam of light comes from the shaft, in another moment it is profound darkness again.

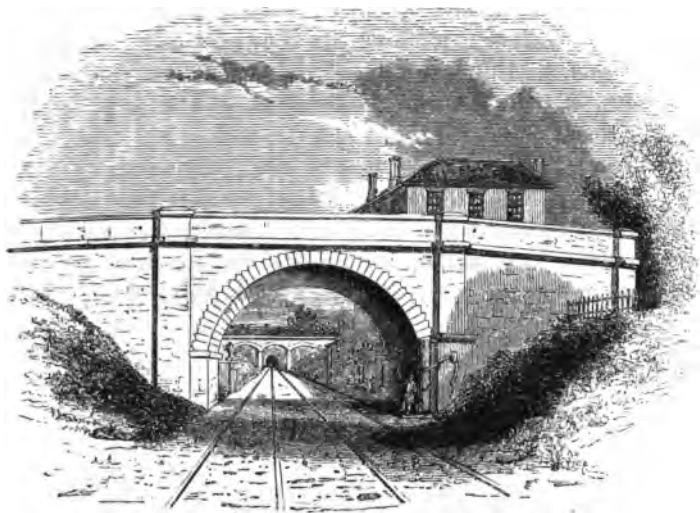
The further entrance of the tunnel is very plain, as the view shows, but it has a far more picturesque look; but we soon leave it behind, and in as many minutes we are three miles on our road, and into another tunnel at Kensal Green, 320 yards in length, and then the railroad is carried across the valley of the Brent.

The Brent is a mean, narrow, sluggish-looking stream, which rises near Chipping Barnet, on the borders of Middlesex and Hertfordshire, and after traversing a large portion of Middlesex, falls into the Thames.

We now pass through a rich, undulating country, the most remarkable object being Harrow-on-the-Hill, with its church-spire peering over the trees. The railroad leaves Harrow to the left, winding round the hill, and in a few minutes we arrive at Harrow station, which is the first station-house on the road, and the first



place where the passenger can alight on his way from London. The views from the church-yard of Harrow are very beautiful, and often have I lingered there in the day's decline. The hill rises above all. The church, the celebrated school, and the church-yard occupy the



slope on either side ; from it the whole of the metropolis can be seen on a clear day, and the eye ranges over portions of Buckinghamshire and Berkshire, including Windsor Castle and Richmond Hill.

Harrow school was founded by a yeoman named John Lyon. Every person who is an inhabitant householder in the parish of

Harrow, has the right of sending a son for instruction ; but the larger portion of the pupils are from other parts of the country. Here have been educated some of the greatest statesmen of modern days, including Sir Robert Peel, perhaps the greatest.

We now enter Hertfordshire, a country which has been long famous for its beauty and fertility, although not much of either is seen from the railway. We now pass Watford station. Watford is a busy little town, with both silk and paper mills, set in motion by the waters of the Colne, but in about two minutes we plunge into Watford tunnel, which is upwards of a mile in length.

The railroad and canal now pass between Abbot's Langley on the right hand, and King's Langley on the left ; we then leave the canal, and after a few minutes find ourselves at Boxmoor, the third station on the railway, 24 miles from London, the distance being generally performed in forty minutes ; and here for the present I will remain till my next.

WALKS ABOUT LONDON.

No. II.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



EASTER Monday and Tuesday are days of great importance to the working people of London, and always have been ; formerly these days were spent in rude and riotous sports, in bear-baiting, bull-baiting, dog fighting, and other ruffianous diversions, but owing to the

spread of information, and the better feeling of the working classes, these amusements have been changed to others much better calculated to improve them, and make them better men and women. Thus we see them visiting libraries, museums, exhibitions of an intellectual kind, or making excursions to enjoy the fresh air and the beauties of nature, instead of sitting in public-houses, or engaging in brutal enjoyments. I was astonished on Easter Monday at the numbers of persons thronging into the British Museum, but pushing my way in with hundreds of well-dressed artizans, I soon found myself in a part of the Museum of the greatest interest, and of which I shall say a few words, with the hope of impressing on my young readers a sense of the advantages in the Museum itself, and of the advantage it would be to them, to visit it frequently.

The room in which I found myself, was the Egyptian Room, and I thought myself suddenly removed four thousand years back in the dial of existence. The room is situated in the northern part of the building, immediately near the great Egyptian Saloon, which I shall presently describe. It was constructed by Sir R. Smirke, and first thrown open to the public in the year 1833.

The arrangements of this room are very uniform. In the centre are two glass-cases containing in the lower portions the outer cases or coffins of two mummies, which may be seen in another part of the room. These coffins are covered within and without with paintings and hieroglyphics, having reference to the deceased, and being hung upon pivots at the ends, are so placed, that both the interior and the whole of the exterior may be seen; in the upper portions of the glass-case, in the fore-ground of the engraving, are several curious specimens of personal ornaments, as necklaces of gold and precious stones,

rings for the fingers, seals, and other ornaments, as sacred beetles, used as charms or talismans, while other cases contain many specimens of paper, one of which is a letter sent by a merchant to one of his friends, in which, having spoken at length on three respective affairs, he encloses him an account current, well drawn up with most neatly executed figures.

In the glass-cases seen in the cut, on either side of the central



cases, are arranged mummies, showing the different stages of the process; some are merely covered with the first layer of cloth; others are more extensively bandaged, and covered with bituminous matter; some are seen enclosed in the first pasteboard, or thin wooden case; and some show the first covering, enclosed in another of similar construction, while in adjoining cases, are shown the outer boxes or

coffins in which the body was conveyed to the tomb. One of these mummies is particularly deserving of attention, for the richness of the paintings and ornaments with which the cases are adorned, and for the care with which the bodies have been preserved ; it appears to be the body of a royal personage, who officiated as priest of Osiris, and is one of the finest specimens yet discovered, of the splendour with which the ancient Egyptians mummied the bodies of their chiefs and priests. It was found at Thebes, and purchased by the museum for 305 guineas.

On the confines of the apartment are arranged the many interesting articles employed by the Egyptians in their domestic concerns, with specimens of their manufactures, models of many of their large works, and other curious things, found in the tombs, mummy-cases, and other depositories in Thebes, Memphis, &c.

In cases I K and L are some very beautiful chairs made of wood and delicately inlaid with ivory ; some have wire or rush seats worked in a similar manner to those of the present day, and others are made to fold up, similarly to our camp stools. Here may be seen a wig, made probably about 700 years before the Christian Era : the wig-box stands by its side ; but, perhaps, the most interesting article is in the case K, this is a model of an Egyptian house ; it was found at Gournâ, near Thebes, and was purchased at the sale of Mr. Salt's collection for eighty guineas. At the time of its discovery, there was a considerable quantity of grain in the granaries, under the flight of stairs, but the model being allowed to remain for a considerable time in the Lazaretto at Leghorn, the rats contrived to carry off all but a few seeds, which are now placed in the gallery.

In the frames N O P are some vases, which for beauty of outline,

and delicacy of execution, are only surpassed by those of Greece and Rome of a much later period; here are also several mirrors, boxes containing kôhl for painting the eyes, limbs, head, and other requisites for an Egyptian lady's toilette.

On the other side of the apartment, in case Z, are several dolls, draughtsmen, and other toys for children, and in case T is a fowl roasted and prepared for eating, with bread, fruit, &c. "Only think now, Mary," as we heard a young woman observe, "that them creeters should eat fowls and truss them just like us." In this case are also a king's hatchet with a silver handle, several daggers, spear heads, &c., and in an adjoining case a complete set of carpenters' tools. You will be surprised at the perfect state in which these things appear after a lapse of thirty to forty centuries; this appears to be owing to the dry nature of the soil of Thebes, where they were found. Most of the paintings on the walls of the tombs, and on the mummy-cases, are as perfect, and as fresh in colour, as if they had been done yesterday.

Immediately under the room above described is the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, and here are to be found colossal heads, busts, pillars, parts of bodies, urns, sarcophagic hieroglyphics, and a great number of the most interesting curiosities. The most celebrated and indeed the pride of the Museum, is a colossal head called the head of Memnon, although it is not the head of the Memnon of Memnon's Temple, described by Strabo, but another one; it was brought to this country by Belzoni, who removed it from the plains of Egypt; all the implements this indefatigable traveller had, however, were fourteen poles, eight of which were employed in making a car for the colossus, four ropes of palm trees, four rollers, and no

other tackle of any description; with these sorry implements, and such wretched workmen as the place would produce, he contrived to move the colossus from the ruins where it lay to the banks of the Nile, a distance of more than a mile: but it was no less a difficult task to place the colossus on board a boat, the bank of the river being more than fifteen feet above the level of the water, which had retired at



least a hundred feet from it; this, however, was effected by making a sloping causeway, along which the heavy mass descended slowly till it came to the lower part, where by means of four poles a kind of bridge was made, having one end resting on the centre part of the boat, and the other on the inclined plane. Thus the colossus was moved into the boat without any danger of tilting it over by pressing

too much on the side. From Thebes it was carried down to Alexandria, a distance of more than four hundred miles, and from the latter place it was shipped for England.

The material of the colossus is a fine grained granite, which is found in the quarries of the southern boundary of Egypt, and which supplied the Egyptians with the material for their temples, statues, and obelisks. The stone of the bust is of two colours, of which the sculptor has applied the red part to form the face, which has a sweet expression and fine outline; on the forehead may be seen the remains of the erect serpent, the emblem of royalty among the Egyptians. According to the dimensions of the head, the figure to which it belonged must have been twenty-four feet high.

Another celebrated room in the British Museum is the one represented in the cut devoted to the antiquities of Greece. Upon the walls are arranged in the order in which they occurred in the Parthenon itself, those splendid sculptures in high and low relief, which attest so well the power of Greece in that art; in the centre of the floor are large statues, which ornamented the pediments of the temple, while fragments removed from other public buildings in Athens complete the whole.

Here too is a fine model of the Parthenon, well situated among its remains. My young readers, some of them at least, who have read my History or Tales about Greece, will recollect that Athens was divided into two cities; the most ancient part was built on a rock, called the Acropolis, beneath which spread the lower city, something like Edinburgh in the present day; the upper city contained three of the most sumptuous buildings with which Athens

was adorned : the Parthenon, the Erectheium, and the Propylæa ; the monuments in this room called the Elgin Marbles, were principally obtained from the ruins of these edifices, and more especially from the Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva.

I will tell you more of the British Museum another time.



BOATING EXTRAORDINARY;
OR, A LITTLE BOY'S TRIALS.
CHAPTER III.



WILLIAM did not pass a very quiet night, and in the morning found himself to have a very bad head ache. He, however, rose, said his

prayers, and came down stairs to breakfast, and felt somewhat better.

After breakfast Mrs. Manly read the account of Ananias and Sapphira, who were struck dead for lying ; and poor William was quite frightened again, and well he might.

After breakfast William went to school, where he met Playfair, who came and sat by him. After they had been a little while together Playfair drew a boat on his slate, and said, " Here she is, the Royal Victoria, the best ship in the world : Charles Playfair, commander. There, you see I am standing at the helm, and away she goes before the wind. There's her flag, see how it spreads out. That is something *like* a ship. Yeo, Yoe—heave up the jib." Then, with a dash of his pencil, he put the jib on the bowsprit, and made little marks for the *reefs*.

Robert Grizzle peeped over Playfair's shoulder and said, " I never saw such a ship as that in my life ; why you have got the wind blowing one way and the ship going another."

" Supposing I have, she will go against the wind. My ship will, I know, because I tried her in the pond the other day."

" Less noise in that corner," called out the master.

" I know better, no ship goes against the wind except a *steamer*," said Grizzle.

" I know they do : my boat is a cutter. You know cutters will sail against the wind, won't they, Manly ? You know, because you have been aboard of ship."

William felt that he scarcely knew how or what to answer. He was pleased to find that Playfair did not know quite so much about boats and ships as he pretended to do, but yet he did not like to take

part against him after the lesson of yesterday. But then he felt it was right to speak the truth.

"Manly," said Playfair, "won't a cutter go against the wind?"

"Not exactly," said Manly. "A good cutter, I have heard, will sail 'within a few points of the wind,' as the sailors say."

I should have told you that William had an uncle, who was captain of a cutter, and had been a cruise with him.

"There, I told you I was right," said Playfair and Grizzle, both at the same time.

"Neither of you are quite right and neither quite wrong," said William. "But in drawing a ship, if she is to look as if she were sailing to windward, you may make the flags streaming behind."

"There, that's just what I said, Playfair. William, will you have an apple?"

"Send up Master Manly, Playfair, and Grizzle," said the master.

"Oh! won't you catch it," said Master Vixen, who sat on the next form.

"Send up Vixen also," said the master.

Vixen, who had for a moment before looked exceedingly pleased, now hung his head down in great discomfiture.

"You boys were talking," said the master.

"If you please, sir, it was Manly, and Playfair, and Grizzle. I only said they would be punished for talking on purpose to make them leave off."

"I must know what this talking was about," said the master to Grizzle.

"It was William Manly, sir, who made the noise; he has been

quarrelling with Playfair about the wind ; they have been talking all the morning."

"Who was most in fault?" said his master.

"Manly, sir; he was telling Playfair all about it, and Playfair did not speak a word scarcely."

The master now ordered Manly to hold out his hand, that he might receive what boys generally call a "pancake."

"Stop, sir," said Playfair, whose noble mind would not suffer another boy to be punished for his fault; "it was all my fault, sir," said he; "I first began it. I drew a ship on my slate, and asked Manly if it was right. I was talking when you first spoke, sir. It was not Manly. If he spoke it was because I asked him."

"You are a very noble boy," said the master, "for speaking the truth, and I believe you. Now tell me what it was all about."

"Grizzle thought I had put the wind wrong on the slate, sir, and made the boat go the wrong way, and Manly said I was right; that is all, sir; it wasn't Manly's fault, it was my fault, sir."

"Wind on the slate—let me see. And pray who taught you to draw?" said the master, looking at the slate.

"Myself, sir."

"Manly and Playfair have spoken the truth," said the master, "but Grizzle has prevaricated. Grizzle, you must stop: as to Vixen—be careful, sir."

William had seen the disadvantage of a lie, he now saw the advantage of truth, and he began to like Playfair better than ever.

When he went home he told his mamma just what had happened, not concealing that Playfair said it was not his fault, and laid the blame on himself.

"I am sorry," said his mother, "Playfair was not invited to your party to-morrow."

"Oh! but he may come, mamma," said William; "do let him come."

Mrs. Manly did not reply, but reached the box from the piano-forte, and pressing it a little at the side it flew open.

William's eyes sparkled with delight:—such an assemblage of things;—anchors, flags, cannon, ropes, cords, blocks—a whole set of rigging; and what was better, more than a dozen little sailors, all dressed in blue jackets and trousers, with glazed hats. Then there was a captain, a lieutenant, and above all, a boatswain blowing his whistle, and half-a-dozen little boys, dressed like sailors, which his mamma said were powder monkeys.

"Powder monkey, what is that; do tell me what a powder monkey is? And here," said the little boy, not waiting for an answer, "here is the captain, with his telescope; and here are little red soldiers—these are marines I suppose—and shot too I declare: and, oh! goodness, look here,—Oh! you dear mother, I do love you so; look here is a little windlass, and a compass—a real compass, with a loadstone in it; what a little dear."

"Yes, they will be a pretty present, will they not?"

"Oh! yes, dear mother, a beautiful present, I think."

"I would rather have them than anything I ever saw," said the enraptured boy, as he arranged all his men, sailors, ropes, and anchors on the table.

"Ah!" said he again, with a voice of delight, "here is a little midshipman—here is another. Well I never: I must have a boat

now. I do not want any money. I think I can build a boat myself if you will let me try."

"Very well, I have no objection; but as you have harboured a very ill feeling towards Master Playfair, and he has acted very nobly to you, it is my intention to make him some amends for it; and therefore this afternoon, as you go to school, I shall write a note to his mamma."

"Yes do—do, and ask him to come to-morrow, and see *my* sailors, and anchors, and all these pretty things."

"No, no, I shall send him this box, with all it contains; it will be just the thing for him, as he has got such a pretty ship."

Poor William looked at his mother in perfect astonishment, and the tears came into his eyes; but checking himself, he said, "Ay, but you do not mean this, mamma, you only say so; you do not mean it, I know."

"Did you ever know me to tell a lie?" replied she; "so pack up the box directly, while I go into the next room to write the note."





CHAPTER IV.

OH, what a task for poor little William! He looked at the little men, anchors, and cannons, for some time, without speaking a word: then the tears came into his eyes so freely, that he could not tell

whether he was putting the things into the box or out of it, his heart was so full it seemed as if it would break ; at last he could contain himself no longer, but burst into a loud cry which rang through the house ; he then laid his head down on the table and wept again and again.

Presently his mamma re-entered the room, with the note for Mrs. Playfair.

"What sobbing, crying ; why is this, William ?" said she. "You told me you loved Playfair, and that by speaking the truth to his master this morning, he had saved you from a flogging, taking all the blame on himself."

"So I do love Playfair, mamma—but I thought these were for me—I do love him very well, but—"

"You love yourself better," said his mamma.

"No," said the little boy, "I do not love myself at all, I am so unhappy. But I should like to have these playthings."

"Are you indeed unhappy—very miserable—very wretched ?"

"Oh yes, mamma, very, very indeed ; I never was so unhappy before in all my life." And here the little boy wept again.

"And now shall I tell you what makes you so unhappy, so very, very wretched. It is, my dear, because you are selfish."

"Because I sell fish, mamma, I do not understand that at all."

His mamma smiled at this. "You quite mistake me," said she ; "to be selfish is to love your own little self so much as to care for nobody else ; and then as you see—when a little boy cares so much for his own amusement and gratification, and nothing for the pleasure of other people ; should anything take what he enjoys so much away

from him, he cannot bear it, loses his temper, and makes himself very miserable."

"I am not angry, I am only very sorry, mamma," sobbed he.

"Then you have lost your calmness of temper. If you had felt as much pleasure in giving another pleasure as you acknowledged you did when the brickbat went into the water, you would have been now as happy in giving Playfair these toys, as in possessing them yourself; but you have got a wicked heart, and it will show itself."

William could not help handling the toys during these observations of his mamma. He first took up the anchors, then the officers, and with the little compass, above all things, was he delighted. "Oh mamma!" said he, "this is the prettiest of all."

"Yes, and the most useful; set it down on the table and watch it attentively."

William did as he was bidden, and noticed that when the compass was at rest, the needle pointed exactly one way.

"Look at me," said his mamma. She then turned the compass round, in a second or two the needle stopped in the same direction: she then turned it the other way, but the needle still pointed north and south.

"Try what you can do," said she, "turn it round and round every way, and see if you can get the needle to point in any other direction." She then rose, and went and stood at the window.

William looked at the little compass, he shook it, then he placed it on the table, first he turned it one way, then another, but still it would point but in the same direction, he then examined it attentively, yet could not discover what was the cause of this wonderful

property ; at last he got quite out of patience with it, and said, “ It *will* turn its *own way*, mamma, do what I can with it.”

“ Ay, my child,” she replied, “ this is just your case, *you* will turn *your own way*, do what I will with you, and the only difference between you and the compass is, that the compass will turn the *right way*, and you *will* turn the wrong.”

“ But which way shall I turn, dear mother ? ”

“ There is a little bright star in the heavens (I will show it you some night), which is constantly fixed alone at one point, and there it steadily remains ; the whole heavens seem to turn round this little star, and yet it never moves ; this needle turns towards that little star, and although various things may from time to time put it away or make it deviate, yet as soon as it becomes itself, it turns to that little star again.”

“ Well, that is quite wonderful—but can it be true ? ”

“ As true ‘ as is the needle to the pole ’—and then the good it does—sailors know that this is its property, and as they can depend upon it, they are enabled to travel thousands and thousands of miles when nothing is to be seen but sky and water, thus they find their way from one part of the world to the other, even in the darkest night they can steer their ships by this little compass, and find the port to which they may be bound. I wish you was like that little compass.”

“ How should I be like a little compass, mamma ? ”

“ In this way : the compass or needle rather turns towards that little pole-star as it is called, and although it may vary a little from time to time, and for certain reasons, yet it always points more or less in that direction. I should wish you to have the same tendency

towards God as the needle has to that bright little star, so that although you might from time to time deviate a little, yet that upon the whole your tendency would be heavenwards."

"Ay, I know what you mean, mamma, you wish me to be a good boy."

"Yes;" but you cannot be a good boy without you have a principle within you tending heavenwards, any more than that needle would point to the north, were it not touched with the magnet."

"Oh, I know now! The magnet—I had some little ducks and swans which used to be made to come and go as I wished them with a magnet—I recollect it, I recollect it."

"Unless your heart be touched by divine grace, you would be as unable to move in the right direction as that needle would without the loadstone. Shall I show you now the effect that your selfishness has in drawing you from God?"

"If you please, mamma."

Mrs. Manly now took the poker from the fireplace and placing it within a few inches of the compass, the needle at first began to tremble rapidly, and then made a rapid move towards the poker.

"Just as you see that needle drawn away from its balance and its right direction by this iron, so are you drawn from heavenly goodness by these toys: the iron of your heart—the selfishness it contains impels you in one direction, while God wills that you should move in another. You love yourself better than you do the boy who saved you from punishment this morning. Was it so with him?"

"Oh no, dear mother, I see it now; I give them up, I give them all up; Playfair may have them all. (Here he began to place the various toys in the box). Give me the note, dear mother. I do wish

to be as good as God can make me. There, there they are—good bye, playthings ;” but here the poor little fellow could not help dropping a few tears.

“The tears will come, mamma ; indeed I do not wish them to come, but they will force themselves out of my eyes.”

“You are my own dear boy,” said Mrs. Manly, “come let me kiss you again and again.” Here William rushed into his mother's arms, who covered his cheek with kisses.



THE INSECTS OF THE FOREST.



Now is the time for all kinds of winged insects to fly about, both in the sun and in the shade. I like to thread old woods and see the various works of Nature, from the worm of the clod, to the thousand bright things that fly about in the air. There is the lady bird and the golden beetle, the butterfly, and the dragon fly, and hornets; none of them so bad as wasps, although often dreaded. As to hornets or dragon flies, some people call them darning needles, others call them spindles.

When I was very young some of my companions told me that spindles—dragon flies—would get into people's ears if they could, and then go from thence into their brains. I asked some of my companions if it was so, but they could not tell me. They did not know that there is a membrane drawn like a drum head across the hole of the ear, so that no insect can get into the brain if it was so disposed. Ear-wigs will run into the hole of the ear, as they will into any other hole, but they would be soon forced to come out again. But as to dragon flies, and other flies, they keep away from our ears, as long as they can, and therefore we need not be under fear from them, or from the sting of hornets, or dragon flies, for the best of all reasons—namely, that they have no sting. I have seen many foolish boys with evident fear in their looks, chasing with sticks and stones these poor harmless insects, thinking it, no doubt, a great merit to destroy them; but this is very wrong, and I hope young folks who read this work will attend to the admonition conveyed in the following poem :—

THE FLY.

"Oh, mother, see what I have found,"
Said little Frank one day,
"I caught this fly, and held it fast,
It could not get away.

"I chas'd it all about the room,
It was so very shy;
And I have had a busy time
To catch this little fly.

" And sister, sister, only see,
Its body is so green;
It is the very prettiest fly
That I have ever seen.

" But Frank," said little Emily,
" The little fly is dead;
It does not move its little limbs,
And cannot raise its head."

" Well, Emily, you silly child,
I'm sure you need not cry;
'Tis not a very great affair,
'Tis nothing but a fly."

" But the same God whose watchful care
Preserves your life, my boy,
Who sheds around you every day
Fresh blessings to enjoy;

" Who made this pleasant world of ours,
The sun, the stars, the sky;
Who gave to ev'ry being breath,
He made this little fly.

" No human hand could e'er create
Those tiny limbs, my boy,
Which you have been so naughty
As wantonly to destroy.

" You've killed this harmless little fly,
Which frolick'd all day long,
And hummed about so cheerfully
Its little buzzing song.

" 'Tis wrong, my child, to take a life
Which you can never give,
For every creature has with you
An equal right to live."

" Oh, mother, do this time forgive,
And I will always try
To recollect 'tis very wrong
To kill a little fly."

" I will, my child, but you have sinned
Against the Lord above;
Go then, my boy, and ask of him
His pardon and his love."



HOW PENCE MAKE POUNDS;

OR, THE LITTLE ECONOMIST.



"TAKE care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," says poor Richard; and with this motto I would wish my young friends to pay attention to the following story.

In a beautiful vale on the river Wye, are situated the extensive domains of Mr. Holmes. The house, which is a large and elegant mansion, is erected on the

summit of a gentle acclivity, which falling down in an easy slope to the edge of the water, commands an extensive view of the windings of that romantic river, whose rocks and wood-crowned hills have long been celebrated by the poet and the traveller. The park surrounded by a considerable wood, extends round the house, and comprises everything that nature, assisted by the wealth and talent of its opulent owner, can do to render it a happy retreat from the bustle of the busy world.

In a very secluded corner of the park is erected a small cottage, the residence of one who there spends the remainder of a sufficiently unhappy life, of whose existence few are aware, and for whom still fewer have any regard. To this cottage Mr. Holmes and his sons were one day driven to seek shelter from a sudden and violent shower that had overtaken them in an unusually long ramble. Mr. Holmes, on opening the door, was instantly saluted by a kind greeting from the sole inhabitant, an old man, who notwithstanding his tattered, threadbare black coat, that seemed as if it had known much service and few repairs, had the appearance of having seen better days. The cottage was very wretched; the walls were unplastered; the panes of the windows were broken and stopped up with wisps of straw; the grate had long since been burnt away, and an iron bar or two laid across two stones, supported the fuel; the crazy door had much ado to support its station, and the wind blew in through a thousand crevices, which a little wood and labour would have stopped. Yet the old man seemed not only contented, but cheerful, and his easy good-nature, surrounded by such poverty, surprised and pleased the boys.

"Here is a chair," said he, reaching Mr. Holmes the only one his

cottage possessed ; “ but it is only old and crazy, like its master. Here, master, can you sit upon that tub, it is the firmer seat of the two, though in a general way it serves me for a table ; my other arm chair broke through last night,” added he, as he threw, with a laugh, one arm and a leg of the chair to make a blaze ; “ if it would serve one turn, it will do for another. Would you like a draught of milk, young gentlemen ? I have nothing better to offer—my diet is simple, but good—milk and brown bread content me as well as roast beef and strong ale do some folks ; it is a cracked jug, but it will hold it as well as the best, it served my grandmother and it will serve me.”

He then accosted Mr. Holmes, and was soon lost in recounting the exploits of his former days, when they were rattling, roving lads together. He told what tricks they used to play, what fun they used to have, and concluded to the infinite delight of the boys, with singing the dulce domo, that they used at school.

When the shower was over, Mr. Holmes resumed his hat and stick, and much against the old man's inclination, who accompanied him some distance on the road homewards, and bidding them a hearty farewell, desired that they should never pass his door, without looking in.

At first the boys could do little but think and talk about the good-natured old man ; at length the conversation took the following turn respecting him and the owner of the neighbouring splendid mansion. “ The one,” said Mr. Holmes, “ acquired his splendid fortune by observing two of Franklin's maxims, ‘ That a penny saved is a penny gained, though it is not mean saving that makes a man rich ; and the other last one, ‘ By despising the day of small things, so that he fell by

little and little.'” “And yet,” answered George, “one may be as happy as the other, he seems perfectly contented with his lot.”

If those who sit by shepherd's board,
Soothe not their taste by wanton art;
They take what nature's gifts afford,
And take it with a cheerful heart.

“That cheerfulness,” replied Mr. Holmes, “which arises out of proper motives, is hardly to be valued, but I scarcely can imagine that you would be inclined to envy that of old Kirby—it arises from a loneless, thoughtless indifference about everything.”

“But,” asked George, “how did he contrive to lose all his money, and Mr. Sheldon to acquire so much?”

“Mr. Sheldon, this old gentleman, and myself, were all at the same school. Old Kirby was then about twelve or thirteen years old, and Mr. Sheldon about the same age. The father of the former was a man of considerable fortune, and made his son the largest allowance of any boy in the school; Mr. Sheldon was a tradesman in the town, who, having a large family, could not afford to be so liberal to his son. But what turned the balance in favour of the latter, was, that he had been taught habits of frugality, of which the other was ignorant.

“I remember that one fine day, having a holiday, I begged leave of our master for us three to go out nutting in the neighbouring woods; Henry, that is the name of Mr. Sheldon, and Gilbert, had neither of them learned their tasks; we were delayed a few minutes at setting out by a shower. Henry immediately took his grammar, and sat down to work. ‘What does it signify,’ said Gilbert, ‘getting to work

now, the shower will be over in five minutes.' 'Yes,' answered Henry, 'and minutes make hours.' The shower lasted just ten minutes, and in that time he had learned half his lesson. 'Take care of the minutes,' said he, 'the hours will take care of themselves.' We spent a very pleasant day, rambling about the woods and searching for nuts, but we had not a bag to put them in, and when we had



filled our hats and our pockets, we were compelled to give up for want of means to carry them away; as we returned through the town, we saw a poor woman selling eggs, Gilbert ran up, and bought a couple of them, to have some fun with, as he called it; also seeing a bag at the door of a house which he thought would exactly do for our purpose, he inquired the price and bought it. 'What,' he asked Henry, 'will you not buy one?—it is but sixpence.' 'No,' answered

Henry, 'nor eggs neither ; I am not sure we shall want one again this year, and although it is but sixpence, yet "pence make pounds." ' Well, and if they do,' said Gilbert, 'sixpence will not ruin you ; it is but sixpence, and look, would not this be a capital nutting hook, it is but sixpence more, and I will certainly have it ; won't you have one, Henry ?' No, Henry would not have it, for the same reason, he was not sure it would be of any use to him. We walked on, and presently passed a shop where fruit of every description was displayed in a most tempting manner. 'I must,' said Gilbert, 'taste these apples, I am so very thirsty and hot ; won't you have any, Henry, it is but twopence for three ?' Henry said he would wait till they got home. After Gilbert had eaten his apples, a few pears would be nice to eat on the road, and it would be but twopence more ; we had not proceeded much further before we stopped at a cutler's ; Gilbert stopped, and as it would be but eight-pence, he purchased a knife, although he had already three, because his others were not buck-hafted. 'Will you not,' said he, 'buy a knife, Henry ? I know you want one, for you had to wait half an hour for mine the other day.' Henry said he did, and having chosen one like Gilbert's, who began to think him a complete miser, he paid the large sum of eighteen-pence for it. 'Really, that is twice as much and more than twice what I gave for mine,' observed Gilbert.

"We walked on, and came to another shop, where toys were sold ; Gilbert wanted two-pennyworth of marbles, and two-pennyworth of alleys ; Henry contented himself with marbles. 'What,' exclaimed Gilbert, 'and will you not have some of these beautiful marble alleys ? —it is but twopence.' 'No,' said Henry, "'a penny saved is a penny gained,'" and I can play just as well without the alleys.' Gilbert then

bought a whipping-top—it would be but one penny more, and a peg-top but another. As we walked home, we met a very poor woman; she had two children with her—they had neither shoes nor stockings—and she said they were crying for hunger, that they had been obliged to sleep under a stack, and had no money to purchase food with; Gilbert put his hand into his pocket, but he had not one halfpenny left; Henry slipped fourpence into the woman's hand, and said, he was sorry it was all he had with him.

"As we walked on, Gilbert said, 'Henry, how is this? I had half-a-crown when we left home, and you had but two shillings, eighteen-pence of which you gave for your knife, and I but eight pence for mine, which after all I did not much want.' 'I believe,' said Henry, 'that all your "'tis buts" come to two shillings and fourpence, and two pence the marbles make half-a-crown.' 'Well,' replied Gilbert, 'I will try to remember that "pence make pounds;"' but a day or two after, when his cheap knife, which as the price was low, was good for nothing, broke, he said, 'It is but eight-pence lost, after all;' Henry shook his head and said, 'Pence make pounds.'

"It was almost tea-time when we returned, Henry took his book and began to learn his lesson. 'I would never trouble myself with my lesson now; it only wants five minutes to tea-time,' said the careless Gilbert, 'what a miser of time and money you are;' and without waiting for an answer bounded into the play-room. After tea we all joined in the play of the evening. There was an interval between praying and dispersing of five minutes. Henry completed his task. 'What signify a few minutes?' exclaimed Gilbert; 'I can learn my task in the morning.' But in the morning we all slept too long, owing to the exercise of the preceding day—poor Gilbert went

up to the master, and was sent back ; Henry passed with praises. ' I wonder how this came to pass,' said Gilbert, ' you were at work only five minutes last night, Henry.' ' Only twenty,' replied Henry, ' minutes make hours.'

" A few days after there was a show of wild beasts came into the town, an elephant, a lion, and a tiger ; we were all very desirous of seeing them, for none of us had ever seen an elephant, a lion, or a



tiger. ' Oh !' said Gilbert, ' Henry, can you lend me sixpence, or I cannot go, for I have spent all my money ?' Henry went himself and lent Gilbert sixpence, and had nine shillings and sixpence left. ' I cannot tell how this is,' said Gilbert, ' I have just as much money again for allowance as you.' Gilbert had promised to pay Henry again the next money he received ; the payment was put off from one day to another, and I believe Henry was never repaid, although

Gilbert always intended to do it. Gilbert remained poor all the time he was at school, without any great extravagance, and Henry without any mean saving, had always the power of being generous. As I left school soon after, I do not know anything further respecting them till they were established in business.

“Gilbert succeeded his father as a merchant, and Henry was a clerk in another merchant's house. Gilbert was seldom seen in his counting-house till a late hour; an hour or two in the morning is of no consequence, he probably thought; he kept irregular accounts too, and perhaps thought it was of no consequence to set down every shilling. His business was sufficient to have supported him amply, but was not very extensive—but he kept a horse, and as he grew fat, he thought a gig would be easier to ride, and the expense a mere nothing—a gig was bought, and after a time he found it unpleasant riding in wet weather in his open gig—a close carriage would be only after the original cost, with the keep of an additional horse; the gig was sold and the carriage purchased. I only mention these particular instances, but every other part of his domestic affairs were conducted on the same principle, that a few shillings signified nothing. His expenses by a little at a time increased beyond his income, and he was ruined, although he frequently declared that he knew not how it happened.

“Henry on the other hand, followed his favourite maxims, that ‘minutes make hours,’ and ‘pence make pounds.’ He was so regular in his attendance at the office, that his employer at length gave him a share in the business, out of which he saved sufficient to purchase the whole when his partner retired; since then he has

been gradually rising in the world, and has lately retired from business with a large fortune.

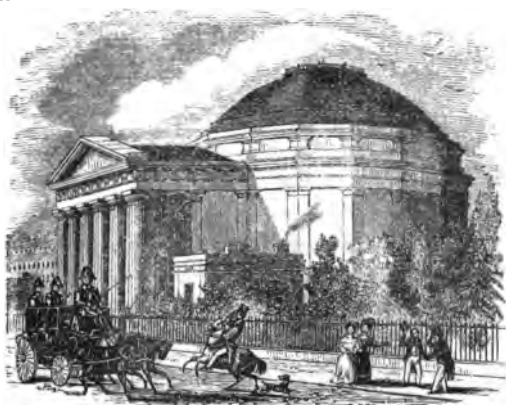
“ I never knew him, notwithstanding his maxims, guilty of a mean action. He is one of the most benevolent men in the country, and never turns a deaf ear to those who ask his aid. Gilbert is at present entirely supported by him ; the cottage he lives in belongs to him, and he has now an ample allowance from him ; but all Gilbert's experience has not sufficed to teach him habits of economy ; he spends all his money as soon as he gets it, and lives in poverty and want.”

Such, my young friends, is one of the lessons of old Peter Parley.



WALKS ABOUT LONDON.

No. III.

PARLEY'S VISIT TO THE COLOSSEUM AND THE
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

WELL, London is full ; and to make it fuller Peter Parley has taken himself for awhile from the classic shores of Twickenham to the modern Babel, and has been what is commonly called sight-seeing—

and there are indeed sights enough in London to make a man wish to see no more of them. I have already told you of many of the sights I saw, but I never yet, I believe, gave you a description of the most wonderful sights in London, or perhaps in the whole world—namely, that which goes by the name of the Colosseum, in the Regent's Park.

The Colosseum as you very well know was and is a Roman Amphitheatre, in which the Romans used to display their athletic powers in gladiatorial fights, and encounters with wild beasts ; its ruins at the present day form one of the most celebrated pieces of antiquity. Why the Colosseum should be named after it, is more than I can pretend to understand, but it can scarcely be said to rank after it, for it is far more to the credit of the moderns, than the Colosseum was to the ancients.

But I do not wish to be prosy, and so will consider myself at once before the principal entrance to the building, as represented in the engraving, which exhibits the portico fronting the Regent's Park ; here entering by folding-doors, we passed into a square vestibule, to the left, into a noble arched corridor, reminding the Italian tourist of the entrance to the Vatican. The corridor is lighted at night—I must remind my readers mine was a night peep—by twenty-six bronze tripods. By the aid of these lights I found my way into the refreshment room, and from this entered the

MUSEUM OF SCULPTURE,

A circular hall with a lofty dome of several thousand feet of richly cut glass, springing from an entablature and cornice supported by

numerous columns. The frieze is enriched with the whole of one panathenaic procession from the Elgin marbles, and is continued without interruption around the entire circumference of the hall, above which are twenty fresco paintings on allegorical subjects on panels, the mouldings, cornices, cupolas, columns, and enrichments being all in gold.

Beyond the circle of columns is another, of as many pilasters, dividing and supporting arched recesses, in each of which, as well as between the columns, are placed works of art, from the studios of some of the most eminent British and Foreign sculptors; among which, the most striking, are St. George killing the Dragon; Richard Cœur de Lion planting the Standard of England on the walls of Acre; Adam and Eve lamenting over the body of Abel; Whittington listening to Bow bells; Milton inditing to his daughters; Caractacus before Claudius; the Death of Harold; the Houseless Wanderer; and nearly two hundred other works, more or less interesting, which affords the visitor entertainment and delight for hours, and which, whether viewed by daylight, or illuminated in the evening, forms altogether a subject of great attraction.

From this noble apartment I passed to the conservatory, and here I almost thought myself suddenly transported to the Paradise of Mahomet. Around me were the choicest exotics, gold and silver fish, sparkling fountains, birds of various gay plumage, amid the most richly decorated architecture in arabesque, while the gothic aviary is superbly fitted up with gilt carved work and looking-glass, such as Isabella of Castile might be supposed to have constructed amidst the relics of a Moorish palace. From this, the exterior promenade presents in an instant the still more picturesque and

instructive sight of golden pinnacles, and Eastern domes springing up amongst the marble columns, and moulding frescoes of ancient Greece and Rome. I was wafted at once from the shores of the Bosphorus to the Mediterranean. From these I suddenly emerged by a short cut to Switzerland, and entered

THE CHALET, OR SWISS COTTAGE.

I thought myself there as I gazed from its windows upon the "high browed" rocks and eternal snows, and the glaciers of bleak Mont Blanc, that monarch of mountains. Opposite is a mountain torrent, which leaping from the nearest rocks, comes thundering down the precipices, and after forming a small lake in front of the cottage windows, overflows its stony basin, and with a second fall disappears in the gulf below.



I now entered the stalactite caverns, and traversed for a great distance apparently, the deep recesses of the earth. Here are seen the most gigantic display of stalactites and stalagmites, exhibiting in

the greatest and most brilliant variety, a most magnificent display of these subterranean wonders. Sometimes I thought myself walking up the nave of some richly decorated gothic cathedral. Many of the columns which are insulated have a diameter of three, four, and even five feet. Here and there is heard a trickling sound of dripping waters, and at certain distances are small lakes, reflecting the light of the glittering stalactites, and adding a charm which my pen or tongue are inadequate to describe.

Returning from the caverns, I now prepared myself for the most stupendous part of the exhibition,

LONDON AT NIGHT.

I ascended by a moveable room to the top of the building, upwards of a hundred feet, and here came out as it seemed into a gallery like that at the top of St. Paul's; immediately beneath me seemed the gigantic dome, and below it arose the bell towers, while surrounding me on every side lay the mighty city, in the glow and glare, and "many twinkling lights" of a rich moonlight summer evening. The moon, the blue sky, the stars, the clouds, all as it were, a living transcript from nature, while the ebbing river seemed alive, as its current travelled onward, reflecting in its ripples the moon beams. Add to this the reflection of the innumerable lights on the river, the brilliancy of the shops in Cheapside and Ludgate Hill, the coloured lights of the chemists in all directions; the glaring naked gas at the open stalls in the streets and markets; the pale moonlight on the windows of Christchurch Hospital; and nothing short of reality can equal the amazing coup d'œil before us, and when I was assured that

this immense picture has no support from the wall on which the day view is painted behind it ; that it has to be erected and illuminated every evening after the closing of the morning exhibition, the mechanical difficulties surmounted excited my astonishment and admiration in an extraordinary degree.

Such is a slight outline of a place which I would have all my young friends visit, and if they do not come away delighted, let them never more place trust in Peter Parley.



BOATING EXTRAORDINARY ;

OR, A LITTLE BOY'S TRIALS.



CHAPTER V.

LITTLE William now proceeded in great good humour, with the box nicely packed, towards the house in which Playfair resided.

“ Well,” said he, “ if Playfair is only half as pleased with these things as I have been, it will please me over again ; I dare say

he will put all the little men, cannons, compass, and all into his large boat, and we shall see them swim down the river just like a real ship."

While he was talking to himself in this way, he had crossed one meadow and entered another, quite the middle of which he passed before he discovered that there was a bull in the field, which stood staring at him, as if he said, "I have half a mind to come and knock you down."

William stopped when he saw the bull, which sniffed up the air, wagged his tail, and looked as if he was coming at the poor boy; he then stamped with his feet, gave a toss with his head, and bellowed. William began to think it was better to go back, or to jump over the nearest hedge, as he felt rather frightened; "But," said he, "I am a good boy now, I dare say God will take care of me." He then proceeded along the field-path at a quick rate.

The bull, when he saw the boy moving off so quickly, immediately snorted, and began to follow him. William looked back, and seeing the bull coming after him, gave a loud scream, dropped the box, and ran away. The bull came up to the box, smelt at it, and gave it a toss with his head; he then followed William, trotting at a quick rate. William now redoubled his pace, and the bull came after him as fast as he could gallop.

"Mother, mother!" cried William; at this moment the bull was almost upon him, but just as he was about to give William a toss, a dog darted out of the hedge, and caught the bull by the nose—it was Playfair's dog—ay, and there was Playfair too, with a large stick; he ran round and caught the bull by the tail, and, after giving

him a good thump or two, held him till William was out of danger, and had got over the stile.

"Ay, I saw you coming across the field," said Playfair; "I thought master Tom looked frisky, so I leaped over our garden wall, which you know is not very high, and brought Dash with me to drive the bull away."

"But I have lost my box," said William. "There it is, in the middle of the field."

"Oh, I will fetch it," said Playfair; who immediately ran and secured the box.

"It is your box, and all that is in it," said William, "but you will see when you get home; come, let us make haste, I am going to your mamma."

So the boys walked together till they came to the house. William having delivered the note and box, both were opened. Playfair's mother was much gratified, and, as to Playfair, he was quite delighted. "But," said he, "I can't think of taking these things from you."

"Oh, I do not want them," said William, "I shall get plenty more, I dare say; only let me come sometimes and play with you, will you?"

"Every day if you like; but come with me into our garden, if you are fond of boats, I will show you something, come along; you know it is half-holiday this afternoon."

The two boys now proceeded to the garden together; Manly had never been in Playfair's garden before, and was quite astonished to find it such a nice place. There were large broad gravel walks, a shrubbery, and above all a large piece of water as a fish-pond. When William approached the pond, he was quite astonished at what he

saw ; Playfair had read about dock-yards, bays, creeks, harbours, and forts, and he had turned the whole of the shores of his little pond into various places of this description.

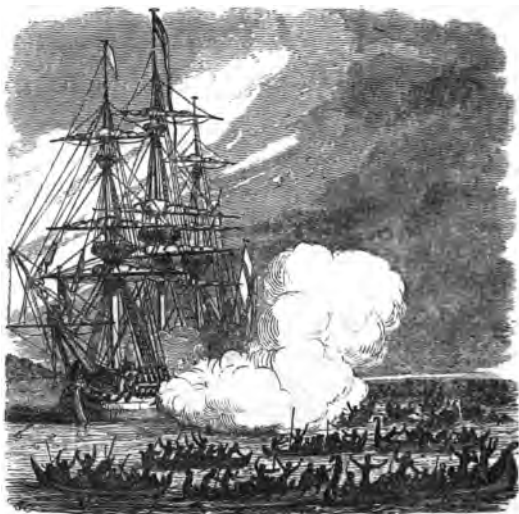
" Here," said he, " is Fort Gunpowder ; it commands the whole of the coast on that side, the north side ; here is the British Flag, with cannons to guard it ; this," he said, as he walked round the pond, " this is Playfair Harbour, you see it is defended on each side by a green battery ; this is Holiday Bay, because I made it during the Midsummer holidays ; and here is Pipe-clay Fort, because all the guns are made of tobacco pipes. But this is the best of all," continued Playfair, " here is my dock-yard, where I build my ships ; you see that brig there, and the schooner, and the ship of the line, and the Royal Victoria ; hurrah ! hurrah ! I shall have a ship-launch to-morrow ; will you come and see it ? what do you think it is to be ? a Steamer, a real Steamer ! she is three feet long, and one broad, of about forty mice-power, with real engines, oh, won't she go along ! I and Samuel Smith made the engines : we have laid in a bushel of coals, and she is to be launched to-morrow, because it is my birth-day."

" Why, to-morrow is my birth-day too," said William.

" Is it ? Then we will have some sport, only you must come soon ; we will have a good long day of it ; I have got to varnish her bottom, oil the engine, and draw her out—mind, she goes off the stocks at three o'clock, exactly to a minute. I shall fire a salute from Gunpowder Battery at daylight, and a single gun at twelve o'clock ; when she goes off the stocks, we will have royal salutes all the way down the river. But I have not told you her name ; what do you think it is ? Why, the Elizabeth—that is my mamma's name, and I love

my mamma better than anybody in the whole world, because she is a widow, and has nobody but me to take care of her—ELIZABETH, as pretty a name as a steam-boat ever had in the world ; don't you like it ?”

“ Yes ; but I can't come.”



“ Not come—oh, yes, you must come ; I am sure your mamma will let you come.”

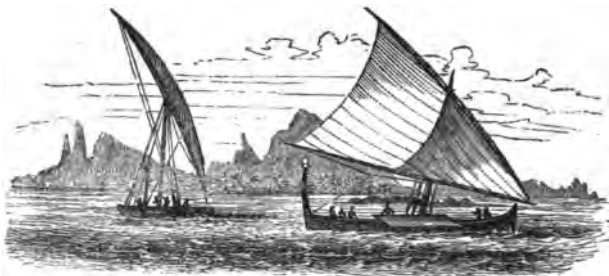
“ But I have got a party coming too.”

“ Well, bring them all with you, we will give them as much cake

and wine, apples, pears, and plums, as they like to have ; oh, you must come, I would not give a fig for my party without you."

William said he would see what could be done, and prepared to go back home again, delighted with what he had seen, and still more delighted with the good nature of Playfair. After taking leave of Mrs. Playfair, he departed, but instead of going across the fields, returned by the common road. He related to his mamma all he had seen and heard, and obtained her consent to make arrangements for himself and party going to the launch of the steamer.





CHAPTER VI.

THE note which William had taken with the box to Mrs. Playfair contained an invitation to her son to make one of Manly's birth-day party. Mrs. Playfair, in replying to it, was obliged to decline the invitation; so when William reached home, he was disappointed both ways, both in receiving the company of his young friend at his own house, and also in making one at the launch of the steamer. After many solicitations on his part, and the transmission of a note or two between the two mothers, it was finally arranged that William's party, consisting of six or seven young gentlemen about his own age, should repair to the dock-yard about three o'clock, to see what was going on, and, if agreeable, all should then join together, and make one party out of two. This being settled, William went to bed happier

than he had been for some days. He awoke very soon in the morning, and knocking at his mamma's door, called out, "It is my birth day morning, mamma, may I go for a walk?"

"It is very early," said his mamma, "but you may go."

He soon put on his shoes and hat, and set off in the direction of Playfair's house, listening all the time for the salute from the little cannon, which was to usher in the day; presently he heard a bang, and as he drew near the house, observed, mounted on a tall pole just over the brick wall, a standard flag—it was one of those silk handkerchiefs of which so many were sold on the coronation of Queen Victoria; a little lower down, the Union Jack was hoisted in a similar manner.

"Hurrah, hurrah!" said Playfair to another little boy, who was staying with him on a visit, "we shall have fine sport—and see what a fine day we shall have, the sun is now rising over the hills as bright as gold—hurrah for the month of July; but stop, I must have another pop; I shall fire a salute to my dear mother."

The little cannons on Gunpowder Fort were loaded again, and presently pop, pop, bang, bang they went, amid another cheer from the two boys.

William did not like to say he was there; and having heard enough to convince him that the sport would not lag for want of spirit, returned home to breakfast as full of delight as any boy ever was.

The time from this hour till that of dinner seemed prodigiously long to William; it did, however, at last arrive. His little friends came at a very early hour, one after the other, till the whole were present; they were all overjoyed when they heard they were going

to Playfair's boat-launch ; everybody liked Playfair, he was so noble, good-hearted, and sincere.

It wanted only a quarter to three o'clock. Playfair had been making rare preparations all the morning ; he had got all his forts ready for firing salutes on the arrival of his guests ; had stationed several of his young friends at proper posts ; Pipe-clay Fort had several brass cannons intermixed with those made of tobacco-pipes ;



flags waved on all the mimic heights ; there lay in all her pride, dressed in colours cut out from a nautical pocket-handkerchief, the " Royal Victoria ;" there too was the brig " Splendid," belonging to Master Mercer ; the schooner of Master Jones, and the fast-sailing cutter of some other little master ; besides these there were several other ships of various dimensions, from the smallest sixpenny toy up to the size of the Royal Victoria, with their colours all displayed, floating in a regatta-like appearance on the pond. Playfair walked

round and round, giving orders here and there, and making everything ready, as full of cheer and good-humour as it was possible for any little boy to be.

Manly and his party now entered the garden from the hall-door, which led to it.

"Fire away, fire away," shouted Playfair, and in a moment bang, bang, went the cannon from the forts and shipping; a cheer from the little cannonniers rose with the smoke, and Playfair took William by the hand. "There's a salute to your birth-day, William," said he.

"Thank you, thank you," said the boy. "Oh, my goodness, what a number of ships! oh, what a beauty that Victoria is! and there is the steamer, and I declare the smoke is coming out of her chimney! How long will it be before you launch her? Oh, do not let her go till my mamma comes."

"I would not let her go till *my* mamma comes for a great deal. Why, she is to christen her with a bottle of wine—not a very big one—here it is." Here Playfair took from his pocket a small phial of wine duly prepared for the occasion.

Just at this moment Mrs. Manly and Mrs. Playfair were seen walking down the gravel walk.

"Oh, here they come: my dear mother, here she is; and your mamma too; let us run to them."

The boys both set off together, and rushed towards their mothers, obtained a kiss, and then ran back to their playmates close by the dock-yard. The steamer was on the stocks, and a most beautiful boat she was; her steam was up, and her paddle wheels playing, just as if she had been in the water.

Playfair had removed some pieces of wood which kept her from

running down the stocks, and the boat was now secured by one cord only at her bow, while all the party stood on each side of the little dock, watching the process with the most intense interest.

"A little more oil here," said Playfair, as he rubbed in the slips, "there, that will do—now then, where are my gunners? get your



matches ready—stop, let me see if the engine be all right—right, right. Now, dear mother, you must take this bottle and fling it at her head, just when I cut this string, and say, 'To your element, Elizabeth.'"

The ladies smiled at this, but Mrs. Playfair took the bottle.

"Now, mamma," said Playfair, "away she goes." The name was instantly given, and away glided the Elizabeth, like a swan to her native element, among the cheers of all the boys, and the cracking of the cannons.

“ One cheer more,” said Playfair ; “ Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ! ”

“ There she goes, there she goes, stern foremost, right across the pond.” Playfair ran round and, adjusting the engine, sent her back again in all the glory of a real steamer, among the congratulations of the party. She was then taken to another part of the water, and made to pass through it long ways, and she did it in a noble style, I can assure you.



William was delighted indeed, but he could not look on the many boats that he saw belonging to several of the boys, without wishing for one of his own ; but he was determined to conquer this feeling, at least not to make himself uneasy about it ; so he went to play with the other boys, as cheerful as the happiest among them.

Such an afternoon they had seldom occurs. The ships were

sailed backwards and forwards in all directions ; the cannons were again and again discharged, then there was blind-man's buff, dancing, singing, and all sorts of games, till the sun set behind the western clouds.

Just at the close of the day, Mrs. Playfair called her son to her, and taking him apart, said, " My dear boy, I wish you to do me a favour, and I am sure you will not refuse me."

" Refuse you, dear mother—no—I never did and I hope I never shall—it will be the greatest pleasure I have had to-day, I hope."



" Are you sure of that. It is this—I can observe by William Manly's eyes that he wishes greatly for a ship; will you give him one of yours?"

" Oh, yes, dear mother ; consider what he has given me."

" Well, you have a brig, a frigate, and a steamer ; which will you give him?" said Mrs. Playfair.

" The best."

" Spoken like a noble boy ; which is the best?"

"He shall either have the frigate or the steamer, which he likes ; I should like him to have one very much ; do persuade him to tell you which he likes best ? But I will do it ; may I, mamma ?"

His mother gave consent by her looks, and Playfair sought the group in which Manly was at that moment taking a last look at the shipping.

"Which do you think is the best of all the ships ?" asked Playfair, addressing the whole group. "Do you like the steamer best, or the Royal Victoria ?"

"I like the steamer," said one. "I like the frigate," said another. "I like the steamer," said another. "Well, for my part," said William, "I think the Royal Victoria is the prettiest ship that ever was made ; there is nothing like her anywhere."

Playfair said, "Do you think so ?" and immediately ran and lifted her out of the water—she was indeed a beautiful model of a ship, and was exceedingly valuable. "Here," said the generous boy, "I make you a present of her, she is yours, keep her for my sake as a birthday present."

William could scarcely believe what he heard ; "But—my mamma—yours—no, no, I must not take it."

"Take it, take it, Manly," said several voices ; "oh, I wish he would ask me to have it."

At this moment Mrs. Playfair approached, "Yes," said she, "I beg of you to receive it, Master Manly, as a small return for the box of toys you brought me yesterday."

"But they are of no use without the ship."

"But I can soon make another," said Playfair, "and you shall come and help me."

So closed the ship launch and the bright day which ushered in the festivities I have described. As you have noticed, I dare say, William became a far nobler and a far better boy. His mother delighted in him more and more each day, and blessed the hour when he went to school with Playfair.



ANECDOTE.—STORY OF COLUMBUS.

“Large streams from smaller fountains flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.”

ONCE when Columbus was a sailor, on the Mediterranean Sea, long before he thought ever of America, an accident is said to have occurred, by which he came very near losing his life. The ship in which he was had taken fire, and he had no way to save himself but by swimming.

Now, had not Columbus known how to swim, who can tell where America now would have been? Indeed, it is quite certain it would not have been known to anybody but savages? It is only 343 years, as you know, since Columbus found it; and it is certainly possible, that had he been drowned in the Mediterranean, where there is now a mighty empire of twelve millions of white men, there might to this day have been none but Indians.

So true it is that great, very great events sometimes grow out of little things, as the mightiest oaks grow from acorns.

PARLEY'S TRAVELS IN PALESTINE AND THE HOLY LAND.

ASIA MINOR AND THE EAST.



I HAVE already given you a few ideas concerning some places in Syria ; I now want to say a few words respecting some other places in the same locality. The cut above is a view of Erzerroom, formerly the capital of Armenia, which is situated on one of those elevated plains or steeps for which this country is noted, at the extremity of a fine extensive plain, watered by the Karasso or Western Euphrates, and is important from its being the great transit town, as well for the Persian trade to and from Europe as for that of the Georgian and

other eastern markets. It was built about A.D. 415, by Anatolius, a Greek general, in the reign of Theodosius the Second, and was called Arze by the Byzantines. The population of the city was once 100,000, but has been reduced by the plague and emigration to 30,000.

The plain on which it stands is bordered by high barren mountains; its eastern extremity by the Taurus Chain, at the foot of which Erzeroom is situated. The quantity of lava with which the mountains in the immediate vicinity are strewed, and their general appearance, indicate their origin to have been volcanic.

The houses of the city are extremely poor and constructed of lava. The poorer ones are built of mud. The roofs are flat, and covered to about a foot in depth with earth, which protects the houses from the cold, and, when properly done, renders them impervious to the rain. In many places the grass is allowed to grow on them, and the town has somewhat the appearance of a meadow, when seen in the spring from some elevated position, with goats and sheep grazing in the very centre of it.

In order to render the houses as warm as possible during the winter, the windows are generally made of a very diminutive size; many rooms are only lighted by small loop-holes, about a foot square, covered with oiled paper, which make the apartments very gloomy. The ceilings of the better houses are covered with flowers, and the walls are painted and adorned with looking-glasses.

The town is surrounded by a burying ground. The Turkish cemeteries are distinguished from the Armenians by the grave-stones being placed in a vertical position, and always facing the sacred city Mecca; while those of the latter are generally made of a single large

flat stone, on the surface of many of which the symbol of the profession of the deceased is sculptured.

Among the few objects that are now worthy of attention, there is an ancient mosque called the Tcheftch Minaret, or two minarets, situated in the interior of the citadel, and now used as an arsenal. The sculpture of the minarets is fluted and inlaid with blue glazed tiles, which, at a distance, have a very rich appearance. There is another mosque near, with its minarets of the same description, which has been converted into a cannon foundry.

In the centre of the castle is a massive brick tower, in which was formerly placed the town clock, which all European travellers who passed were requested to repair, the people of the country being impressed with the idea that Franks perfectly understood the mechanism of clocks and watches.

The plains surrounding the place are fertile, and watered by numerous streams. Wheat, barley, rye, and lucern are extensively cultivated. During the harvest I had an opportunity of seeing the eastern manner of threshing. The sheaves are conveyed in carts to the threshing floor, which is a piece of level ground situated near the field. Oxen and buffaloes are then turned in to tread out the grain. They are attached to a thick board, studded on the under part with short flints, which, by being continually drawn over the straw, cuts it into small pieces, and forms a substitute for hay. The driver stands upon the board, and, by his weight, accelerates the process of chopping the straw. The winnowing is performed by tossing the grain in the air. After it is quite separated from the chaff, it is piled up in conical heaps, and either sold on the spot, or carried in carts to town for that purpose.

Erzerroom possesses several animals worthy of remark. Among which is a species of wild sheep, which inhabits the mountains in the neighbourhood, and is said to retire to Persia during the cold season. This animal, although its head resembles that of the common sheep, differs from it in almost every other respect. The body, which is much larger, has more the appearance of that of a deer; the hair being fawn-coloured and short, and the tail very small. It is during the summer months that these animals are taken, being either killed with a rifle or caught by greyhounds, which are trained to seize hold of its hind legs, and thus retard its flight until the hunter arrives and despatches his prey.



Another eastern city which gave me great pleasure to see was Philadelphia. The drawing represents part of an ancient church in

the city, and the tradition is that it was the first church built in it. Four such masses of masonry as that shown in the drawing remain of the church. The upper part is stone, the lower brick. Beyond is the wall of the city and one of the principal gates.

The city of Philadelphia was built by Attalus Philadelphus, brother of Eumenes, about a hundred and fifty years before the Christian era. It is the city which suffered least of all the Seven Churches of Asia warned in the Apocalypse. The city itself, which is situated on a slope at the foot of Mount Tmolus, is of a square form, and walled. For a Turkish town it is very flourishing, being well populated and extremely rich. The Greeks are more numerous than the Turks, have several churches much out of repair, a few schools, and a bishop. I visited the dignitary, and certainly did not acquire very exalted ideas of his fitness for the sacred office. His external appearance was coarse, his face red, and his manners repulsive. His apartment was meanly furnished, without settee, carpet, or fire, although the season was winter. He was waited on by his deacons, all of whom were more selected with a view to their capacity for waiting on their bishop as mere servants, than for their fitness for the priesthood, for which office they were intended.

Philadelphia signifies "brotherly love." How well might it therefore denominate a Christian church ruled by the Spirit and guided by the precepts of Him whose love is infinite; but such is not Philadelphia. Philadelphia is, alas! much too pure a name for any state or city in the world. Where is brotherly love written? Over the door of Exeter Hall? Alas! it does not dwell there. What is brotherly love? America has a state of that name; does she deserve it? Alas! she

is as deficient as ourselves. Do you, my little children, cultivate this disposition as most acceptable to the God of Love?

Another Christian church, within the town of one of the early churches, was Sardis, situated near Mount Tmolus. To the south



of the city is a small plain, watered by the Pactolus, where stood the temple, built of coarse, whitish marble. The western front was on the bank of the river. The river itself is a richly varied stream, bordered on either side with luxuriant trees of the palm tribe, the wild locust, and other eastern shrubs. I could not do other than sit down beside its waters with my companions, and discourse awhile on the churches of the early Christians; and my eyes ran with tears, as I recounted their trials and their sufferings.

Sardis was famous for its temple, two columns of which now stand; and these are buried in the soil to nearly half their height, by the crumbling of the rocks around them. Excavations would, I have no



doubt, show it to be one of the most magnificent temples of all Greece. It was built in the Ionic style, and was probably the work of one of the kings of the Lydian dynasty, which began under Jyges in 715, B.C., and ended in the capture of Sardis, by Cyrus, in 545. Such seems to be the fate of all things; and the inscription upon the proudest architrave and the most substantial pedestal—as it is upon old Peter Parley—is decay!

TIGER HUNTING.

IN England especially, and in some other European countries, the sport of hunting is carried on to a great excess. With all the advantages in favour of man, it is a cowardly sport, in which there is little risk. The most formidable is that of the stag, or deer; and a pretty sight truly it is, to behold a pack of booted and spurred red-jacketed young men, a pack of dogs, and a lot of tag-rag and bob-tail, all engaged after the life of a poor, harmless animal, who is run to death merely for sport and amusement. To Peter Parley this sport is nothing but cruelty of the very worst stamp—cruelty to both horses, dogs, and deer—to all but the foolish “*lords of the creation*,” as they are called, who call it “healthy exercise,” and dignify it with terms which only exhibit their own folly.

Man is, indeed, lord of the creation, but should not be the tyrant of it. He is sent into the world to provide for himself, and to protect the weak against the strong; be assured, that, when he was created, it was no part of the divine design that he should shoot or maim, hunt or destroy, for the mere fun of the thing. To subdue all things



Dangers of Tiger Hunting.



is his province—to destroy, in self-defence, all that would injure him; but he has no right to hurt the meanest thing that lives, without a warrant; that warrant is only the conviction of it being necessary for some good to himself or others. Now, hunting and shooting are not necessary for man in a civilized state, at least; but, in a state where the fierce demons of the forest threaten the life of man at all points, it is then clearly his duty to kill and to destroy, for the life of man is more valuable than that of a beast. And thus it is that Peter Parley, although he may detest hunting for sport, still has nothing to aver against lion hunting, or tiger hunting, when undertaken for the purpose of ridding a district of a dangerous enemy.

I have more than once described the tiger hunt to my young readers. The countries around the Bay of Bengal, with the larger islands of the Malay Peninsula, are the principal habitations of these formidable animals, and they appear to be larger in size and more powerful in action, in proportion as the ground they inhabit is more fertile. There is, perhaps, no river in the world which has made such extensive deposits in the lower parts of the valley, or where the portions near the sea are so closely entangled with vegetation, or so thickly stocked with animals, as the Ganges. The Sunderbunds, or islands formed between the different mouths of the Ganges, and the name of which signifies a forest of rapidly-growing trees, form, altogether, a triangle, each side of which is nearly two hundred miles in length, and, altogether, not much less than England. This may be considered especially the part or demesne of *Tippoo*, in which he reigns in splendid but ferocious majesty. It is true that he has some subjects who do not much regard his sway upon ordinary occasions, but these are not exceedingly numerous. The elephant and rhinoceros are both met

with in this singularly-blended scene of life and death, but the ground is rather soft for their heavy tread, and they are consequently but rare. Swamps and jungles of smaller dimensions are formed by the back waters of all the great rivers of India ; and, indeed, in every place where the water stagnates, and where such jungles are formed, tigers are always to be met with. The greater number of them keep within their jungle, because the woody jungles are generally interspersed with grassy ones, in which deer, antelopes, and other animals pasture ; and the woods themselves afford an ample supply of wild hogs, monkeys, and other animals, of all of which the tigers make prey. Sometimes, however, they issue from their fastnesses, and are, when they do so, in a state of excitement ; they commit terrible ravages, and are generally destroyed by the people rising *en-masse* to hunt them, and these hunts, as well as the hunting of the tiger, are attended with no inconsiderable danger.

A friend of mine, who was for some time in India, gave me a very good account of a tiger hunt, in which elephants were employed. It took place upon the banks of the Ganges, near Cheusenee, in Bengal, in April, 1840. At one o'clock in the morning, thirty elephants, with the servants, and refreshments of all kinds, were despatched ; at two we all joined, in palanquins ; at a quarter after four we reached the encampment, and having rested nearly two hours, we mounted our elephants and proceeded to the jungle.

We had not reached five hundred yards beyond the jungle, when we heard a general cry on our left of bang, bang, bang!—the name of “tiger!” We wheeled and formed the line anew, entering the great jungle, when the spot where a single tiger lay having been pointed out, on the discharge of the first gun, a scene presented itself, con-

fessed by all the tiger hunters to be one of the finest they had ever seen. Five full-grown royal tigers sprung together from the same spot where they had sat in bloody congress. They ran directly; but running heavily, they all couched again in new covers within the same jungle, and all were marked. We followed, having formed the line into a crescent, so as to embrace either extremity of the jungle; in the centre were the boudah, or state elephants, with the marksmen, and the ladies to comfort and encourage them.

The gentlemen had each an elephant to himself. When we had slowly and warily approached the spot where the first tiger lay, he moved not until we were just upon him, when, with a roar of thunder, he rushed upon us. The elephants wheeled about at once, and shuffled off. They returned, however, after a flight of fifty yards, and again approaching the spot where the tiger had lodged himself, towards the skirt of the jungle, he once more rushed forth, and springing at the side of an elephant upon which three of the natives were mounted, at one stroke tore a piece of the pad from under them, and one of the riders, panic struck, fell off. The tiger, however, seeing his enemies in force, returned slowly and indignantly into his shelter, where the place he lay in being marked, a heavy and well-directed fire was poured in by the principal marksmen, when, pushing in, we saw him in the struggle of death, and growling and foaming, lie exposed.

We then proceeded to seek the others, having first distinguished the spot by pitching a small spear and tying to the end of it the muslin of a turban. The oldest and most ferocious of the family having, early in the conflict, very sensibly, quitted the scene of action, and escaped to another part of the country, we roused the other three

in close succession, and, with little variation of circumstances, killed them all.

While the fate of the last and largest was depending, more shots were fired than at the other three attacks. He escaped from several assaults, and, taking post in different parts of the jungle, rushed upon us at every shot he received with redoubled rage, and often put the whole line to flight. In his last pursuit he singled out an elephant, upon which a lady was seated, and springing up behind with jaws extended, was in the act of seizing her, when a shot brought him down.



The chase being over, we returned in triumph to the encampment, and were followed by the spoils of the morning and by numbers of the peasants from the neighbouring villages, who pressed round an

open tent in which we sat at breakfast, with gratulations, blessings, and thanksgivings. The four tigers were laid in front, the natives viewing them with terror and with tears.

An old woman, having earnestly looked at the largest tiger, and pointing at times to his tusks, and at times lifting up his fore paws and viewing his talons, her cheeks bathed in tears, in broken and moaning tones narrated something to a little circle composed of three Brahmins and a young woman with a child in her arms. I guessed the subject of the old woman's story, and upon inquiry found that I was right in my conjecture. She was widowed and childless. She owed both her misfortunes to the tigers of that jungle, and most probably to those which then lay dead before her, for it was they who had recently carried off her husband and her two sons grown up to manhood, and now she wanted food. In the frenzy of her grief she described her loss to the crowd, and in a wild scream demanded her husband and her sons from the tigers. These are the things that justify man in his destruction of the beasts of God's creation, and only such as these.

Such is a description of a tiger hunt, when the hunters are mounted on elephants.

I shall conclude this account by a poetical description of tiger hunting when horses are employed.

TIGER HUNT.

MOUNT your horses, my lads, take musket and spear,
Call our friends to the field, for the tiger is near;
In the gorse of the glen lay the bones of one steed,
And the hoofs of a heifer of fatherland breed.

But mount, my brave friends, if our rifles prove true,
We'll soon make the spoiler his ravages rue!

Oh, the brave English boys have discover'd his track;
To his den in the jungle we'll follow him back;
But tighten your girths, and look well to your flints,
For heavy and fresh are the villain's foot-prints.

Mark that black, bushy mound, where the bloodhounds are howling;
Hear that hoarse, sullen sound like the deep thunder growling.
To his lair—'tis his voice—from your saddles alight,
For the bold rascal beast is preparing for flight.

Leave the horses behind and be still every man,
Let Holmes and Old Parley advance in the van;—
Keep fast in a clump, by the yell of yon hound
The savage, I guess, will be out with a bound.

He comes! the dull jungle before him is crashing,
His eye with defiance is glowing and flashing;
With a growl of disdain he leaps forward, in wrath,
To challenge the foeman that crosses his path.

He crouches—oh! now we'll have mischief I dread,
Quick level your rifles and aim at his head,
Thrust forward your spears, and unsheath every knife,
St. George is upon us—Fire, lads, now for life!

He's wounded—but yet it is only a scratch,
The brave English boys have now met with their match.
Now, Parley, go at him—bang!—right in the brain!
Well done, you have hit him and conquered again.

With Holmes now retire to the "small marble hill,"
To drink of the Rhenish of each little rill;
Again mount our steeds and outstrip the wind,
With a bold face in front and a *tiger behind*!



PARLEY'S RAILWAY TRIPS.

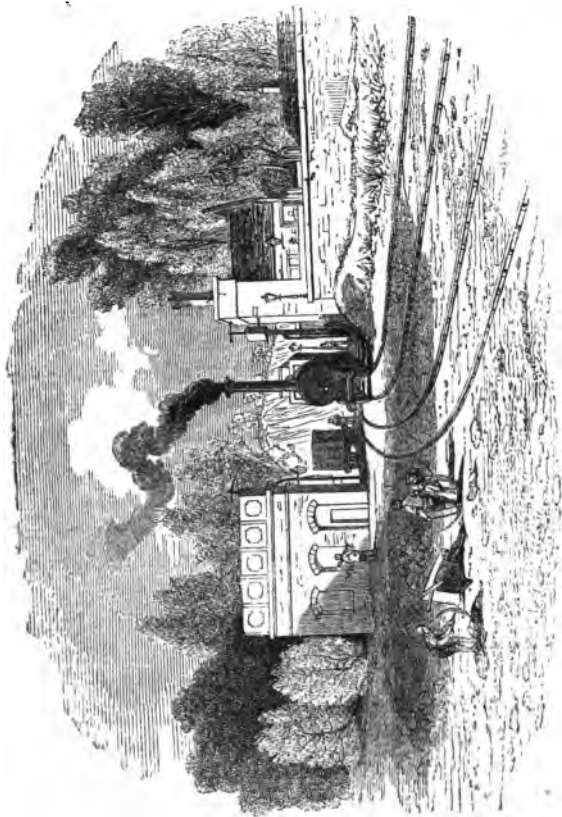
No. II.

PARLEY TRAVELS INTO THE POTTERY DISTRICTS AND TELLS ABOUT
POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

Again on the rail, the lengthened rail,
With a puff, a cough, and a sneeze;
But swift as a gale we onward sail
And sit quite at our ease.

STOKER.

My object in being again on the rail was to wend my way to Staffordshire, as I had a great desire to look into the way of doing things at the Potteries. So I proceeded to Stafford, situated on the river Sow, over which there is a bridge. It is a town of considerable antiquity, and is mentioned in the Saxon chronicle, when Ethelfleda, Countess of Mercia, and sister of Edward the Elder, founded a castle here. The town of Stafford is a clean and well-built town. The principal church is a large edifice, built in the early pointed style of architecture.



It contains several ancient monuments which deserve particular attention, and with which I was much pleased.

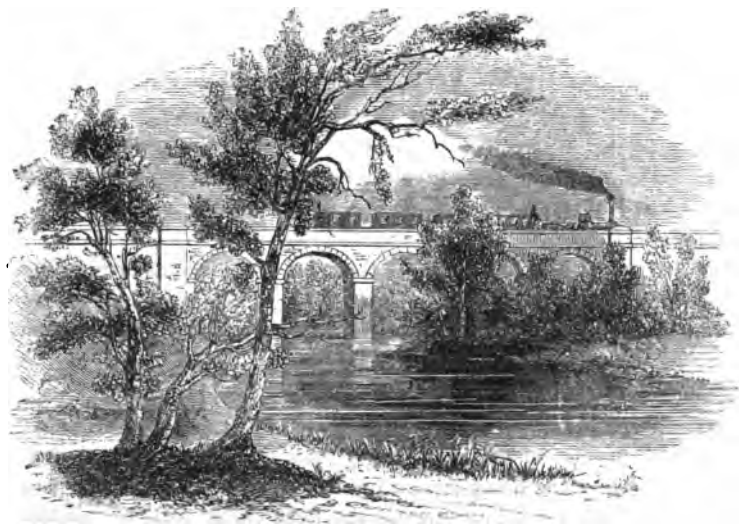
As I passed through the county, I observed the aspect to vary considerably, a lofty range of hills runs along the whole northern and western border, and spreads out towards the north over the whole face of the county. To this bleak and hilly district on the north and north-west, which are called the moorlands, the other parts of the county on the south and south-east present a striking contrast, being level, fruitful, and intersected only by gentle eminences. A few detached hills, however, rise to a considerable height even in the interior of Staffordshire; among the most remarkable are those of Enville, Clent, and Bor Beacon.

The rivers of the county, over which various railways traverse, are none of them of great magnitude, but are often beautiful. The Trent is the largest river in Staffordshire, and almost all the others are tributary to it; and this river, which rises in the moorlands, near Biddulph, traverses the whole county from north-west to south-east, first southward to the Potteries and Stone, then eastward, and lastly north-eastward, when it enters Derbyshire, and the railway passes over it at a beautiful spot, as seen in the cut on next page.

I did not, however, confine myself to the beauties of the scenery, but posted off direct to Stoke-upon-Trent to see the Potteries. They may be said to commence at Golden Hill, about four miles to the north of Newcastle, and continue to Lane End, to the termination of which is eight miles, and may be looked upon as one continuous town, the whole of which is exceedingly populous. The staple and almost only manufacture from one end to the other is earthenware. To give

you some account of the manufacture of this article, for which the place is so remarkable, I must beg your attention to a few particulars.

The chief ingredients employed in the composition of all kinds of pottery are clay and flint. These are both classed by chemists among



the primitive earths. Different kinds of clay are spread most abundantly over the globe, forming in many situations entire mountains, in other places existing in vast beds. It is supposed that clay is the result of the slow decomposition of silicious and aluminous

rocks, through the agency of water. Silicia or pure flint exists in several states—in rounded nodules, in gravel, in the hardest rocks, and in the various shingles of the sea coast, and more or less in all earthy or gravelly substances.

The clay principally used in the potteries of Staffordshire is brought to them from Dorsetshire and Devonshire, the former from the Isle of Purbeck, the latter from the southern part of that county. The Dorsetshire clay is of two kinds, brown clay and blue clay. The Devonshire clay is also of two distinct qualities, which are known as black clay and cracky clay. Brown clay burns of an excellent white; but blue clay combines the greatest number of good qualities, and is the most generally esteemed of all the four descriptions here mentioned.

There is another description of clay used in the manufacture of the finer kinds of earthenware and porcelain. It is commonly called china-clay, and it is identical with the Kao-len of the Chinese. This clay is very white, and unctuous to the touch, and is formed of the felspar of granite loosened from the other two substances of which that rock is composed, quartz and mica.

The china-clay of Cornwall is prepared on the spot where it is found, by the stone being broken up into pieces of a small size and then cast into a running stream, the light clayey parts are washed off and held suspended in the water, while the more ponderous mica and quartz remain at the bottom of the stream. At the end of the rivulet the water is stopped by a dam, and the pure clay gradually subsides. When this deposit is completed the clear water is drawn off and the solid matter dug out in square blocks, which are placed on shelves to dry.

In the manufacturing, a portion of undecomposed Cornish felspar is added to this clay, on account of its fusibility and tenaciousness, by which it binds as it were the whole ingredients more closely together. The fusible quality of felspar is owing to the presence of about an eighth part of potass. It is also a curious and very useful fact, that although neither clay, flint, nor lime can be separately melted, yet when mixed together in due proportions the mass is fused without difficulty, the mineral acting as a flux to the others.

Sealite or soapstone has of late years been very much employed in the composition of porcelain. When present, or even in a small proportion, it limits the contraction of the ware in the furnace. Sealite is a sub-species of mica, which is found abundantly in Cornwall, and is met with also in the island of Anglesea.

In preparing the clay, the first operation of the pottery is that of mixing it with water to the consistency of cream, great care being taken that the water is very pure, and contains no chemical qualities that would effect the other processes. The mixture of the clay, which is called plunging, is effected in a trough five feet long, three feet wide, and two-and-a-half feet deep. In order fully to break down the clay and incorporate it with the water a long wooden instrument, formed with a blade at one end and an iron handle at the other, is moved violently about in the trough in all directions. In large establishments a machine is used, in the form of a cylinder, set, on the inside, with revolving knives, which have the effect of cutting the clay in every direction. The clay, in a liquid state, falls through a hole in the cylinder into a vat, where it is again agitated by a machine something like that used in washing clothes, only of much larger dimensions. The pulp, now mixed to the consistency of cream,

is poured off from the vat through a series of sieves of increasing degrees of fineness, which are worked to and fro by machinery.

The next process is that of preparing the flint. These are first burnt in a kiln constructed for the purpose. When the flints are red-hot they are removed from the kiln and thrown into cold water, by which process they are more easily broken, either by manual labour or machinery. They are then carried to a mill and ground with a certain portion of water. The grinding stones are made of a very hard stone called chert, which is found in abundance in the neighbourhood of Bakewell, in Derbyshire. When the flints are sufficiently ground they are put into a vat constructed with an upright shaft, furnished with arms, or vanes, for the purpose of agitation, and, a considerable portion of water being added, the moving power is applied, and the whole violently agitated, when the grosser parts of the mixture sink to the bottom, and the finer parts are in suspension in the liquid above.

The clay is held to be of the proper consistency for mixing when a quantity that will fill a pint measure weighs twenty-four ounces, and that of the slip is considered fit for working when the same bulk is brought to weigh thirty-two ounces. The diluted clay and flint are then worked together in certain proportions and passed through various sieves that they may be further separated from any other impurities.

The fluid mixture of clay and flint is called *slip*, and, after passing through the sieves, is pumped to the slip-kiln, which is a kind of trough made of fine bricks, sometimes as many as sixty feet long, and six feet wide. It is then boiled till it comes to the consistency of thick paste, when it is removed from the slip-house. This clay, or paste, when taken for use, undergoes the process of slapping; a man, of

considerable strength, takes a large lump, weighing from sixty to seventy pounds, on a bench, or slab. He separates this into various portions, by means of a wire, held in the hands, and taking up each piece so separated he dashes it down with his utmost strength, and the operation is performed until the whole mass has been taken piece by piece.

This preparation is for the purpose of completely expelling every air bubble, for if the air were not thus thoroughly expelled it would be so much rarified and expanded by the oven that it would force out a passage for itself, and, by blistering, spoil the goods. In the large manufactories this operation is performed also by machinery.

The clay is now ready for being shaped upon the wheel, or fashioned by the aid of moulds into cups, saucers, jugs, tea-pots, ewers, vases, and all the diversified forms which fancy may desire. This branch of the art is divided into three different departments, *throwing*, *pressing*, and *casting*, either of which is used according to the form of the article manufactured.

The formation of such vessels as have a circular form is performed in a machine called a potter's lathe, which consists of an upright shaft, the height of a common table, on the top of which is fitted a circular piece of wood, which turns with it. Motion is communicated by a wheel and band turned by a boy.

The clay required for the vessel to be made is cut, weighed, and formed into a ball; it is then placed on a circular board, which, being put in motion, the thrower, dipping his hands, from time to time, into cold water, or slip, that the clay may not adhere to them, fashions it first into a long thin column; then he forces it down into a lump

again and again, until assured that no air bubbles remain in the bottom of the clay. He then directs the speed of the wheel to be moderated, and gives the first form of the vessel, which is done either by the hand or instruments adapted to the purpose. The vessel is removed from the board by means of a thin brass wire, which is passed through the lowest part of the clay. The process above described is called throwing, and the workman is called the thrower.

The vessel now being partially dried it is further shaped and smoothed by the turning lathe, which is similar to that used by the turner in wood. In large establishments both the throwing and turning-lathe are moved by steam. A milled edge is given to earthenware in what is called an engine-lathe.

The vessel is now in what is called a green state, and is taken from the turning-lathe by the handler, who fixes upon them handles, spouts, and other appendages of that nature; they are affixed to the vessel by means of slip, with which the parts brought into contact are moistened; being left a short time to dry the junction is found to be perfect. The whole vessel is next cleaned with a damp sponge, which gives uniformity to its appearance.

Many of the more simple kinds of handles, spouts, and other objects of the like kind, are made by the aid of a press. The more embossed and beautiful kind are formed in moulds made of plaster of Paris, bearing the required form. Some require two moulds, one half of the figure being impressed in each; these are joined together with slip while in the green state. Small ornaments, such as animals, foliage, and the like are made either by pressing the clay into plaster or copper moulds; in the same manner they are affixed to

the vessels to be ornamented by means of slip, as before described. Plates, dishes, and other flat vessels are made by means of the plaster moulds.

The next operation which the ware undergoes is that of *firing*. For this purpose they are placed in deep boxes, called seggors, made of a mixture of fine clay and old ground seggors, which are capable of sustaining the most intense heat without being fused. The use of the seggors is to protect the ware from the direct application of the flame and smoke.

The potter's oven is made of a cylindrical form, and very similar to the common kilns used for burning tiles. The furnace mouths are placed at certain intervals round it; from these the fire and heated air pass into horizontal flues in the floor, and from thence



arise through every part until the surplus heat escapes through an aperture in the centre of the roof.

The process of baking usually lasts from forty-eight to fifty hours, during which time the heat is gradually increased. In order to know when the baking has been carried far enough the oven-man places trial-pieces in different parts of the oven, so disposed that he can withdraw them at pleasure. When the appearance of these trial-pieces indicate that the ware is sufficiently burnt the firing is discontinued, the furnace and ash-pit doors are closed, and the oven, with its contents left to cool gradually during twenty-four or thirty hours.

After this first process of firing the ware takes the name of biscuit, and the next operation is that of glazing. The glaze usually employed for common kinds of earthenware is a compound of litharge of lead and ground flints, or Cornish granite, which mixture is called row glaze. The ware is now slightly brushed, to free it from dust, and dipped into the glaze; after being suffered to drain for a few minutes they are ready for the second firing in the oven.

The seggars used to enclose the wares, when baked in the gloss-oven, are similar to those employed in the first firing. The cases are piled up in the manner already described, and just that degree of heat must be employed which will give perfect fusion to the glaze and cause it to spread regularly over the surface. The glaze, as seen in the finished porcelain, should not put on a lustrous appearance, but, while beautifully smooth to the touch, should present to the eye rather the softness of velvet than the gloss of satin.

All articles of *pottery* which exhibit a variety of colours are ornamented either by the pencil or by impressions taken from copper-plate. The former is called blue, or biscuit painting, and the other biscuit printing. Both processes take place on the biscuit prior to ware being glazed. If the ware were not previously fired, and were

capable of being freely handled for the painting, the water used to soften the colours would also effect the clay, and the impression from the plates could not be clearly, if at all, transferred to the ware. After the pattern is finished the ware is allowed to dry; it is then dipped into the glaze, and afterwards exposed to the heat of the glaze oven, which fuses the mineral contained in the colour (for all the colours are metallic oxides) and gives to each a coating of real glaze.

Blue printing consists in taking impressions from a copper-plate on thin paper. This paper, wet with the colour, is then delivered to a girl, by whom the impression is applied lightly to the ware when in



the state of biscuit. A third girl is next employed, who rubs the paper closely against the piece, in order to press the colour sufficiently

into its substance. The paper, thus rubbed, is left adhering to the article for an hour, when both are placed in a cistern of water, so that the paper becomes soft enough to be peeled off without violence, having transferred to the biscuit the impression which it had received from the copper-plate. Here is a copy of one of them.



The gold used in gilding porcelain is applied in a metallic state. To prepare it for this purpose it is dissolved by aqua regia, and the acid being afterwards dissipated by the application of heat, the gold remains in a state of powder at the bottom of the vessel. This powder must be mixed with borax and gum water, to cause it to flow from

the pencil and fix upon the ware, which being then baked, the gilding appears void of lustre, and requires to be afterwards burnished.

Burnishing, which is the last process performed in the manufacture of ornamented porcelain, is usually entrusted to female hands. The implements required for this purpose are a burnisher of agate or blood-stone, some white lead, a piece of sheepskin for wiping the ware, and some vinegar. The agate burnisher is applied to all the ornaments, and never rubbed in cross directions, lest the gilding should appear scratched. After having rubbed the gilding for some time, a little vinegar, or white lead, should be applied to cleanse the surface. This being removed with a soft linen rag, the burnishing is recommenced



and continued until the gilding throughout assumes a satisfactory appearance.

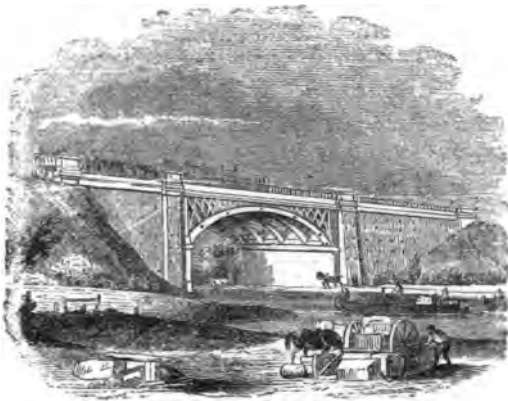
It will be seen on reflection, that after all the most important portion of the whole process is the glazing. Without this, the various utensils would be of little use. This consideration will lead to the notice of the perseverance of a singular man, Bernard de Palissy, a native of France, who was born at Agen, at the close of the

fifteenth century, to whom this branch of the potter's art is greatly indebted.

The original occupation of Palissy was that of a draughtsman; but having by accident been led to contemplate the beauty of a porcelain cup, he was seized with a desire of improving the art and relinquishing his other professions; he gave up his whole time, mind, and substance during several years, amid the reproaches of his friends and the ridicule of his acquaintances. He planned, schemed, and experimentalized; but was subjected to endless failures and disappointments. But he still persevered. Perseverance and hope led him on to make new trials. Still unsuccessful, he was reduced to the greatest privations, and at one time was obliged to provide wood for heating his furnace by the destruction of some of the furniture of his dwelling; and in order to silence the clamours of his insolent workmen for the payment of their wages he stripped himself of a portion of his apparel. At length, however, these efforts were rewarded by complete success, and fame, honours, and independence were thenceforward his attendants through a long career of useful occupation.

Being a Protestant, however, and having ventured in some of his lectures to promulgate facts which made against the dogmas of the priests, he was, when in his *ninetieth* year, dragged by the infuriated zeal of these fanatics into the Bastile, and died with consistent firmness within its walls. His heroic reply, while thus imprisoned, to Henry III. is above all praise. "My good man," said the king, "if you cannot conform yourself on the matters of religion, I must be compelled to leave you in the hands of my enemies." "Sire," replied the intrepid old man, "I was already willing to surrender my life; and could any regret have accompanied the action, it must as-

surely have vanished upon hearing the great King of France say—*I am compelled!* This, Sire, is a condition to which those who force you to act contrary to your own good disposition can never reduce me. I am prepared for death; and your whole people have it not in their power to compel a single potter to *bend his knee before images he has made.*" Let us never look upon a cup or platter without thinking of this instance of heroic devotion to principle and truth.



THE SWAN.

SEE how majestic o'er the lake
The kingly swan sails by!
Free as the soul arrayed in robes
Of spotless purity.

Thus freely, fearlessly he rides
Life's joyous hours along;
At evening dies, and his last breath
Is a triumphal song.

Oh, Thou whose power hath made us both,
Let him my image be!
Thus may my soul be ever clad
In snow-white purity!

Oh, keep me pure, till thou shalt end
These few and fleeting days!
Then may my last, faint, quivering tones
A hallelujah raise!



The Missionary. New Zealand.

THE MISSIONARY.



I DARE say, my young friends have often heard the word missionary, but perhaps many of them have seldom considered the true meaning of the word; and fewer, the dangers, trials, and troubles missionaries have undergone.

The word missionary signifies, one who is sent to deliver a message, from the Latin word *mitto*, to send. The first Christian missionaries were the apostles, who were commissioned to “go into all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”

The apostle most celebrated in holy writ for his travels into various countries, and who more nearly resembles the type of a true missionary, is the Apostle Paul. His first journey was from Jerusalem

to Damascus, which was one of the most ancient cities in the world, and still continues to be one of the finest cities in Syria: the population is about 100,000, composed of Turks, Arabs, and Christians; the latter, not quite 20,000.



From Damascus, Paul retired for a season to Arabia, a large country extending from the Euphrates to Egypt, and thus lying south and east of the Holy Land. Returning thence, he went to Damascus; thence to Jerusalem; and thence to Tarsus, his native city. This once proud capital retains its ancient name, pronounced Tersoos, but scarcely a vestige remains of its former magnificence. The modern town does not occupy a fourth part of the area of the ancient city; the houses seldom exceed one story in height; they are terrace-roofed, and

the greater part are constructed with hewn stone, furnished by more ancient edifices. There is a castle, said to have been built by Bajazet, and a portion of the city is surrounded by a wall. The town itself contains many bazaars, which are thronged with buyers and sellers.



From Tarsus, Paul departed for Antioch, which was formerly the capital of the Syro-Macedonian empire, and, for magnitude, situation, and other agreeable circumstances, ranked as the third city in the Roman empire. It was in this city that the disciples were first called by the name of Christians. It was styled, in later times, the "eye of the eastern church." In the time of Suetonius, it was called Theopolis—the city of God, on account, it is said, of its inhabi-

tants being mostly Christians. It was the first object to which the crusaders directed their attention: they held it from 1098, till it was taken and destroyed in 1268, by the sultan of Egypt, who demolished the churches, said to have been at that time the first in the world.

From this place, St. Paul set out on his apostolic journeys. I shall, for the sake of the information of my young friends, follow them in the order in which he pursued them. The first point at which he touched, after leaving Antioch, was Seleucia, which lies to the north-west of Antioch. From Seleucia, he sailed to Cyprus, an island in the Mediterranean; and the first place at which he touched in this island, was Salamis, one of its four principal cities; and being the first place in the island into which the gospel was introduced, it was afterwards made the see of a bishop.

Passing through the island, Paul came to Paphos, the chief town of its western extremity, and giving name to that district. Here Venus had her most celebrated temples, and was hence called the Paphian goddess.

Sailing from Paphos, Paul and his company came unto Pamphylia, a province of Lower Asia, lying north over against the western part of Cyprus. They entered a city in this province, named Perga, famous among the heathen for a temple of Diana and the yearly festivals that were held there in honour of that goddess.

From Pamphylia, he passed into Pisidia, a small province lying north of Pamphylia, and entered into Antioch, the chief city of that province; thence he departed to Iconium; and thence to Lystra and Derbe, all cities of Lycaonia. Returning through the provinces of Pisidia and Pamphylia, he took ship, and returned to Antioch, in Syria, whence he had set out.

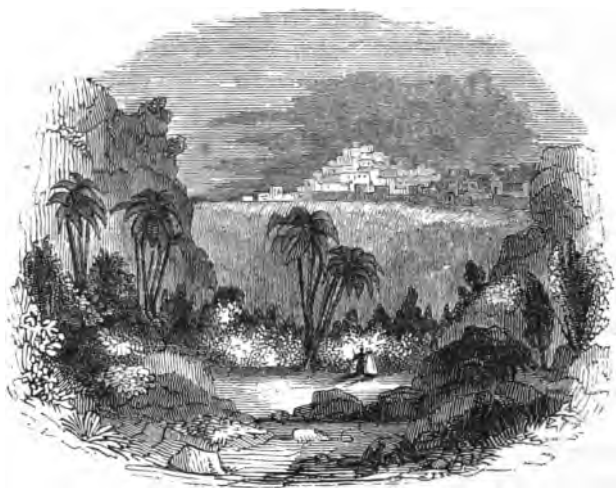
Paul now set out on his second journey, and, passing through the provinces of Syria, Cilicia, and Lycaonia, he entered that of Phrygia, which lay to the west of Lycaonia. In the last of these divisions was the city of Hierapolis, celebrated for its mineral waters. It was the bath of Asia. Apollo (the tutelar deity of the city), Esculapius, and Hygeia, bear witness on their medals to the medicinal virtues of the springs. An inscription on the theatre is to this effect: "Hail! golden city, Hierapolis, the spot to be preferred to any in Asia; revered for the rills of the nymphs adorned with splendour."

From Phrygia, Paul passed to Galatia, which lies to the north-east of the former province. This province is said to have derived its name from the Galatæ, or Gauls, who left their own country in Europe, and, after roaming over and pillaging a great part of Italy and Greece, passed into the Asiatic continent, and reduced a great part of it to subjection. The people here, whom the apostle converted to Christianity, were idolaters, and offered human sacrifices to their idols; and they were barbarians in appearance, but appear to have cultivated eloquence and music.

From Galatia, Paul passed into Mysia; and from Mysia, came to Troas, a sea-port which lay near the site of the ancient Troy. From Troas, he sailed to Samothracia, a small island, about twenty miles in circumference, on the coast of Thrace, celebrated in ancient times for the worship of the Cabiri, or great gods of the heathens. Hence he went to Neapolis, a sea-port; and from the time that the apostle visited this place, Christianity has always existed in it. In the sixth and seventh centuries there were bishops in it.

From Neapolis, he came to Philippi, which is described in the

sacred record as the chief city in that part of Macedonia; and from thence he came to Amphipolis; thence to Thessalonica, now called



Salonica, and the see of an archbishop of the Greek church. From Thessalonica he came to Berea, also a populous city in Macedonia; and from thence he travelled to Athens.

Athens was the most celebrated city of antiquity, and abounded in wealth and men of learning; it was replete with every luxury and refinement; but, alas! was entirely given up to idolatry: every object of idolatrous worship, in every known nation, had a niche in its pantheon,

so that in this renowned city there are said to have been more images and statues than in all the rest of Greece together, which gives reason for that humorous saying of one of their philosophers, that, "in Athens, a god was more easily found than a man."

On leaving Athens, Paul went to Corinth, a city which, since the apostle's time, has suffered every vicissitude of fortune, yet, under all its changes, has ever retained a profession of the faith of Christ; and the church of Corinth still exists, and is dedicated to the service of the Saviour. From Corinth, Paul went to Cenchreæ, the port or road belonging to Corinth; and, taking ship, he sailed to Ephesus; sailing thence, he landed at Cæsarea, in Palestine, whence he went up to Jerusalem, and, after saluting the brethren there, he went down to Antioch; thus completing his second apostolic journey.

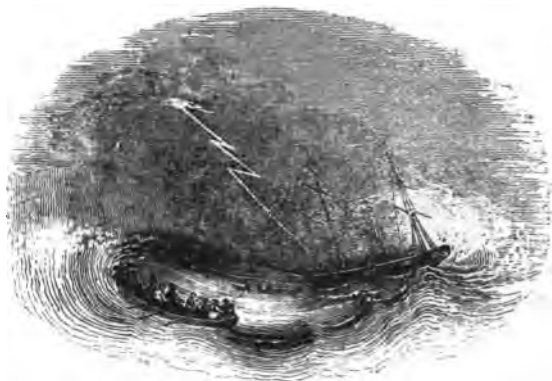
Having spent some time at Antioch, Paul set out on his third apostolic journey. He first traversed all the country of Galatia and Phrygia, in the order in which he before went over it, and then again came to Ephesus. After remaining here upwards of two years, he departed into Macedonia; from thence, into Greece; returned to Philippi; thence he sailed to Troas, and departed by land to Assos, a sea-port town to the south-west point of the province of Troas.

From Assos, he sailed to Mytilene, one of the principal cities of the island of Lesbos; celebrated for having given birth to Sappho, a Grecian poetess, and the inventress of the verse called 'Sapphic.' Sailing from Mytilene, he came over against Chios, another island in the Archipelago, said to be the birth-place of Homer, and celebrated for its vines and figs. From Chios, he arrived at Samos, another island, celebrated for giving birth to the philosopher Pythagoras.

From this place he sailed to Miletus; thence to Cos, another island, which gave birth to Hippocrates and Apelles, the famous painter. From Cos, he went to Rhodes, another famous island, celebrated especially for its colossal statue: this was a brazen image of Phœbus, or Apollo, fixed across the mouth of the harbour, so that shipping passed under its legs; its height was one hundred and four feet; within the legs and body was a staircase which led to the head, and from the eyes, as from windows, might be seen the shores of Syria. It was the work of Chares, in the city of Lindus, whom it occupied twelve years. It cost three hundred talents, and contained 720,000 pounds weight of brass. After standing sixty years, it was thrown down by an earthquake. From Rhodes, Paul touched at Patara, a sea-port of Syria; finding a ship there bound for Syria, he sailed to Tyre, and from thence went up to Jerusalem, completing his third apostolic journey.

Paul's fourth apostolical journey was from Cæsarea, in Palestine, to Rome. The first place at which he touched was Sidon; launching thence, he sailed under Cyprus, over the sea of Cilicia and Pamphylia, till he arrived at Myra, a city of Lycia. Slowly sailing from Myra, he came over against Cnidus, a city standing on a promontory of the same name. Thence he sailed to Crete, over against Salmone; and thence, to a place called "the Fair Harem," nigh to the island of Lasia. Leaving Fair Harem, the master of the vessel intended to reach Phœnice and the port of Crete, but they were driven by adverse winds under a small island on the south-west of Crete, called Claudia; thence they were driven into the Adriatic; and, after being tossed up and down in it for a fortnight, they were wrecked on an island called

Melita. But whether the present island of Malta, or an island on the Illyrian coast, called Melida, was the island of the Acts, is uncertain. The evidence seems to be in favour of the latter place, both in reference to its exact position in a storm from the S.E., the island lying N.W. by N. of the S.W. promontory of Crete, and for the wild and barbarous character of its inhabitants at the present day, and for the numerous reptiles that still abound there. The account of Paul's shipwreck is, of course, familiar to every one.



From Melita, Paul came to Syracuse, the principal city of the island of Sicily. This city was built about seven hundred years before Christ, and was once the largest and richest possessed by the Greeks. It was twenty-two miles in circumference, and possessed a good harbour. For a long series of years it was distinguished in war,

commerce, and wealth. Here resided the celebrated mathematician Archimedes.

From Syracuse, Paul sailed to Rhegium, now called Riggio, a seaport at the *toe* of Italy. He next proceeded to Appii Forum, a place about fifty miles from Rome; and thence to the three taverns, or inns, places of entertainment about thirty miles from Rome; and thence proceeded to the imperial city, where he terminated his fourth apostolical journey, and the last of which we have any certain account in the scriptures.

Such were the travels of the first missionary; and from that day to the present, Christians of every denomination have been zealous in proclaiming the glad tidings of the gospel to foreign lands; nothing has deterred them, the wild desert, the inhospitable wilderness, the prairie, the frozen zone and the torrid, the mountain and the forest, all have witnessed the labours of the missionary, who, inspired by the spirit of Christ, has braved every danger for his sake. And Peter Parley sincerely hopes that the day is not *far distant* when "the earth shall be as full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the places of the deep."



PARLEY'S TRAVELS IN PALESTINE.

SYRIA, ASIA MINOR, ETC.



THE above cut represents a view of a place celebrated indeed—it is that of the “Mount of Olives,” which no one who loves his Saviour can look at without emotion. Here it was that Christ delivered the most comprehensive and most sublime of his discourses, and here it was that he was taken to suffer for our sins upon the cross.

The Mount of Olives forms part of a ridge of hills, which extend for some miles to the north and south-west, and is situated east of Jerusalem, separated from the city by the brook Kedron; and the valley of Jehosophat. The mount has three summits; from the centre, which is most prominent in the illustration, our Saviour is supposed to have ascended into heaven; on that on the south, Solomon built temples to his idols, and hence was called the Mount of Corruption;



and that to the north, which is the highest, is commonly called *Viri Galilæi*, from the expression used by the angels, "Ye men of Galilee." (Acts i. 11.) From the gate of St. Stephen to the bottom of the vale,

is about fifteen minutes walk down a rapid descent, barren and rugged. The ascent of the mount is also very steep, and continues to the summit. Near the base, a cluster of olive trees forms the termination, and which is supposed to have been the Garden of Gethsemane. A goodly number of the same trees cover the side of the hill, which otherwise partakes of the general dreary aspect of the country around. I saw no wood in the vicinity, although, if we may rely on the testimony of Josephus, it once abounded in cedars, canes, and pines: there were a few goats browsing among the rugged declivities of the rocks, while a dark skinned mountain shepherd stood watching them, while his master sat sleeping under a tree.

The Talmudists say that anciently there were shops on Mount Olivet, kept by the children of Canaan, and that under two large cedar trees which stood there, were four shops, where things necessary for purification were constantly on sale, such as doves, or pigeons, for the women. The summit was also used as a station for signals, which were communicated from hence, on various occasions, by lights and fires, especially on the return of the new moon. From all this we may infer that, in bye-gone days, Olivet was not, as now, comparatively desolate. The Jews of the present day show a cave on the eastern side of the mount, which they revere as the sepulchre of Huldah the prophetess.

One of the most sacred spots on the hill is a small section of the Garden of Gethsemane, growing eight old olive trees, and separated from the rest by a low stone fence. This place appertains exclusively to the Latins, who have pronounced a threat of excommunication against the offender who shall dare to cut a branch, or gather any of

the fruit, of the trees. With the seeds of the latter, the monks of the convent at Jerusalem make beads for rosaries, which are eagerly bought by the devout pilgrims and victims of their communion. Close by, tradition indicates the precise spot whereon the three disciples slept, and that whereon Judas stood when he betrayed his master with a kiss. Higher up the hill, are the ruins of an old monastery, said to have been erected on the site where our Saviour taught his disciples the Lord's prayer. On the summit of the hill is the small chapel of the Ascension, enclosed by a good wall, and occupying the site of a church called after Santa Pelagia, and built by the Empress Helena. Within this building is shown the impress of a foot in the lime-rock, believed by the devotee to have been formed by the Saviour, as he took his leave of earth for his kingdom in heaven. Near by are the remains of a mosque; the minaret of which commands a view of the holy city, of the whole coast of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea to the east; just below, towards the south-west, is a hamlet, supposed to be the remains of ancient Bethpage; and, lower down, still standing, Bethany, the village of Lazarus.

I was descending the hill, and thought that it would be no more than right to take away some relic of so sacred a spot; and going to the remains of a very ancient building, I was hunting about for some architectural ornament, to carry away; but just as I was in the act of taking up a stone, a Turkish officer came galloping upon me at a furious rate; I had only time to draw my sword, which, by parrying the slashing cut of the trooper, prevented my head from being sliced off; having made two or three other attempts at my head, and also endeavoured to ride upon me, the furious man condescended to a

parley, and told me I must not touch those stones. He then rode away from me as suddenly as he came upon me.



I then continued to wander about, and took the windings of the brook Kedron; on the left side of it, at the bottom of the valley, is a chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, held in great veneration, both by Christians and Moslems. The descent, after entering the door, is by a broad staircase of fifty steps, cut out of the rock and covered with marble; half down which are two crypts, one facing the other, believed to be the graves of the virgin's parents. At the bottom, is rather a spacious area, where a number of candles are kept constantly burning; one end of the space is taken up by a small chamber, thickly hung with costly silver lamps, and held by some to be the identical

grave in which the mother of our Lord was buried. On the yearly festival of the virgin, and especially at the Easter season, many Mahomedans worship with the devout Christians and pilgrims who flock hither to pay their vows at the Virgin's shrine. This chapel belongs partly to the Greek, and partly to the Armenian, church. Here I was struck with the singular devotion of some Greek children, who sat beneath a cross, reading the Armenian version of the gospel, with the



purest and deepest devotion depicted on their features, and this little incident affected me deeply.

Even as unconnected with any recollections of history, the ascent of Mount Olivet is the most pleasing stroll in the vicinity of Jerusalem. Being higher than any of the hills around, it commands a more extensive prospect, and a cooler atmosphere. The fatigue of climbing up its rugged sides at an early hour, while the dew-drops still besprinkle the leaves of the olive trees, and ere the sun has arisen from behind the gloomy mountains of Moab, will be amply repaid. Or to wander hither when the day declines, to catch the refreshing breeze of evening, and to watch here and there a solitary fellah returning to his village home on the mountain side, or to listen to the tinklings of the flocks browsing on the heights, or seeking their fold to the tune of the Arabian goatherd's pipe. To let the eye rest for awhile on scenes like these, where all around is nature and nature's wilderness, induces a pleasing melancholy; but to the Christian who believes with all his heart and soul Jesus Christ and his gospel of peace, Olivet is peculiarly lovely. So many and so varied are the scenes, recalling the most interesting reflections, which lie spread out before the sight, from the summit of this mount, that he must indeed be wanting in piety and christian feeling who can survey them unmoved. The whole country around is big with thrilling interest; here the patriarchs lived and died, and their bones and the bones of the prophets have mingled with its dust. Opposite to the spectator is Jerusalem, bereft of all her glory, now a comparative waste. Sion is still there, so is Moriah; but where is the Temple? Alas, it is gone! The glory of the Lord has given place to the glory of the Moslem. Near by is Siloam; and lower still, in the vale, the soft gliding Kedron. How oft, methinks, has the Saviour slaked his thirst with its cooling waters, as

he passed over to his nightly retreat, amidst the groves of Olivet. It was hither he came on that awful night, when wicked men conspired his ruin, and his own friend betrayed him with a kiss. Yes, here was Gethsemane, that sacred spot wet with the tears and blood of the Son of God, the scene of more than earthly contest. Never did I read with more feeling, or join more heartily in the prayer which this expresses, than when from the top of Olivet I looked down upon Mount Sion and the clustering objects of interest between it and myself, and standing on those "mountains that surround Jerusalem," I mentally repeated the "Hymn of the Mountain Tops," by William Martin :—

HYMN OF THE MOUNTAIN TOPS.

I.

God of the universe,
Here will we worship Thee,
Here make an altar amid the blue sky ;
Now heavenward our bodies are,
Now heavenward our souls shall be,
On high to give glory to Thee, the Most High.

II.

Here let us now rehearse
Deeds of thy majesty,
Wonders for ever in space and in time,
Ere mountains or hills could be
Earth's pomp and its pageantry,
Thy glory existed all vast and sublime.

III.

Rocks are the alphabet,
Mountains the syllables,
Storms, floods, and thunders, the words of thy book ;
Thy page is before us,
Thy spirit is o'er us ;
We read Thee, *Almighty*, wherever we look.

IV.

Here hast Thou firmly set
Seals of intelligence
Mandates of flesh shall obliterate, never ;
In thy omnipotence,
Still hold the maintenance
Of thy supremacy, ever and ever.

V.

Spirit of Mightiness !
Mountains can speak of Thee,
Show Thee in *love* and in power still our God ;
For, in the wide wilderness,
The mountains gushed tenderness,
And water rush'd forth at the *Lawgiver's* rod.

VI.

Thunders of *Sinai*,
Tempests and lightning,
Proclaim Thee aloud, the All Just from above :
But mercy, soft beaming,
Was from *Olivet* gleaming,
And *Calvary* told all the *might* of thy love.

VII.

God of the universe !
Then let us worship Thee ;
Thee, the self-same, both in *mercy* and *might* ;
Vouchsafe us thy spirit,
Thy love to inherit,
And make us thy own blessed children of LIGHT.



SOMETHING ABOUT THE ESQUIMAUX.



ABOVE is a family of Esquimaux. The people bearing this name are a most widely-diffused race, occupying all the shores of the Northern Ocean ; and embracing the entire circuit of the pole. Their external form seems made for the climate they inhabit ; their stature is short, their persons, broad and thick ; the face, broad and flat ; the nose, small, and at the same time sunk so deep that in some cases a ruler

might be applied from cheek to cheek, without touching it. The female countenance, however, without any pretensions to beauty, is often agreeable, with a frank and good-humoured expression ; so that, were it cleared of a thick crust of grease and dirt, so as to exhibit the real complexion, which is only that of a deep brunette, it might, even in Europe, be reckoned handsome. The accompanying group will give a good idea of the costume and general appearance of this people.

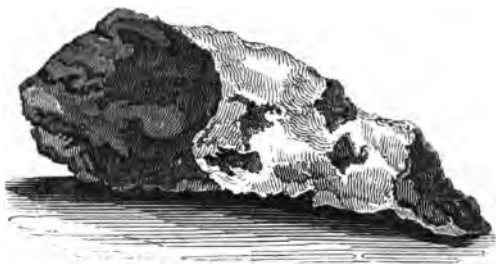
When the adventurers into the Arctic Circle first made acquaintance with these people, they were remarkably honest : but, in the course of two winters, this feature of their character was very much



changed. They were exposed, however, to very serious temptations, by seeing pieces of old iron and empty tin-pots ; which was to them as if the decks had been strown with gold and jewels. It also came to

their knowledge that, in some of their early exchanges, rich skins had been bartered for beads and other trifles of no real value; a system against which they exclaimed, as absolute robbery. From first to last, the virtue mentioned was practised among themselves, in a manner worthy of the golden age. Their sledges, dresses, and all their implements of hunting and fishing, were exposed inside or outside their huts, without any instance being known of anything being carried away. The Esquimaux are also hospitable, and very happy. In their huts may be seen the women working and mending their clothes or lines; the children playing before the door; and the pot boiling over the blaze of a cheerful lamp. But with this happiness and content, they are fearful and superstitious. Their principal deity is Ayeirllaigo, a female, immensely tall, with only one eye, wearing a pig-tail reaching to her knee, so thick that it cannot be grasped with both hands. Some of the women act as priestesses, and pretend to hold converse with the goddess in the earth. The Esquimaux also believe in a god like a bear; and think that when they die they shall either go into inhospitable lands, where nothing is to be obtained, or else to happy shores, where seals and walruses are in abundance; and where deer are plentiful, and fish abound.

DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.



Towers, temples, palaces,
Flung from their deep foundations ; roof on roof
Crush'd horrible, and pile on pile, o'returned—

MALLET.

WHAT is beneath us ? Of what is the interior of the earth composed ? Is it a solid body ? Is it a mass of internal fire ? These, and many other inquiries, seem to rush into our thoughts, when we would investigate the earth's structure.

It is very clear that vast masses of fire have formerly, and do still, exist beneath the earth's crust, and with them, immense volumes of elastic gases; and, these occasionally belch forth, to the great disquietude of the earth itself, and to the destruction of her countries and cities.

Earthquakes are among the most wonderful of phenomena; they occur in every part of the globe, and perhaps there is scarcely a day passes but some part of the earth feels these shocks. What they are occasioned by is accounted for in various ways: some would ascribe them to water; others, to fire; others again, to air. Each of these powerful agents being suffered to operate in the interior of the earth, which they assert to abound everywhere with high subterraneous caverns, drains, and canals; some filled with water; others with gaseous exhalations; and others replete with various substances; such as nitre, saltpetre, and sulphur. The more modern opinion refers these phenomena to electricity.

But, to whatever agents they may be ascribed, earthquakes are both common and terrible, and present a fearful effect of the combined action of earth, air, fire, and water. Previous to the percussion, rumbling sounds are generally heard underneath: sometimes, a violent agitation of the sea, and death-like stillness of the air: often, a spouting up of water to a great height; then a rocking of the earth; then a rising of it; and, lastly, a great outbreak, either from the top of a mountain, called a volcano, or from the surface of the earth itself.

The most remarkable earthquake, in ancient time, was described by Pliny, in his *Natural History*. Among the most extensive of these was one by which thirty cities in Asia Minor were swallowed up in

one night. Another, which succeeded, shook the greater part of Italy. But the destruction of Pompeii, Stabiae, and Herculaneum, by the dreadful eruption of Mount Vesuvius, in the reign of Titus. This eruption happened in the 79th year after Christ.

About thirty-eight eruptions of Vesuvius, are recorded in history up to the year 1806. That of 1794, which happened on the 15th of June, was announced by the shock of an earthquake, which was felt distinctly at Naples. At the same moment, a fountain of bright fire, attended with a very black smoke, and a loud report, was seen to issue and rise to a considerable height, from about the middle of the cone of Vesuvius. It was succeeded by other fountains, fifteen of which



were counted, all in a direct line; leading for the space of a mile and a half downwards, towards the towns of Resina and Torre del Greco. This fiery scene, this great operation of nature, was accompanied by

the loudest thunder, resembling artillery: sometimes the earth opened and shut; at other times, large cracks and dykes were left, such as you see in the cut, fearful indeed to look at when the earthquake was over. Another eruption more resembled that of the ascent of a large flight of rockets. The sky was obscured, all was dark; the inhabitants of Naples, paralysed. Then thousands fell down on their knees in prayer; processions paraded the streets; saints and images were invoked; but all to no purpose, for the terrible devastation spread; and lava, which flowed from several new mouths in the mountain, reached the sea; after having overwhelmed, burnt, and destroyed, the greater part of Torre del Greco, through the centre of which it took its course: this town contained about 18,000 inhabitants, all of whom escaped, with the exception of about fifteen, but all the goods and furniture were destroyed.



The great eruption of 1805, happened on the 12th of August, within a day of that of the preceding year. The lava, took also, a similar

course towards the sea, carrying everything before it, and nothing was to be seen or heard for a great extent of shore, beside the boiling and hissing arising from the conflict of the water and fire.

After lying for upwards of 1800 years buried in the earth, the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were discovered about the beginning of last century, through the digging of a well. The labourers, after having dug through the lava, came to a stratum of dry mud ; and having discerned below this three female statues, in perfect preservation, orders were given to make further search ; and the excavators came at once to the theatre, and then to the whole city. The forum, the streets, the houses, the shops, everything, in the state in which it had been left by the inhabitants, during the dreadful calamity : and a great and rich town, after lying for nearly two thousand years in a deep grave, was once more brought to be shone upon by the sun.

One of the objects of most interest, was a shop where liquors were sold, and the marble table within, which bears the marks of the cups of the drinkers. Next to this is a baker's, with the bread already in the oven. One of the houses belonging to a statuary, exhibited specimens of his art ; another, to a surgeon. In more than one of the large private houses the wine was found in the cellars ; and in one, the butler, with his keys, was found. In one of the streets, a skeleton was found, in the stocks. Soldiers in their guard-houses, and even children, who could not be rescued, with their playthings. Before a house, a little out of the way, was found a man's skeleton, with a dish in his hand, and as he wore on his finger a ring, he is supposed to have been master of the house : several skeletons were found around him, with the things they were carrying away still in their hands.

So sudden was this dreadful calamity, that numbers had no time for escape: among the rest, Pliny himself fell a victim, He fled, with others; but returning, to have a nearer view of the sublime-spectacle, he was suffocated by the smoke and ashes.

Such are some of the effects of earthquakes and volcanoes. At some other time, I may say a few more words on this subject.



TO SOME CHILDREN LISTENING TO A LARK.

SEE the lark prunes his active wings,
 Rises to heaven, and soars and sings.
 His morning hymns, his mid-day lays,
 Are one continued song of praise.
 He speaks his Maker all he can,
 And shames the silent tongue of man.

When the declining orb of light
 Reminds him of approaching night,
 His warbling vespers swell his breast,
 And as he sings he sinks to rest.

Shall birds instructive lessons teach,
 And we be deaf to what they preach ?

No ; ye dear nestlings of my heart !
 Go act the wiser songster's part,—
 Spurn your warm couch at early dawn,
 And with your God begin the morn.
 To Him your grateful tribute pay
 Through every period of the day :
 To Him your evening songs direct,
 His eye shall watch, his arm protect.
 Though darkness reigns, He's with you still ;
 Then sleep, my babes, and fear no ill.

TO A LITTLE CHILD.

FAIREST flower, all flowers excelling,
Which in Milton's page we see ;
Flowers of Eve's embower'd dwelling
Are, my fair one, types of thee.

Mark, my dearest, how the roses
Emulate thy damask cheek ;
How the bud its sweets discloses—
Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.

Lilies are by plain direction
Emblems of a double kind ;
Emblems of a fair complexion,
Emblems of a fairer mind.

But, dear child, both flowers and beauty
Blossom, fade, and die away ;
Then pursue good sense and duty,
Evergreens ! which ne'er decay.

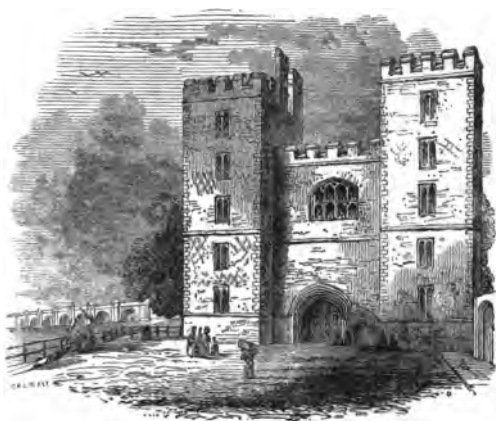
CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD ! happiest stage of life,
Free from care and free from strife ;
Free from Memory's ruthless reign,
Fraught with scenes of former pain ;
Free from Fancy's cruel skill,
Fabricating future ill ;
Time, when all that meets the view,
All can charm, for all is new,
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return !

Then to toss the circling ball,
Caught rebounding from the wall ;
Then the mimic ship to guide
Down the kennel's dirty tide ;
Then the hoop's revolving pace
Through the dusty street to chase ;
O what joy !—it once was mine.
Childhood, matchless boon of thine !
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return !

PARLEY'S WALKS ABOUT LONDON.

LAMBETH PALACE.



WALKING over Westminster Bridge, and turning to the right, among several boat-builders' houses, and the meaner ones of watermen and others engaged upon the Thames, I soon found myself at Lambeth Palace, which has for many centuries been the residence of the

archbishops of Canterbury. The manor belonged, originally, to the see of Rochester, to which it was granted before the Norman conquest, by a sister of Edward the Confessor; which ancient possession by that see is still commemorated, in the payment to the latter of two half-yearly sums of five marks of silver, in consideration of the lodging, fire-wood, forage, and other accommodations, which the bishops of Rochester had been accustomed to receive here, whenever they visited London.

The palace, as it now appears, is a very irregular but extensive pile; which has been much adorned and beautified by the present archbishop—one of the kindest, most amiable, and most exemplary of men. It now presents specimens of almost every style of architecture that has prevailed during the last 700 years. The most ancient part is the chapel, which is supposed to have been built towards the close of the 12th century. It consists of two apartments, divided by a richly ornamented screen, and measuring, together, seventy-two feet in length, by twenty-five in breadth, and in height thirty-two.

Another of the most remarkable portions of the edifice is the great hall. It was originally erected by Archbishop Chicheley, in the beginning of the reign of Henry VI.; but after the palace had been sold by the parliament, in the time of the Commonwealth, it was pulled down; but rebuilt in the site, and in close imitation of the former hall, by Archbishop Juxon. It spreads immediately behind the large towers in the cut. The gate-house there shown was erected by Cardinal Morton, about the year 1490; and is a very beautiful structure. In front of this gate, the archi-episcopal dole or alms is still distributed, every Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday, to thirty poor parishioners of Lambeth. Ten are served each day; among whom

are divided three stones of beef, ten pitchers of broth, five quartern loaves, and twenty pence in copper.

A highly valuable library of manuscripts, amounting to above 11,000, has been collected; and the place is adorned with some paintings and engraved portraits of all the archbishops from Worham to the present time; of the principal reformers; and of several eminent non-conformist ministers. In one of the windows is a figure representing St. Augustine; and in another, Archbishop Chichely. Here is preserved the shell of a tortoise, which was put into the garden by archbishop Laud, and killed by the negligence of the gardeners in 1757, 120 years afterwards.

But the most celebrated part of this palace, is a massive tower of stone, at the north-eastern wing, called the 'Lollards' Tower;' so called from its having been the place of confinement for the persecuted followers of Wickliffe. It is an ugly-looking place; and at the top is a room used for the purpose from whence it derives its name. It is a small apartment, wainscoted with oak, in which many broken sentences and initials are rudely carved; supposed to have been done with the knives of the unhappy prisoners. Large iron rings remain in the walls, mementos of the bigotry of former times.

But let us hope that bigotry is gone for ever from old England, and that nothing will occur to disturb the Church in its hold upon the affections of the people; for if this be lost, all is lost! To this alone is owing her present position as an instrument of good.

A VISIT TO A PRISON.



THERE are a great many sights to be seen in London, and I have taken my young friends to many of them ; but there is one which, although it cannot be said to afford much amusement, is still replete with instruction, namely, that of a prison ; and if my young friends will follow me, I will take them into one.

The prison represented in the engraving is that called the

Penitentiary. It is a large building, surrounded by high walls and a deep ditch ; and so disposed within, that prisoners are seldom able to escape. Upon giving my name at the entrance, and showing a card which I had procured from the Under Secretary of State, I was readily admitted ; and was at once struck with the difference between the old and new prison systems.

I remember, some years ago, on being admitted to view a country gaol, how I was shocked by the dejected and sickly appearance of the children, and by the damp, dusky, and horribly foul apartments in which they were confined : the gloomy aspect which the massy stone walls, and the windows, strongly grated with iron bars, gave the building, made me shudder. At every step I observed the malignant countenances of ferocious-looking men, who were walking in the court, with their slouched hats drawn over their brows ; and at every step the clanking of their chains resounded through the walls. I remember the first cell that I looked into was that of a debtor ; a low, arched apartment, the windows secured by massy iron bars let deeply into a strong stone frame, and intersected by others. Around a few embers, burning on the hearth, were seated, in profound silence, several emaciated, melancholy-looking men. In one corner, laid upon a little straw, was a man, apparently dying of the ague. Between the bars of the windows was squeezed the crown of an old hat ; beside it was fastened a slip of wood, with "Remember the poor Debtors," carved in rude characters upon it. In a cell close by it, and much the same in appearance, was confined a mixed multitude of persons of all ages ; boys of nine or ten years of age, apprentices, and young men, along with the aged and infirm who seemed tottering on the brink of the grave.

In a strong, vaulted place, sunk so far beneath the ground as to receive the light from a grating above, without fire, and, from the smallness of the aperture, almost without light, were confined those who had committed felonies. On looking through the grate, I could only discern some figures moving about; and I heard, mingling with the clanking of chains, singing and laughter,—oaths, imprecations, and blasphemies. This was the last receptacle of human misery and depravity but one.



That one, the last, was the condemned cell; in which persons were confined between the time that sentence of death is passed upon

them, and of its being carried into execution. It was a small room, in which there was no fire-place: the dim light that entered was a few straggling rays that, having passed the heavy atmosphere of the court, found their way through a narrow loop-hole, obscured by a double set of bars.

The cell was so dusky that I did not at first perceive that there was any one in it beside myself and my grandfather,—for it was he who took me to see this place. And well do I remember what a shudder I felt, as the massy oak door, studded with iron nails, grated on its hinges, as I heard the turnkey lock the door behind us, and replace bolt after bolt with a noise that echoed along the vaulted passages like thunder.

After remaining in the cell a few minutes, I found I could see more distinctly, and in a short time every object became visible. In one corner was seated a man, the sole occupant of the apartment; his heavy fetters were secured to an iron cramp let into the stonework of the wall: his elbows rested on his knees, and his face was buried in his hands. He did not seem to pay any attention to his visitors, or even to be conscious that any one was present. On my grandfather addressing him by name, the poor creature looked up. He was a good-looking man, about six and thirty, and appeared as if he had been in the sea-service; there was nothing of ferocity in his countenance: he had evidently been in tears, but he wiped them away hastily, as if ashamed of them.

On seeing my grandfather, he clasped his hands, a faint smile passed over his face for an instant; and he said, "This is kind, very kind of you, sir! may heaven show such kindness to you as you have shown to me." The man then added, "Is there any hope, sir?"

"Some," replied my grandfather; "but I must be told the whole of your eventful history, my poor man, even from the beginning of your career."

"Idleness! sir; Idleness! sir, is the root of the evil. Idleness has been my ruin. I was born of respectable parents, who earned a good living from a small farm of their own: but being of a weakly constitution, my mother would never let me do any work, nor let me go to school, lest sitting all day at my book should injure my health. From having nothing to do, I used to wander about with all the idle vagabonds of the town; and, for want of employment, we used to amuse ourselves by bird-nesting, setting traps for sparrows, and pilfering gardens. Thus I acquired such inveterate habits of idleness as nothing could subdue. When I grew older, my father found it impossible to make me work, and, therefore, bound me apprentice to a joiner; and a good situation I might have had, but I was so idle he could make nothing of me. And having run away twice, he gave me up my indentures, at the expiration of six months. I had wisdom enough to be sorry, and determined to be no longer idle. My father said to me, 'Idleness has lost you this place! Idleness is the root of all evil.'

"I was then very steady and diligent for about a month; at the end of which period I relapsed into my old habits, and time hanging heavy on my hands, I got into a way of frequenting public-houses, and gaming. My father now refused to support me, and to keep myself from starving, for my character was so bad that no one would employ me, I took to shooting game; but being discovered, I narrowly escaped transportation. My father visited me in prison; 'Jack,' said he, 'Idleness is the root of all evil.' On being liberated, I connected

myself with a set of men who obtained a livelihood by passing counterfeit money. I was again discovered, and should have been hanged, but his majesty being in want of sailors to go on a dangerous expedition, I was allowed to retrieve my character, if possible, on board a man-of-war.

“This was a kind of life I liked pretty well, and I conducted myself so much to the satisfaction of our captain, that on our return I was appointed to head a ‘press-gang’; but getting acquainted with some smugglers, I thought this an easier life, and therefore joined them. Before I had been a twelvemonth with them, we had a hard-fought engagement with a revenue cutter, and were boarded by them. Our captain was hung; and I, with some others, were sentenced to twelve months’ imprisonment, short allowance and hard labour. But even from this I did not learn that ‘Idleness is the root of all evil.’

“At the expiration of this term, I once more found myself at liberty. Destitute of funds and character, and wanting inclination to honest industry, I united myself to a gang of thieves; who, having broken into a house, were taken; and, as your honour knows, for this crime I am condemned to be hanged. My father often used to tell me, that ‘Idleness brought men to the gallows, since idleness is the root of all evil.’”

And my young friends, if they could visit prisons as I have done, would find ample corroboration of this fact. Prisons are not exactly what they were when I was a boy; for then all kinds of characters were mixed indiscriminately together; now, they are separated and classified. The young and new in crime are separated from the old and hardened; and means are being taken to reform all, by affording them something like education. But I hope none of my

young friends may require the terrors of prison to keep them in obedience to the laws of their country ; but that they will be excited to their duty towards their fellow-creatures by higher motives ; yet would I not have them forget the maxim that this story is intended to impress ; namely, that “ *Idleness is the root of all evil.* ”



SOMETHING ABOUT THE OSTRICH.



THESE birds are among the most remarkable of the feathered race, both for their vast size, and the swift motion on the ground which some of them possess, and for the fact that the whole of them, without exception, are destitute of flight; and in some of them, the wings are so

very small, as not to appear useful in any way. In Cuvier's arrangement they form the first family of *Echassières*, or stilt birds.

The ostriches are natives of Africa, of the adjoining parts of Asia, and of the dry places of South America and Australia. The bird of Australia, and that of South America, have, however, little resemblance to each other, and less to that of Africa. The New Zealand bird is perfectly unique, not resembling the others in anything, but in being wingless.

The ostrich of which a cut is given above (scientific phrase, *Struthio Camelus*), is one of the most celebrated of birds, and most marvellous things have been recorded of it, both by the ancients and moderns. It is the swiftest-footed of known animals: the one which lives most habitually in the desert, and is remarkable for its proneness to swallow a vast number of substances exceedingly hard of digestion. It was formerly believed that the ostrich could digest flint, iron, and even steel; but those who believed such stories had greater powers of digestion than even the ostrich.

The general appearance of this bird may be inferred from the cut. Its height is nearly eight feet, and it sometimes weighs as much as eighty pounds. The bill is grey, and black at the tip: the lower part of the neck and breast, the belly and back, are black, mottled with grey. The large plumes of the wings and of the tail are of a white colour, with remarkably flexible shafts and beautiful loose webs, of a silky texture, which have from time immemorial been used as ornaments in court and state dresses and in pageants. The intermediate parts of the skin of the bird are covered with soft down, which appears between the plumes.

The ostrich is thus a stately bird in its appearance, and majestic

in its gait, from the length of its legs, and the stretch and the bounding elasticity of its step. But, although it is one of the most gigantic birds in size, it is the most harmless and inoffensive of the whole race: it offers no voluntary attack upon any animal, and its fleetness is such, that no animal save man can master it in those open wastes which form its principal habitation. The eggs of the ostrich are contained in very strong shells, and they are of such dimensions, that a single one weighs about three pounds. It has often been said, that when the female ostrich lays her eggs, she abandons them to their fate, without giving herself any more concern about them; but this is not true. That the ostrich sometimes does leave her eggs and that the heat of the sun acting on the dry sand may, in such cases, assist in hatching them, is no doubt true. But even then, the ostrich, if there is only one in the locality, is never far away; and if an enemy ventures near them, it defends them with great bravery.

The ostrich is said to be a very stupid animal; but this is, again, not true. Those in the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, have exhibited great sagacity. We know little of the mental powers of animals. The ass and the goose are called stupid animals, but in their proper spheres are both tractable and cunning. Many little boys and girls are very silly in their remarks, and yet are called clever. More about ostriches another time.

THE OLD PHILOSOPHER AND HIS LITTLE PUPIL.



IN times, a long while ago, there lived among the mountains of Switzerland, a very old man, a recluse, who gave himself up entirely to meditation and prayer. He had been much in the world in his early days, and had been sickened with it. He had seen the wickedness of the human heart in all its degrees of villany, and retired, disgusted, to the mountains and the rocks, the floods and the water-

fals, to quiet his disturbed spirit; resolving, never again to enter the habitation of mankind, or to join the giddy throng. So, taking possession of a small hut, in the deepest recesses of a mountain glen, he gave himself up to study and reflection. For some months he found a pleasure in his solitude, but at last his heart seemed to soften, and he seemed to feel his loneliness; but having made a solemn vow never again to enter the world, he was still obliged to continue his solitude. But as the days passed away, they grew more and more irksome; and he, poor man, felt more and more melancholy. If he had been disgusted with the world, he now became heartily tired of its solitude; and felt, at times, almost tempted to cast himself headlong from some of the rocks into the valley beneath.

As he wandered forth one day, full of gloom, and very miserable, he saw, coming towards him, a fair-haired, blue-eyed little child, with a sweet smiling face, which he could not look on without emotion. The sunshine of that sweet smile fell on the old man's heart, and things that had lain withered and dead in him, seemed to bud forth afresh.

"Sure," said he, "this child is new from the hands of his Maker, and cannot be corrupt like men." So, instead of flying from him, as he always did when he had met other human beings, he ran towards him, as if drawn by a strange sympathy. The child seeing a venerable man with a long beard approaching him, was by no means afraid, but ran towards him, and said, "Grandfather, how do you do? are not you the good man of the mountains, who came to live in prayer? I have wandered to see you, for I have heard that you 'love God, and hate men.' But I thought people who loved God could not hate men.

"I love you, my little one," said the old man, stung to the very heart by this observation of the child.

"Then will you tell me something that I do not know? And if you will, I will come to you every day to hear you talk; for should you not have some one to talk to, you will lose the use of your tongue: and if you have not some one to love, you will lose the use of your heart."

"And that is true, again, my child," said the old man, heaving a deep sigh. "So come to me, and I will tell you all I know."

"I want to know a great many things," said the little child. "I want to know about the heavens and the earth, about birds, and beasts, and fishes, and plants, and trees, and flowers, and of everything I see: I know you can tell me, for I have heard that you know everything."

"Alas! alas!" said the old man, "I know only one thing; that is, that I know nothing."

"And who taught you this?" said the little child.

"Aye, true, who taught me? I had to learn a great deal before I found this out," said the old man.

"Well, then, tell me some of the things you learned before you knew this. Here is a rock; here is a flower; now tell me something about flowers," said the little child, plucking one.

"Aye, you want to know something about the science of botany?" said the old man.

"No!" said the little boy; "I do not want to know anything about science, I only want to know something about flowers."

"Botany," replied the old man, "is a charming thing; so every one says who has studied it, and so you will say and believe, before I

have done talking about it. You cannot climb a rock or mountain, or visit a glen, or walk even by the way-side, without passing many plants and flowers. Every one of these opens a world of wonder to those who study botany; while those who do not, often pass along, and can scarcely be said to see them, or if they do see them, they do not observe them. How much more innocent is the study of them, than of men. In flowers we see no evil dispositions, no craft, no cunning, no wickedness, no guile."

"Nor do we in the tables and chairs," said the little boy.

"Well, I am sure you love flowers for their own sake," continued the old man. "But do you love them only to look at their beautiful colours, to smell them, and to play with them; and then, when you have possessed them only a little while, perhaps to tear them to pieces?"

"Oh no!" said the little boy; "I could never wantonly destroy a flower."

"Am I then to begin to-day a lesson about flowers?" inquired the old man. "And will you listen to me and not get soon tired, and run away from me? Then, if you will listen, I will tell you about the study of trees, bushes, briars, vines, grapes, grains, weeds, and mosses, and more especially about their flowers. For, mosses that grow on the rough bark of high trees, and on rocks and old castle walls, have flowers on them as much as the rose-bush or the magnolia, only they are so small that you cannot see them with the naked eye: you must look closely at them through a magnifying glass, and then you can see hardly them."

"There are thirty thousand kinds of plants known in the world, and, of course, as many sorts of flowers. Now, there are millions and

millions of some of these kinds; and what an innumerable multitude of flowers there must be in the whole world."

"Let us walk into the woods; the wild-apple tree is not yet in full bloom, but the blossoms begin to appear: you see them in the buds, and the buds are just beginning to swell. They will open in a few days; and, then, O what a beautiful sight! Let us walk on.—See, almost every tree will blossom. There will be hundreds, and even thousands, on a single tree; and, on some large trees, tens of thousands.



"Go fetch me yonder blossom," said the old man to the wondering child. The child did as it was desired; and soon brought his preceptor a handful of flowers of various kinds.

"Here, then, we see various kinds of flowers. This is shaped like a star; this, like a butterfly; this, like a bee (it was the bee orchis);

this, like a fan; this, like a cup; this, like a bell; yet, all are beautiful. And their leaves, too, how curious and how beautiful."

"They are very pretty; and then they seem to grow so easily. How is it they grow? old man; pray tell me how flowers grow."

"To make you understand, I must tell you a little of the way in which animals grow, for they grow a little alike.

"The food which we eat, if it be good food, makes blood. The blood, soon after it is made, passes to the heart, which is hollow, and can hold a small portion of it. Then the heart drives it out with great force, and sends it to all parts of the body, to repair the wear and tear which is constantly going on in them; and it then goes back into the heart. Now, the hollow pipes which take the blood from the heart, called the great arteries, have some resemblance to the trunk of a tree; and the thousand veins, great and small, into which, they divide, resemble, very closely, the branches. So far, then, there is a resemblance; for water, or sap, gets into the roots of a tree; and then the root sends it, or some other vital power sends it, into all the branches, into the very smallest of them; and to all the leaves, flowers, and fruit. And this sap makes them all grow, just as the blood makes all the parts of animals grow. You have then to compare the heart of an animal with the root of a plant; and the great artery, which carries out the blood, with its numerous branches, to the trunk and branches of a tree.

"Of what use are plants to man? Our bread, and almost all our food, except meat, grows on vegetables; and we should have no meat without them, for animals feed on vegetables. We could have no houses finished but for trees, of which boards are made.

"Then plants have roots, which are to them what our stomachs

are to us; for by them they derive all the nutriment they receive. The roots also serve another purpose—they keep them fixed in the ground sufficiently firm to keep them from falling when the wind blows.

“Roots are different in various plants. There are, at least, four principal kinds, which are called branching roots, fibrous or spreading roots, spindle roots, and bulbous roots. The roots of trees are branching roots, and generally equal the branches in extent, or very nearly; and, what is more remarkable, when a large branch shoots out from a tree, on one side, a large root always shoots out on the other side, to support it.

“Then, as to the flowers themselves, if you look at a flower, you will find many curious parts in the blossom: those little slender filaments, with tufts upon their heads, are called stamens; the large protruding stem, with a knob at its end, is the pistil; and the dust you see scattered on it, is called the farina. Now all plants, or very nearly all, have these parts in the part we call the flower or blossom. By the arrangement of them and their number botanists have been able to divide flowers into various classes, so that any one can be readily found and named.

“There is one other particular about flowers which I ought to mention, it is their useful and medicinal properties. There is the poppy at the head of them; then the nightshade, the senna plant, rhubarb, camomile, hemlock, coltsfoot, and a thousand others, which relieve our pains in sickness, and cure diseases: and, therefore, my dear child,” continued the old man, with a benign look, “do not think lightly of flowers. There is none that can minister to a mind diseased; none that can take away the grief of an aching heart!”

and here the old man put his face within his hands, and wept. "Go now away my child," he continued, with eyes full of tears; "seek for me to-morrow by the mossy nook under the old rock, and we will talk again of something we shall see."

So the child withdrew, delighted with the old man's words, resolving to seek him again on the morrow.



WALKS ABOUT LONDON.

(Continued from p. 259.)

THE above is a representation of the New Post Office, as it is called ; being, however, not a very new building now. It is situated close to Cheapside, in St. Martin's-le-Grand, nearly in the heart of the city. The structure is of Portland stone. The façade in St. Martin's-le-Grand is the one shown in the engraving. Through the portico is the grand hall of the establishment : it is eighty feet long, and sixty wide. In the northern aisle, are the Inland, American, Ship Letter, and Newspaper offices ; and in the southern, the Foreign and London

Delivery Post offices, and Money Order office. Communicating with this vestibule, is the Inland office, eighty-eight feet long, fifty-six wide, and twenty-eight high; and, adjoining to this, the Letter Carriers'. The communication between the apartments of the north and south division is by a tunnel beneath the great hall. Since the



Penny Post has been established, a great deal more room has been required, and a great deal of machinery is used in the conveyance of letters from one part to the other of the building. The above is a view of the great hall. It is an amusing sight, just as the letter

box closes, which it does exactly as the clock strikes, to see the people running up to it to be in time. Generally a number of persons are congregated to see the fun, which is increased by those who come half-a-second or a second too late, amid the laughter of the bystanders.



Behind the Post Office is the Hall of the Goldsmiths' Company, a very splendid building, both within and without. The city companies, although branches of the general corporation, have each a distinct government, peculiar privileges, and liberties, granted to them by their respective charters. Most of them have separate halls for their place of meeting, either to transact business, or for their civil banquets; and each company has its master-warden, assistants, and other subordinate officers, for the general management of their affairs.

The companies of the city are nearly a hundred in number ; and, to the credit of the citizens constituting them, they never forget, in the midst of their abundance, the wants of others ; for very large sums are annually distributed by these companies for the poor and necessitous.

Making my way through some back streets, I soon came to the Bank, a view of the interior of which is given below. It is an extensive pile of buildings, and was raised by several architects.



The prevailing orders are the Doric and Corinthian. This is, above all others, the place to which most Englishmen pay their supremest

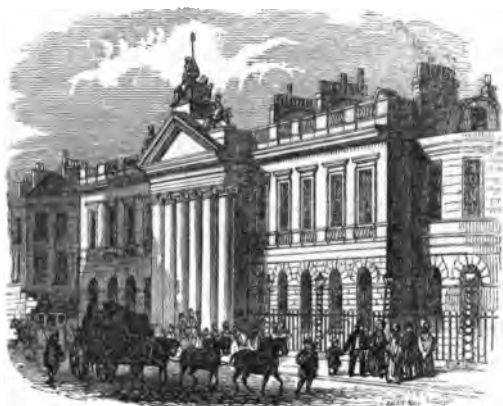
homage. It is the temple of the lovers of money. And one of the most amusing sights is to see the accountants, about the time of the paying of the dividends, going in and out, to receive them. Persons of all ranks, and some of the lowest grade of society, have money here, be it ever so little. I have frequently noticed persons among the lowest class of Irish, such as barrow-women, receiving their one, two, or three pounds' dividends for their half-year, when, to look at them, you would not think them worth a penny.

Passing along Threadneedle Street, I reached Bishopsgate Street, having a wish to see Crosby Hall, which is now restored. It is one



of the very few ancient edifices the city now possesses: indeed, the only one, I believe, which can now be pointed to as a sample of the

domestic manners of our forefathers; and, some time ago, a subscription was raised for the purpose of its restoration; and the building, once the temporary residence of Crookback Richard, is now converted into a literary establishment. I was taken over the whole building by Dr. Beal, one of the council, and was gratified at finding a very excellent library, reading and lecture room. The principle room is remarkable for its noble oaken or chestnut roof, divided, in the ancient style, into quadrangular compartments with pendants. It is justly regarded as a work of great skill and beauty.



The East India House, in Leadenhall Street, is another noble edifice, comprising the principal offices of the home establishment of

the East India Company. Here the courts are held, and the directors assemble to conduct the affairs of their extensive trade. Here, likewise, the sales of teas and other oriental produce are regularly carried on at stated periods. Within the eastern wing are the library and the museum; the former contains a great number of oriental manuscripts, many of which are adorned with historical and mythological drawings, executed in the most brilliant colours, and heightened with gold. One of the most curious is Tippoo Saib's copy of the Koran.

There are also shown many curiously sculptured representations of the heathen deities, together with inscribed bricks in the Persepolitan or nail-headed characters, from the banks of the Euphrates, and numerous other articles of interest from the countries forming the British Empire in the East Indies. Here are also many of the trophies taken at Seringapatam; particularly the standard of Tippoo Saib, the golden footstool of his throne, his velvet carpet, mantle, and several pieces of his armour; with many Chinese and Indian paintings. The whole is worthy of attention, and may be viewed by the public on certain days, and by an order from a director at any time.

The next public building worthy of attention, is the Custom House, situated in Lower Thames Street. Peter Parley saw the old one consumed by fire, in 1814, and a most fearful sight it was; for when the oil, turpentine, and other combustible stores burst from their casks, they ran into the river, and floated on the top of the water, igniting by some of the fire-flakes that fell into it. "The Thames was on fire," and the flames ran among the shipping.

The present structure is a noble building, but, unfortunately, soon after its erection, part of the interior fell in, owing to the insecurity

of the foundation, which was repaired only at a great expense; but now everything seems firm and secure, except the customs themselves, which are every day falling into disuse, and which will, in due time, be entirely abolished. We subjoin a view of the Custom House as seen from the river Thames.



Another noble building is the Mint, situated on Tower Hill. It was erected by Mr. Smirke, with extensive offices and buildings for the business of coining. It is arranged in three stories, and consists of a centre and wings; the former decorated with columns and a pediment displaying the British arms.

I was kindly taken over the whole of the building, and was shown the whole process of coining, which is exceedingly curious, and well

worthy attention; and if you will read my "Everyday Knowledge," just published, you will easily understand it. The following is a representation of it.



On the other side of Tower Hill is the Trinity House, having a fine site: and not a great way from it is the spot upon which traitors used to be beheaded. Tower Hill itself is full of old associations, for here some of the most memorable events in history have taken place. On the east side, nearly opposite the end of the Trinity House, is an avenue, and at the bottom of it is a part of the city wall still standing, being the only part that I know of at the present time. It is an interesting relic, and I would advise my young friends by no means to lose an opportunity of seeing it.

THE SILKWORM.

WRITTEN FOR PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

THERE is no form upon the earth
 That bears the mighty Maker's seal,
 But has some charm to draw this forth—
 We need but hearts to feel.

I saw a fair young girl—her face
 Was sweet as dreams of cherish'd friend—
 Just at the age when childhood's grace
 And maiden's often blend.

A silkworm in her hand she laid;
 Not fear nor e'en disgust was stirr'd,
 While gaily with her charge she play'd
 As 'twere a nestling bird.

She raised it to her dimpled cheek,
 And let it rest and revel there.
 O why for outward beauty seek?
 Love makes its fav'rites fair.

That worm!—I should have sunk in truth,
 To feel the reptile o'er me move;
 Yet, loved by innocence and truth,
 I deem'd it worthy love.

Would we, I thought, the mind imbue,
In early life, with sympathies,
Then every harmless thing we'd view
As creatures form'd to please.

And, when with youthfulness combined,
Give them our love and gentle care,
O we might have a world as kind
As God has made it fair.

There is no form upon our earth
Bearing the mighty Maker's seal,
But has some charm to draw this forth—
We need but hearts to feel.

FANNY.



THE CHILD AND THE HERMIT.

THE OLD HERMIT TELLS THE CHILD ABOUT THE SUN, MOON AND STARS,
AND MANY OTHER THINGS.



As the child continued his visits to the hermit and philosopher, he every day loved him more and more ; and on one very fine night, when the beautiful soft moon shed her light upon everything, and the stars were almost eclipsed by it, the child and the old man walked forth.

"How beautiful is night!" said the old man. "How it softens the heart, and sends the soul upwards upon wings of love. Look at yon slowly rising moon, how stately she comes forth, and what a benign light she throws upon everything around."

"Ah," said the little child, "do tell me something about the sun, the moon and the stars, for I love to hear of such things."

"The sun, my dear child," replied the old man, "is an immense globe, the source of light and heat, to which we owe the changes of the seasons, the growth of vegetables, and the production of everything desirable for man.

"By the planets are meant those untwinkling stars that revolve round the sun. Here," said he, pointing with his finger towards the heavens, "lie three of them; that red-looking, fiery star, is called Mars, of whom the poet says:—

MARS.

WITH a burning brow, and a blood-shot eye,
Fiery Mars essays to shine;
And he looks like a king in the eastern sky,
Or a monarch flush'd with wine.

I've seen him rise with a warlike charm
O'er the ocean's glimmering flood,
Till his deep'ning ray, like a soldier's arm,
Has ting'd each wave with blood.

They say thy looks are from storm and cloud,
That round thy aspect roll:
'Tis thus that the passions of life enshroud
The brightness of the soul.

“Yes, my child, the clouds and glooms of the heart often disfigure the countenance; and I have often thought that the flushed face of the planet indicated clouds and storms about him. But how different in appearance is the next beautiful planet, far towards the west. This is Venus; her light is soft, and yet powerful. There is a little piece of poetry that I must relate to you, about this planet, which I like exceedingly.

TO VENUS.

BLEND'ST thou not with the evening hymn,
Fair orb of night;
Throw'st thou not on the vapour dim
A holy light;
Com'st thou not in the morning's dew,
With sparkling eye,
While the gaysome lark is warbling through
The blushing sky.

Peace to the heart that lov'st at morn,
Beneath thy ray,
From earth and human gaze withdrawn,
To kneel and pray.
Peace to the breast that lov'st to raise,
At gentle even,
Amid thy soft and tranquil blaze,
Its thoughts to heav'n.

“There are seven planets, whose names are Mercury, Venus, The Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and the Georgium Sidus, or

Herschel, with four asteroids or minor planets, Vesta, Juno, Ceres, and Pallas; and a new one has very recently been discovered, which will be shortly added to the system, when its period and time of revolution have been calculated.

“Then, beside these planets, there is the beautiful moon, and other moving bodies, called comets, a kind of planet, belonging to our system, and revolving round the sun at very distant periods; these generally appear with long streaming exhalations, proceeding from their bodies, called tails, thrown in an opposite direction to the sun; but their real use and nature remain unknown.

“The sun, the ever glorious sun, is the centre of a vast system of earths or globes like the earth, all of which move round his body at immense distances, in periods which include the various seasons to each, and therefore a year to each. The sun attracts them all, while the laws of motion give them a tendency to go forward in a straight line, and so nicely are these two powers balanced, that they counteract each other, and in consequence, the planets move round the sun in an orbit which is nearly circular. The sun has been considered as a globe of pure fire, but it is, probably, an inhabited world. It is one million times larger than the earth.”

“Wonderful, wonderful!” said the little child. “How I should like to go to the sun and live there; it must be a delightful place, all glory and light. But, dear father, what are the stars?”

“The twinkling stars, of which you see so many of a clear evening, do not belong to our solar system, but are, themselves, so many suns to other systems like ours. Each star is supposed to be the centre of its own system, and to have planets, moons, and comets, moving round it, at immense distances, like those of our solar system. They

are called fixed stars, because they never appear to move; and are so distant, that although the orbit of the earth is 95,000,000, or 190,000,000 of miles across, and we are 190,000,000 of miles nearer to some stars at one time than we are at another time, yet these stars always appear in the same places. The distance of the nearest fixed stars cannot be less than 32,000,000,000,000 of miles, and they are all of them, doubtless, as far distant from each other. They appear to fill infinite space, in shoals of vast systems of stars, and our sun is supposed to be one of that amazing shoal of stars, whose myriads form that bright cloud of light called the 'milky way.'

"But all the stars that decorate the skies, the increasing, and still increasing myriads which the most powerful telescopes have discovered, are but a spot, speck, or mere point, in comparison with the unfathomed infinity which lies beyond them. Consider, my child, the whole of them, what they really are. Consider the millions whose light has not yet had time to reach our earth, through the immensity of their distance. But conceive them all but as a few particles of dust floating upon the sunbeams, a handful of sand taken from the sea-shore, or as a single drop of water in the sea, when put in comparison with that Eternal Spirit, whose love at first created, and still guides and sustains, the whole in their rapid courses, calm, regular, and harmonious; and who, from this immeasurable height of majesty and glory, looking down upon the heart of a little child, communes with it, and shines within it, as shine the sun-beams in a drop of dew."

"Aye, this is more glorious than the sun and moon!" said the child.

"Lay it deeply to thy heart!" replied the philosopher; and taking

the little child's hands within his own, he led him to the door of a little sanctuary, and then kneeling, he put up a solemn prayer to



the great Author of the universe; and, having so done, kissed his little pupil, and bade him depart.

So the child slowly wended his way towards his own dwelling.



BIRD CATCHING IN THE SHETLAND ISLES.

ABOUT fifteen leagues north-east of the Orkney Islands, are the Shetland. They are about eighty-six in number, of which forty are inhabited. The others are small holms or rocky islets only used for pasturage. The principal inhabited islands are, the Mainland, with the capital Lerwick, Yell, Unst, Wallsey, Fitlar and Brassa. The climate is not agreeable, the winds are tempestuous, and the rains heavy. The sea rages and swells in such a manner, that for five or six months the ports are inaccessible. There is a great diversity of soil. The general appearance is a scene of ruggedness and sterility: some patches of miserably cultivated soil relieve the eye of the traveller, but no tree or shrub is to be seen. The western parts are particularly wild, dreary, and desolate, consisting of grey rocks, stagnant marshes and pools, broken and precipitous coasts, excavated by the sea into vast natural arches and deep caverns; and the inhabitants live among these rugged rocks, and support themselves either by fishing or bird-catching.

One of the most important tribe of birds, which hold common right with man, in these districts, are the skuas (*Lestres*), commonly called gulls by the ignorant, but yet very distinct from them, both in their structure and habits. In their breeding places, in the Shetland, the larger ones repel all intruders with great resolution, and are formidable even to man himself. In this they differ from all other sea-birds, many of which are very clamorous when their nesting places are invaded; as, for instance, gannets, cormorants, and all the species of rock-building gulls. With these, however, it is all clamour, but the larger skuas can make formidable attacks, and their numbers overcome the sea-eagles themselves. Indeed, in Orkney and Shetland, where they are called by some 'sea eagles' and various other formidable names, they are accused of attacking lambs, rabbits, and other animals.

The skuas breed both on the moors and in the rocks, and some of them are on the alert at all times, ready to give notice of the appearance of an enemy. No sooner is the signal of danger given, than it is answered by the sound of a hundred wings, and the skuas immediately surround the intruder, and drive at him on all sides: they shoot themselves like javelins at the enemy, and, from their weight, the strength of their make, the firmness of their bill, and the rapidity of their flight—a single stroke taking effect would kill a child—even man himself does not visit the habitations of these birds without danger, because they attack him as readily as any other enemy; and it is customary to guard against them by a sharp-pointed stick, or one with an iron spike, rising above the head, upon which the birds are said to descend and transfix themselves.

So much for the wild birds of Shetland; and now a word or two

ght
ed
air
be
d-
t-
s
s
t

Of course this is a task of great hazard, and not unfrequently accidents, truly distressing, occur. In the present instance, I have to relate one of a somewhat extraordinary character.

Old Kirwan and his son set out about mid-day to a promontory about three miles from their dwelling, called "Lion's Head Pike," from the bold face of the rock in some degree resembling the head of a lion. It is a high rugged rock, which juts out about a half-mile into the sea, and is nearly perpendicular above it: at low-water there is but a very narrow beach below; at half-tide the sea washes the base of the rocks, and from this to high-water, and for some time afterwards, the whole of the space underneath is covered by the sea, to the depth of twenty or thirty feet, so that it is quite impossible to walk on the beach or to pass round the rock, except at low-water.

The father and son having reached the scene of their labours, the crowbar was speedily driven into the head of the cliff, and the rope lowered. Old Kirwan as speedily descended, and Edmund stood leaning over the top of the cliff, watching his father as he put his hands into the holes, and rejoiced amazingly every time he heard his father say "here they are boy," and reach the eggs forth to put them into his basket. It was Edmund's place to hoot and halloo as loud as he could, to drive away the birds, who by no means liked this violation of their territory. The smaller gulls contented themselves with making an uproar; but the larger ones, the skuas, fell upon him with great fierceness. The old man had been used to these attacks, and succeeded in giving a few of the boldest a rap on the head, which toppled them down the rocks below; but with one of a more gigantic size, he seemed to have no little annoyance, and becoming irritated at this bird's constant attack upon him, he lost his temper, and after

losing his temper, as is often the case, he lost his balance, and, by a strange mishap, tumbled over the cross stick that supported him, down the sides of the cliff, on to the beach, where he lay apparently dead.

Edmund beheld the catastrophe from the top of the rock with a wild scream, which was answered by a thousand birds, on every side, who seemed conscious of the destruction of the invader of their homes, and appeared to rejoice over it. The poor boy, for awhile, stood aghast and paralyzed, but calling to mind his father's oft-taught precepts, "to trust in God in the hour of danger," and "bestir himself like a man," he, young as he was, immediately resolved to descend after his parent; and so lengthening the line till it reached the place where his father's body lay still and motionless, he took his long staff in his hand, and swung off to the rescue. As soon, however, as the courageous child had descended about half-way, the birds came upon him thickly and furiously, and he had sturdy work to beat them off with his staff; some of the more ferocious of them swooped with their whole strength in his face; and others fixed their talons in his hair, till the blood began to stream: but still he buffeted bravely, and after a little time reached the spot where his parent lay, to all appearance, dead; while the sea, then rising with all the fury of a strong gale upon it, threatened, on the turning of the tide, to overwhelm him for ever. Edmund called "father! father!" many times, but could obtain no answer: "my father," he said, "is dead," and burst into a flood of tears.

What was he to do? His home was three miles off; before he could reach it the tide would arise, and if a spark of life should be remaining, would extinguish it for ever. "Alas, alas!" cried Edmund, and sat down by the side of the body, overwhelmed with grief.

But he was soon aroused from his stupor by the roaring of the sea, which now began to lash the beach more furiously, and appeared rising with rapid strides towards the place where the old man was stretched. Edmund looked up wildly towards the cliff; there was nothing to be seen but their black and beetling brows above them, and a thick mirky sky, with portentous clouds; nothing to be heard, but the wild screams of the thousand birds, which seemed to scream in triumph and defiance, and the howling sea, which, like some ravenous animal, appeared ready to devour them. Edmund looked up wildly, and then threw himself upon his knees, and prayed to God to deliver him.

His father still lay senseless on the beach; he, however, breathed; he was not dead. But how to remove him from the sea, which every moment rose nearer and nearer, he knew not. There was no time to go home for assistance, and it was impossible to draw him up the cliff. What was to be done?

There seemed no hope left. Edmund strained his eyes over the sea, and at last thought he saw, far in the distance, a sail; it was so, and it was standing towards the shore, at least seven miles off, but the boy's quickness of sight enabled him to distinguish that it was one of the fishing-boats of the island. He immediately climbed the rope to the top of the cliff, and elevating his long pole, with his jacket upon it as a signal, stood waving it backwards and forwards for some time, the boat keeping her course; at last it tacked, and stood out to sea again. Edmund fell down in despair.

The wind now blew stronger and stronger, and the sea ran mountains high, dashing the spray up to the heavens in a sort of madness. The boat, so far off, still neared the beach; and presently tacked

again, and stood towards the shore. Edmund again erected his signal, and waved his hands, uttering frantic cries.

At last the boat came so near, that those in it plainly discovered the boy, and notwithstanding the fury of the sea, stood as close in as possible. At last they understood by his gestures that some disaster had happened, and risking all dangers, turned the boat's head to land, and dashed through the surf to the beach.

Two sailors immediately sprang out. Edmund descended the rope from the top of the cliff. His father was drawn up to a ledge of rocks beyond the reach of the sea, and after some cordial had been given him, revived; and was enabled, after a rest, to be taken into the boat, and the whole party made sail towards his home.

Thus was a father saved by the perseverance of his son. The lesson I wish to convey by this story, is "Never to despair, but always to trust in Providence;" and to remember, that "Man's extremity is God's opportunity."



WALKS ABOUT LONDON.

A WALK FROM THE WEST-END TO THE EAST.



THERE is much to be learned in the solitude of great cities. A very old friend of mine, Charles Lamb, used to love the cities before the country : “ Here,” said he, “ you walk amid the products of man’s mind, ingenuity, skill, taste, and power ; nothing is barren ; all tell

their tales of enterprise, of thought, of labour, and of perseverance,—more wonderful to me than the fields and the flowers.” Charles was a cockney, bred and born, and his fields were Covent Garden Market and Copenhagen; but there is, not the less, some truth in his saying.

Well, we are off. Here I stand, beneath the statue of Nelson,—the hero of a hundred victories. This tells the tale of England's supremacy by sea; to what deeds of daring does this statue bring us back?—Copenhagen, the Nile, and Trafalgar. Now, although old Peter Parley is a peaceable man, and does not like fighting, particularly on a *small* scale, yet he feels that there are times when men must defend themselves; and if ever there was an argument for fighting, it was when that great robber and murderer, Buonaparte, at the head of a banditti, plundered the states of Europe; and would have plundered us, burnt our cities, ruined our commerce, and destroyed our liberties, but for such men as Nelson and Wellington, and a thousand other heroes so numerous as not to be named. There he stands, with the loss of an eye and an arm, but a whole hero still, although only part of a man.

Close by him, under the rear, on horseback, is George IV., of whom the less said the better: and farther behind is the National Gallery, or collection of the works of ancient art, especially painting. A few years ago, London was the only capital in Europe not possessed of such an institution, and the foundation of it, one of the first results of peace. In the year 1823, the fine collection of Mr. Angerstein was, in consequence of his death, offered for sale, and government determined to avail itself of the opportunity to commence the formation of a public collection. In the choice of his pictures, Mr. Angerstein had availed himself of the judgment of the most distinguished

artists of his day,—of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and of Mr. West, in particular; and the collection, although not numerous, being of unquestionable excellence, was considered to be well calculated to form the nucleus of a national collection. And a grant of the public money, amounting to £57,000, was paid for thirty-eight pictures; and, since, double this sum has been set apart by the nation for carrying the object more fully into effect. But still it is not, and will not be, with-



out a great increase of national support, by any means worthy of this great country. I would, however, advise my young friends above all things to visit it, and they will see a great deal to delight them; for what the gallery wants in extensiveness, it makes up for in rarity; and as there is a greater number of fine pictures in England than in all Europe, bequests will, in course of time, add to its importance daily

Onwards to the east, the next building that attracts attention is that called Somerset House, in the Strand; a place chiefly devoted to government offices, connected with the navy and victualling department. Here, also, are the Government Schools of Design, by which young men are assisted in their studies and taught the principles of



art. The church seen in the street is that of St. Mary-le-Strand. Behind Somerset House is the River Thames, and from the terrace which projects over it, may be caught a glimpse of Hungerford Market and the new Suspension Bridge, both of which add greatly to the convenience of London. At Hungerford is a fish, meat, flower, fruit, and poultry market, where viands of every description may be purchased at very reasonable rates.

Waterloo Bridge may be regarded as one of the noblest structures of the kind in the world. It was commenced in 1811, and finished

June 18, 1816, when the Prince Regent, the Duke of Wellington, *Peter Parley*, and other distinguished persons were present. The style is plain, but noble, and the materials durable, being of granite. All the arches are elliptical, and of an equal size; and, consequently, the road over them is level. Each pier rests upon 320 piles, driven into the bed of the river; their length is about twenty feet. The whole length of the bridge is 1242 feet; the width of the carriage-road, 28 feet; and of each foot-path, 7 feet. The clear extent of water-way is 1080 feet.



Passing through Temple Bar, and leaving the Temple on the right, of which I have given you an account in a previous volume, we come

to the Church of St. Bride, Fleet Street; and soon afterwards to Bridge Street, Blackfriars, from which we have a view of another bridge, namely, that called 'Blackfriars' Bridge.' This was built by one Robert Mylne, between the years of 1769 and 1771, at an expense of £152,000: it has eight piers and nine elliptical arches; the centre arch is 100 feet wide. This bridge is situated at an equal



distance between the Southwark and Waterloo bridges, and its length is 995 feet. It commands a very beautiful view of St. Paul's Cathedral, including the Tower, Monument, and Southwark Bridge.

Southwark Bridge is constructed of iron, and is a most wonderful structure. It was built under the direction of Mr. Rennie, and consists of three wide arches, of 240 feet span. These arches are composed of cast-iron, but the piers and abutments are of stone, forming

together, the most stupendous bridge, of such compound materials, in the world. The centre arch of this bridge exceeds, in breadth, the celebrated iron bridge at Sunderland by 4 feet, and the Rialto, at Venice, by 150 feet. The weight of the iron alone is more than 5,308 tons.



The foundations of the piers are more than 12 feet below the bed of the river, and the bases of the immense timber piles, upon which these foundations rest, are $26\frac{1}{2}$ feet lower. Its cost was £800,000.

Another important edifice in the city, is Guildhall. It is situate in King Street, Cheapside, and is an extensive structure, partly ancient, and partly modern. It is the public hall of the City of London, in which are held the various courts, the meetings of the livery, to choose the members of parliament, the Lord Mayor, &c., and in which most of

the grand city entertainments are given. Guildhall was originally built in 1411, by subscription, and was twenty years in progress. Here is a picture of the outside of it.



The hall, in its interior, is very capacious: it will hold between six and seven thousand persons. It is 153 feet long, 48 broad, and 55 in height: the windows at each end are enriched with painted glass. In it are monuments to Lord Nelson, the Earl of Chatham, Mr. Pitt, and others. But its great lions are Gog and Magog,—two ancient gigantic figures, carved in wood; one of them holds a long staff, with a ball stuck with spikes, hanging to the end of it by a chain; they are supposed to represent a Saxon and a Briton. The principal apartment, next to the hall, is the council chamber, where the Lord Mayor and aldermen hold their meetings. It is decorated with some fine

paintings, most of which were presented to the city by Alderman Boydell; among them are 'The Death of Wat Tyler,' 'The Murder of David Rizzio,' and 'The Destruction of the Spanish Flotilla before Gibraltar,' in 1782. Altogether, the hall is well worth seeing. Here is a picture of the inside.



THE WILD BOAR AND BOAR HUNTING.

THE common wild boar, which is considered to be the origin of the domestic hog, in all its varieties, is found in the temperate parts of Europe, Asia, and the northern parts of Africa. But the wild boar of southern and central Africa, is a very different animal, and a most ferocious one, too : when disturbed, it retreats ; and, more especially, when hunted, it is a very dangerous animal ; for, although it will not turn out of the way to give chase, yet it will, if brought to bay, or directly encountered during its flight, use its formidable tusks with great ferocity, and has been known to cut, with one stroke, quite through the fleshy part of a man's thigh.

The wild boar is all over of a blackish brown colour, sometimes brindled, by the brown being redder in one part than in another : there are very long and coarse bristles upon the spine, for almost its whole length, which become erect when the animal is aroused. The eyes are small, but fiery and glaring when the animal is excited ; and, at times, he goes forth, a complete desolator of the whole district, doing no small damage to the cultivated fields, both by rooting up

and by trampling down. There is an allusion to this in the beautiful parable of the vine, in the nineteenth Psalm, "The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it."



This is finely true to nature, even in the contrast of the mischief done by the two. The wild beast of the field devours, or simply eats: but the boar out of the wood, *wastes*, tramples down, and destroys.

The hunting of the boar is a favourite field-sport, but it is one attended with some danger. The male, when living apart, affords the most dashing sport. Common sporting dogs will not do, for strength and weight, not swiftness and address, are required; therefore the large mastiffs and bull-dogs are generally used.

When drawn from his lair, the boar does not run off, as it would find but little safety in flight; it stalks off, with glaring eyes, and if the dogs run in upon it before it is a little winded, it finishes them, one by one, with a single application of its tusks. Old boars are not quite so formidable as those of full growth, who can hold out longer, and thus fatigue the dogs more; and their tusks are sharper and straighter, and inflict more deadly wounds. The hunting of the wild boar, is, however, a subject which does not directly belong to natural history, yet I shall relate a few particulars of it.

The boar hunters in the German forests assemble in large parties, on horseback, with dogs of the largest size. When they have reached the deepest recesses of the woods, the dogs are put on the scent. As soon as a boar is turned up, he stands at bay; or if he does attempt at flight, it is only when the trees and underwood are so thick as to afford him a secure retreat. If he has this advantage on his side, he leads his pursuers a fine dance, as full of whirls as a quadrille, but by no means so pleasant; when he has succeeded in this manner for a time, and becomes hard pressed, he turns upon his pursuers. The dogs, who first come up, are treated with a little molar or tuskan hornpipe, and their ribs are sadly gored. The horsemen then come up, and fire at the animal with their guns, or attack him with spears. The boar then turns at the horses, throws them down, and sometimes rips up those who have fallen, whether horse or rider. Some of the

dismounted hunters attack him with their swords; some, with pistols; till, at last, *numbers* prevail against *unity*, and *skill* against *strength*, and the boar finds himself obliged to give up the contest and his breath at the same time. Bugles are then sounded; the animal is borne away in triumph, and Westphalia hams made of his legs.



THE KING AND THE YOUNG MAN.

A BIBLE STORY.



THERE was once a young man in the land of Israel, who was hated so much by the king, that he began to fear for his life; so he went and hid himself in the mountains. But, after some time, the king heard what mountain he was in, and he took three thousand of his best soldiers, and pursued him.

The part of the mountain where the young man was hid was so rough and craggy, and difficult to climb, that the king became, at length, very much fatigued; and finding a large cave, he lay down in it, he and his men, and he went to sleep.

It happened that the cave in which the king and his followers were sleeping, was the very cave in which the young man was hid. When he had reason to believe that his enemies were all fast asleep, he ventured out. Now was the time for him to have killed his enemy: he had only to raise his spear, and pierce through the king's heart, and that would, probably, have put an end to all his own troubles. But though hunted among the mountains like a deer, he was a good young man, and knew that it would not be right to gratify this passion of revenge, or raise his hand against his sovereign. So he went softly up to the sleeping king, and cut off the skirt of his garment, and then went away.

Presently, the king awoke, and came out of the cave. The young man now appeared at a distance, holding up the skirt of the garment which he had cut off, and telling him what he had done. Then he reasoned the case with the king, and tried to convince him how wrong he had done in pursuing and trying to hurt him. The king's life, he said, had been completely in his power, as every one could see, and he had not hurt him. The king was affected, even to tears: he saw, by the generous conduct of the young man, that he was in the wrong, and confessed at once his folly and wickedness. They now met each other in a friendly manner, and made an agreement to live in peace.

This, children, shows you the importance of forgiving your enemies, and that you may overcome them by kindness. This doctrine of for-

giving those who have done wrong to us, is one of the great doctrines of the Bible. In the New Testament, we are told to return good for evil: this is, indeed, hard to do; but when we have the spirit of God with us, all things are easy.



THE KING OF THE COMMONS.



Now I am upon the subject of kings, I cannot refrain from saying a few words upon one who was, perhaps, more or greater than any king ever was—Oliver Cromwell.

There was a vast difference between the meek and pious Edward and the fiery and turbulent Cromwell; but the meekness of the one; and the boldness of the other, were given for good purposes. You have heard that Edward VI. appeared with a Bible in his hand,—so

did Cromwell: the difference between the two was, that Cromwell had a Bible in one hand, and a sword in the other.

Cromwell was of a very respectable parentage; although his father was a brewer, he gave his son a good education, and sent him to Cambridge, where he studied with zeal:—no great man ever existed without application. The stories which attribute to Cromwell's early life dead-like habits, are without any foundation. At an early age he married, and was remarkable for his fervid piety.

When Cromwell was about forty years old, a storm was at hand, which was to shake the repose of England. The king, Charles I., wishing, like most of his predecessors, to have everything his own way, and to do as he liked, gave such offence to his people, who were now growing intelligent, and had a dislike to be trampled on by their superiors, that they determined to resist oppression. Cromwell, Hampden, Pym, and others, came forward at this period. The parliament took up arms against the king, and Cromwell was employed. His first exploit was to seize the University plate, in the name of God, to defray the expenses of the war.

The parliamentary forces and those of the king had many battles; in that of Marston Moor, Cromwell acted so bravely, as to be mainly instrumental in gaining the battle. Soon after this, the parliament, as it was called, but, in reality, a few members of the commons, who had been admitted to the house, while others had been excluded, voted the death of the king, and Charles I. was executed in front of the Banqueting House, at Whitehall; and Cromwell is said to have been a spectator of this murder, as he was a principal hand in it. He then went to Ireland, took Drogheda by storm, and put all the inhabitants to the sword; and, within six months, the royalist party

in Ireland was crushed. From Ireland he went to Scotland, beat the Scotch at Dunbar, and marched to Edinburgh, where Charles II. had been proclaimed king. He followed him into England, and defeated him at the battle of Worcester, September 3d, 1651.

A parliament, as it was called, had been in existence a long time : it determined, if possible, to get rid of Cromwell, now grown so popular. On a certain day, he went down to the house with a regiment of soldiers, and, starting up, accused the members severally, and by name, with the vilest crimes ; and, for the glory of God, and for the good of the nation, told them they were no longer a parliament, that the Lord had done with them ; and, calling in the soldiers, the members were put out : then ordering the doors to be locked, and putting the key in his pocket, he walked away without further ceremony. He then summoned a council of war, in which the officers chose a parliament of one hundred and twenty-eight persons, selected from the three kingdoms ; one of them had the name of ' Praise-God Barebones,' and the parliament went by his name.

Cromwell was soon proclaimed Protector of the Commonwealth, and, with his assistant council of twenty-one, governed the nation ; and it must, with truth, be said that he governed it well. He caused justice to prevail among the people, selected men of virtue and integrity for state officers, and sustained the honour of the country among foreign powers, who honoured and feared him. But still Cromwell was not happy—he felt the upbraidings of conscience ; he knew that he had done wrong—his life was embittered, and he died of a tertian ague, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. Yet his last words appeared to be those of one interceding with God for the people. Cromwell died, September 3d, 1658.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.



IN my "Walks about London," I have given an account of the Temple Church; I now propose to give an account of the Templars themselves. Above is a view of the Temple Church as it has been lately restored.

The Templars were a celebrated order of knights, which had its origin in the crusades and the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre from the Saracens. The knights took the vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience; and the different classes were knights, esquires, servitors, priests, chaplains, and clerks. All wore the badge of their order—a girdle of linen thread, to denote the vow of chastity. The knights wore, beside their armour, simple white cloaks, adorned with large blood-red crosses, to signify that they were to shed their blood in the service of the church.

The most important services of the Templars in the crusades, was at the time when Guy of Lusignan was king of Jerusalem, and Saladin, lord of Syria. In July 10th, 1187, he lay encamped near the Lake of Tiberias; and the Christians, with a large body of Templars, hastened to encounter him; and, in the plains, near that celebrated city, the two armies met in conflict. For a whole day the engagement was in suspense, and, at night, the Latins retired to some rocks, so desolate and barren of water that they suffered extremely. The heat of a Syrian summer's night was rendered doubly horrid, because the Saracens had set fire to some woods which surrounded the Christian camp. In the morning, the two armies were, for awhile, stationary; but with the rising sun, the Latins uttered their shout of war, the Turks answering by the clangor of their trumpets and alabals, and the fight began. The bishops and clergy were, according to custom, ministers of martial virtue. They ran through the ranks, cheering the soldiers of the church militant. The piece of the true cross, the great object of the crusades, was placed under a golden canopy, beside the sacred banner, and elevated upon a hill, whence it might be seen by the whole army. Round it the broken

squadrons of the crusaders continually rallied. But the Crescent had more numerous supporters than the Cross; and the innumerable hordes of the Asiatics came down again and again, to overwhelm them. Thousands fell—and the Christians were discomfited, and took to flight.

Thus ended the battle of Tiberias; the most fatal event that had befallen the kingdom of Jerusalem since its first foundation by Godfrey of Bouillon and his companions. It appears, from the best accounts, that not above a thousand men in all made their escape from that fatal field. "In beholding the number of the dead," says Ibn Alater, a Saracen writer, who was present, "one did not believe there were any prisoners; and, on looking at the prisoners, one scarcely believed there were any dead. I myself," he continues, "passed over the field of battle a year after, and saw the bones piled up in heaps, and others lying about in all directions, without counting those which the wild beasts and torrents had carried away to the mountains and valleys." Emadeddin, another observer, says, "I saw the most horrible spectacle;—who can describe it? I saw heads struck off, eyes put out or burst, corpses covered with dust, limbs dislocated, arms detached, bones cloven, necks cut through, backs broken, feet no longer attached to the leg, bodies parted in two, lips torn, foreheads riven. In beholding these countenances fastened to the earth, and covered with blood and wounds, I remembered the words of the Koran—'Oh that I were dust.'"

In the eyes of the Christians, the greatest misfortune in this day of disasters was the loss of the Holy Cross. It had been carried to the fight by the hands of the bishops of Acre and Lidda; but the bishops fell early in the day, and the cross itself was captured in one of the

charges of the Saracens, sometime before the surrender of the king. From that moment the crusaders considered all was lost.—The warriors of the Holy Land might be slain, and fresh knights and nobles flow into Palestine from the west—the king himself might be taken, and another, wiser and better, easily be found—but the True Cross was not to be replaced—the wood on which the Saviour was supposed to have suffered, the sign of their salvation, their gage of victory, the emblem of their highest and holiest hopes—was gone for ever ; and the hearts of the crusaders sunk within them.



When the battle was over, and the victory secure, Saladin caused the principal prisoners to be brought to his tent ; and seeing the intense thirst with which they were afflicted, he called for some iced water, and offered it to Guy, king of Jerusalem. That cup was doubly

welcome, for besides allaying his thirst, it gave him the assurance of safety,—the Mussulman never killing a prisoner to whom he has offered an act of hospitality. When the king had drunk, he handed the cup to Renault of Châtillon, but Saladin instantly exclaimed, in remembrance of some former treachery of this warrior, "It is not I who gave that wretch drink;" and then turning from the unhappy noble, with a frowning and terrible brow, he reproached him with his treacherous breach of the truce in regard to the Mussulman caravan, and offered him his life only upon the renunciation of his religion. "It is better to die," replied the prisoner; and Saladin, advancing, struck him with his scymitar. This was the signal for the emirs to dispatch him; and the body fell at the feet of the king of Jerusalem, who was seized with trembling at the sight. The sultan, however, bade him fear nothing: and thus ended the slaughter for that day.

The next evening was that of Sunday, and, at the hour of sunset, in cool blood, and with bitter determination, Saladin commanded the last act of the tragedy of Tiberias to take place. The Mussulman army was drawn up in battle array, the emirs of the sultan arranged in lines, on his right and left; and Saladin, seated in the midst, by the cool shores of the lake, ordered the Knights Templar, and the Hospitallers, the sworn and devoted enemies of Islamism, to be brought before him, with the exception of the grand master of the former order.

No longer moved by the fierce passions which animated him at the moment of the death of Renault of Châtillon, but deliberately perpetrating an act of blood-thirsty cruelty, under the impulse of religious fanaticism, Saladin, with a smiling face, ordered the emirs and prin-

cial persons around to strike off the heads of the prisoners one by one; while the rest of the army looked on upon the sanguinary deed with no feelings of horror or compassion, but with critical admiration of the dexterity displayed by the executioners.

The Christian world, however, heard of the devotion unto death which the martyrs of the Temple and Hospital had shown, with



tender reverence and sorrowful admiration; and the religious imagination of the age clothed their mortal remains with glory, and represented rays of celestial light as issuing from the corpses of those celebrated warriors for three nights, as they lay, unburied, by the

dark waters of Genesareth ; and angels are said to have comforted them in their dying hours.

Not satisfied with this cruel massacre, Saladin commanded the governor of Damascus to put to death all the knights of the Temple and Hospital who were already prisoners in that town ; an order which was executed with blood-thirsty fidelity. And his subjects in this city, equally sanguinary, slew all the Christians wherever they found them ; and, according to the testimony of one of their own writers, Abou Schameh, the freshly dissevered heads of Christian captives were piled up by the devout Mussulmans like melons, having been cut off in cold blood as an offering to their God of vengeance.

Obtaining new levies of troops, Saladin marched through the country, carrying fire and sword on every side to those who would not accept his terms ; and every part of the land between the country of Tripoli and the city of Jerusalem and Samaria, Cæsarea, Teferia, Caifa, and Neplouse, were captured ; while, on the other side, the Egyptian forces made themselves masters of Jaffa, Zabua, and other places. Saladin then advanced along the sea-shore, and laid siege to Ascalon, preparatory to an attack upon Jerusalem. After fourteen days' investiture, Ascalon submitted to the terms of the conqueror.

During these events, the state of the Christians of Palestine was more dreadful than can be conceived ; and the account of the abbot of Coggeshal causes the reader, even of the present day, to sympathise with the unfortunate inhabitants of the Holy Land, and to shudder at their fate. The ruthless and destroying hand of the Mussulman was carried into every village and hamlet. The men were slain wherever they were found, and the women and children carried away into captivity ; the whole land was covered with putrifying

corpses; the churches, the convents, and the chapels were burnt to the ground; flames of fire, cries of agony, and moans of regret rose up at once from the fair fields of Palestine; and the hearts of even the Mussulman writers themselves seem to have been struck with the sad spectacle they witnessed.

Marching from Ascalon with the whole force of his mighty army, preceded by clouds of light horsemen, and displaying all the pomp of eastern war, the sultan commenced his advance to Jerusalem, on Monday, the 21st of September, 1187. The first day he arrived at Beersheba; the second he paused at Bethlehem; and, on the third, his vast host looked down upon Jerusalem from the hills by which it is surrounded. Joy and satisfaction took possession of the Mussulmans, and shouts of gratulation rent the sky as they beheld the city, not less holy in their eyes than in the eyes of the Christians. At the same time, from the walls of Jerusalem might be seen the innumerable standards of the Mussulman host, yellow, white, and brown, their floating garments, their glittering arms, and their light Arabian chargers, amidst clouds of dust, which, to use the expression of an Arabian writer, who was present, Al Scuti, "turned the light of the morning into the twilight of night." But the resolution of the Christians did not give way before the sight. The cry in the city, according to the account of Al Scuti, was, "Beneath the sepulchre of the Lord we will die; and, by reason of the dread of its separation from us, we will be strong; from it we will procrastinate the evil day, and towards the relics of the city and the sepulchre will we hasten. Wherefore shall we not fight? Wherefore not do battle in this quarrel?"

But human weakness has its time of terror. The women and the children flocked into the churches, and cast themselves down before

the altars, stretching out their arms to God for help in that terrible hour of danger; and dismay, penitence, and remorse might also have a share in that devotion, for there can be no doubt but that the greatest wickedness had reigned in Jerusalem for many years.



The male population, however, flocked to the battlements; citizens, knights, men-at-arms, and even priests, and every effort was made to offer a vigorous resistance to the enemy. Machines for casting down stones and Greek fire, sheaves of arrows, heaps of battle-axes, swords, spears, and bucklers, were prepared; and the sounds of voices giving orders were confused by the thunder and lightning of their swords and arms.

Nine days were spent by Saladin, in reconnoitering the city and preparing for the attack. But repeated sallies were made by the

besieged, in one of which a principal Moslem leader was slain. The sultan first menaced the northern part of the city; but at that spot he could make no impression, his troops having the sun in their eyes during the whole of the first part of the day. After spending some time in fruitless and bloody combats, Saladin determined to change his point of attack, and occupied the high grounds in the neighbourhood of the fate of St. Stephen, and the Vale of Jehoshaphat, extending his position to the Mount of Olives, whence his military engines could cast missiles into all the neighbouring streets, except those which were arched over.

Such were the attempts of the Saracens against Jerusalem.



ELEPHANTS AND ELEPHANT HUNTING.

ELEPHANTS are extraordinary animals. When we see them in a cage, tamed, and walking about the streets, we naturally wonder how they are caught; and this I am now going to explain to my young readers.

The country from the Ganges, eastward, to the Mug Mountains, and from Chittagong, on the Bay of Bengal, northwards, to the Mountains of Anain, is remarkable for the humidity of its climate, and the luxuriance of its vegetation. It lies in the line of both monsoons, and the greater part of it consists of rich forests, with tangled undergrowth, and is, in every respect, the country of elephants.

In this country the herd of elephants is taken wholesale, by being driven down into a series of enclosures, called keddahs. They in general consist of three enclosures, formed of very strong blockades, on the outside of deep ditches; the third, or innermost enclosure, being, usually, the strongest of the three. It requires to be elephant-proof, because, when the animals get in, and find that they cannot get out, they become very furious.

Previously to an elephant hunt, some of the natives who know the woods, go forward to discover the herd. They sometimes proceed a

long way: when they are discovered, the keddah is constructed at a considerable distance, in front of them, but in the line of their advance, and, all things being made ready, they proceed to the capture.

About three hundred people now surround the herd. They divide themselves into parties, consisting generally of three men each, at the distance of about twenty or thirty yards from each other, and form an irregular circle, in which the elephants are enclosed; each party lighting a fire and clearing a footpath to the station that is next to him. The first circle being thus formed, the remainder of the day and night is spent in keeping watch by turns. Early next morning one man is detached from each station, to form another circle, in the direction in which they wish the elephants to advance.

When this is finished, the people stationed nearest to the new circle put out their fires, and file off to the right and left, to form the advanced party, leaving an opening for the herd to pass through, and by this movement both the old and new circles are joined, and form an oblong.

The people from behind now begin shouting, and making a noise with their rattles, drums, gongs, and trumpets, which causes the elephants to advance; and as soon as they are got within the new circle, the people close up, take their proper stations, and pass the remaining part of the day and night as before.

In the morning the same process is repeated; and in this manner the herd advances slowly in that direction in which they find themselves the least impeded by the noise and clamour of the hunters. To this clamour fires are added, which are made at various distances; and these the elephants always avoid.

As soon as the elephants have all entered the gateway of the

keddah, fires are lighted behind them, to prevent them from returning, as well as around the enclosure. By the same means they are urged into the second enclosure; but it is a more difficult task to get them into the third. This is accomplished by means of lighting enormous fires, and making hideous noises with drums and fire-arms, till at last, the poor animals finding no means of escape but in one direction, that of the snare, they enter it, and are what is called caught; that is, safe in the centre or last enclosure.

When the herd has continued a few days in the keddah, the door of the outlet is opened, into which some one of the elephants is enticed to enter, by having food first thrown before him, and then gradually drawn on further into the passage, till the elephant has advanced far enough to admit of the gates being shut. Above this wicker gate two men are stationed on a small scaffold, who throw down the food. When the elephant has passed beyond the floor, they give the signal to a man who from without shuts it by pulling a string, and then secures it by throwing two bars across each other, in the form of a letter X, and then two similar bars are thrown across others behind the door next to the keddah, so that the door is in the centre. For further security, horizontal bars are pushed across the outlet through the openings in the palisades, both before and behind these crosses, to prevent the possibility of the door being broken.

The outlet is so narrow, that an elephant cannot turn in it; but as soon as he hears the noise made by shutting the gate, he retreats backwards, and endeavours to force it; but this is useless, as it is strongly fastened. He now waxes savage, and beats his head against the bars, and stamps with rage. After he has fatigued himself in this manner, strong ropes with running nooses are laid down, and as

soon as he puts a foot within the noose, it is immediately drawn tight, and fastened to the palisade. When all his feet have been made fast, two men place themselves behind some bars that run across the passage, to prevent his kicking them, and, with great caution, tie his legs together, by passing a cord alternately from one to the other, like the figure 8, and then fastening these turns in the middle. A strong rope is now put twice round his body, close to his fore legs, like a girth, and tied behind his shoulders; then the long end is carried back close to his tail, and there fastened, after a couple more turns have been made round his body. Another cord is then fastened to the girth, and from thence carried under his tail, like a crupper, and brought forward and fastened by a turn or two to each of the girths, by which the whole is connected; and each turn of the cord seems to keep the rest in their places. After this, a strong rope is put round his back, and made fast on each side to the girth and crupper, so as to confine the motion of his thighs, and prevent his taking a full step. These smaller ropes being adjusted, a couple of large cables, with running nooses, are tied to the ropes on each side, and thus the elephant is secured.

After this, he is placed, in a half-bound position, between two elephants trained for the purpose; they soothe him, and play with him, and do everything in their power to reconcile him to his lot. When he has been under their tuition for a certain time, he is gradually liberated, and then becomes the slave of man.

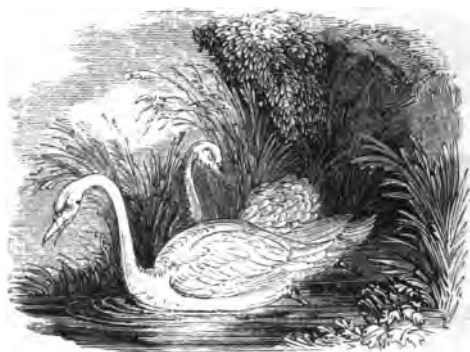
Elephants are very sagacious, and thousands of anecdotes may be related of them. The cut represents an elephant in a curious position. This was an elephant of Delhi, who, passing by a tailor's shop, put his trunk in; the tailor pricked it with the point of his needle. The

beast passed on. But, in coming to the next dirty pool of water, he filled his trunk with it, and returned, apparently in great wrath, back to the shop; where, upon arriving, he discharged the whole of the contents in the face of the poor Knight of the Needle.



W. C. ARMSTRONG

SOMETHING ABOUT THE SWAN—
WHITE AND BLACK.



BETWEEN the Bridge of Richmond and Twickenham Ait swans abound in all their glory. Before the beautiful town of Little Marble Hill you may sit and admire them. My friend John Holmes—unlike those protective gentlemen, who write up on boards, at various parts of the river, “You are requested not to land and *dine on the grass*,”

as if all men were asses, and lived upon fodder—not only offers no obstruction, but has provided seats in front of his delightful mansion,



for the accommodation of those who, in search of fish, or the picturesque, would make a brief sojourn in one of the sweetest spots in the world. Here, then, my young friends, is the place for swans. Here, morning, noon, and night, we see them sailing on the smooth surface of the water, or sometimes making their aerial flight to and fro; and I could advise nothing better than to take a trip by the railroad, and go to see them.

Swans belong to the sub-genus *Anas*. The form of them is well known. They live upon seeds, roots, and various plants which grow in the water; they are very hardy and long-lived animals, and their down, or under-plumage, so close and fine, that they are well adapted for remaining on the water for the greater part of their time. They build their nests upon the little islands in the middle of the river, above high-water mark, lay five or six eggs, and sit five or six weeks.

The cygnets, or young swans, are grey, and do not acquire their full plumage till the second year; and till then they usually keep in

company with each other, and with the old birds, and may be seen swimming, in long single files, behind them.

No birds are more, or, indeed, so much at home, on the surface of the water, as swans. Their size, and the closeness, and, at the same time, the lightness of their plumage, enables them to ride out during gusts and gales, in which few other birds can keep the surface; and the pure whiteness of their colour, together with the abundance and fineness of their down, render them very independent of the changes of temperature. One of their most conspicuous advantages is the



extent with which they use their wings in sailing along. The hand portion of the wing, that is, the portion from the wrist-joint, is that which they use upon these occasions; and as the wings are large, and concave, and the quills strong, they can go at a rapid pace before the

wind, without any exertion of their feet; and thus the wings of the swans, for going before the wind, are much more effective than any ship's sails can be.

So much for the common white swans; but there are also black swans—“*rara avis in terra.*” They are natives of Australia, and several may be seen in the Zoological Gardens, quite happy and contented; but the black swan is much more a tyrant in the water than the white swan. The whole plumage of this bird is black, with the exception of the first six quills, which are white. The bill, and a naked space round the eyes, are red. In this country the young are produced about the same time as those of the white swan: they are of a blackish ashen grey. As a curiosity, the black swan is all very well, the more especially that it was for such a length of time implicitly looked upon as the impossible bird, which was nowhere to be met with: but it has none of the beauty and grace of the white swan, which is the favourite bird of our ornamental rivers, and especially of the Thames. The black swans are those—alas! by no means rare birds—who croak from morn till night, “you sha’n’t look on *my* garden—you sha’n’t smell *my* flowers—you sha’n’t walk on *my* grass—you sha’n’t touch *my* railings—you sha’n’t hear *my* birds sing—that you *sha’n’t*, you *sha’n’t*. Hiss, hiss-ss, quack, quack, quack, hiss, hiss-ss.”

THE CHILD AND THE HERMIT.



THE next morning the child met the hermit coming through the hedges and bulrushes by the side of the river; and the old man looked upon the child with a smile. "Oh father!" said the child, "how pretty all things are about us; here are water-plants and beautiful flies; do tell me something about them."

"You know," said the hermit, "we talked about the great and good Being who made all these things."

"Yes, I know we did," said the boy; "and I want to hear more

about the good Spirit. Does He know all about little birds and every other creature? Does He always know where we are?"

"Yes, he knows where you are every moment, little boy; and it is He who makes you so happy."

"Does He know how pleasant this beautiful air is to me?" asked the child.

"He has made you capable of receiving pleasure from the balmy air, and he knows how much you love it. The good Spirit, that is, God, loves all he has made; He loves and takes care of all birds, insects, and flowers. He continually watches over every creature,



and blesses it. God is everywhere throughout creation; no spot is without his presence. You cannot breathe, or walk, or run, or speak, but He knows it still. Look at yon sea; every ship in it is under his care."

"But where is this great and good Spirit," asked the child.

"You cannot see Him, because He is a Spirit, any more than you can see the scent in the air; but still He is everywhere, and it is because He is everywhere that the flowers bloom and the birds fly. If the good God should go away and leave this world, no little bird or any other creature could live; they could not take care of themselves, or each other, as He can. Only the good God can take care of all, and cause all things to be so glorious and pleasant."

"I see a great many roses on the spreading bushes," said the child; "does He cause them to bloom, and give them such delicate colours?"

"Yes," said the hermit, "these roses are all the work of the good Spirit. Should he go away and take no more care of them, they would cease to bloom—they would droop and die."

"Could not little girls, whom I see so often watering the roses, cause them to bloom?"

"Oh no! little girls could never do this; only the good God can. He takes care of little girls also; and even they could not live a single moment without his care, any more than birds and flowers. The good Spirit is love. Do not you see yon shining insect, and the beautiful lamb at your side; He is the love and gentleness of the lamb, the glory in the sun, the beauty in the flower; all that you see, or ever can see, are the work of the good God, and He always watches over them and cares for their comfort."

"And does He love my mother, too?" inquired the little boy, for he often thought of his mother,

"Yes," replied the hermit, "He loves her also. Do you not see He has surrounded her with blessings?—your happy cot, your garden, your food. But her greatest joy is loving you. He is constantly

with her to give her this joy. He watches over her soul, which she cannot see, and He knows all that she thinks."



"Does the good Spirit know what mother thinks when she does not speak?" asked the child.

"Yes, He certainly knows every thought of her mind ; He needs not that she should utter them, for He knows every one as soon as it rises. If this good Spirit should leave her and take no more care of her, her mind would be all dark ; she would have no glad thoughts. As the delicate flower, when there is no dew or gentle rain to nourish it, fades and dries up, so also she would droop and die."

"Oh how much love there should be towards this good God, who shows so much love to us."

"Alas !" said the hermit ; "there is not in this world a return of love for love. Man too often returns the love of God by hatred ; he

hates his brother, he hates all things about him, and neither cares for nor puts his trust in the true God. God sees and knows this, and, instead of destroying wicked men and the whole world, for the wickedness that is in it, He bears with their wickedness from day to day—returns love and redemption for it.”

“What is redemption?” said the child.

“When the world was wickedest, God’s love was greatest; and He sent his only Son into the world to be a sacrifice for the sins of mankind, by which God might be reconciled to them. In the fullness of time Christ appeared. He took upon Him the form of man—was born in a stable—was an outcast and fugitive in his infancy—had not where to lay his head in his manhood,—and yet He went about doing good—healing the sick—giving sight to the blind—hearing to the deaf—feeding the poor—preaching the truth—raising the dead.”

“Then He was like God,” said the child.

“The Father and He were one,” replied the hermit; “and yet mankind received Him not. They believed not his word nor his works—they persecuted Him—one of his own disciples betrayed Him—another denied Him—He was scourged—buffeted and spit upon—crowned with thorns—taken from prison to judgment—brought back as a malefactor and crucified, by being nailed to the cross till He died,—and while on the cross He prayed for his murderers. Here is the emblem of his death,” said the hermit, raising the cross, which he held in his hand; “and by the sacrifice of his death we are saved.”

“But what must a little child do?” asked the boy.

“Jesus said, ‘Suffer little children to come unto me;’ and He took

them up in his arms and blessed them. He calls little children to Him, to believe in Him, to have faith in his name, and to keep his commandments."



"What are his commandments?" inquired the child.

"To love one another as God for Christ's sake loveth you," replied the hermit. "Everything resolves itself into love and faith."

"But why should man not love God? Why do they not? How is it they cannot love the Being who is so good."

"Because," replied the hermit, "there is an Evil One who dwells within the heart of man, who is at enmity with good. Evil is in the heart continually. This must be subdued: self-will, self-sufficiency, self-love, all must be taken away by God's Holy Spirit before we can love God."

"How shall I get my heart fit for God to dwell in it."

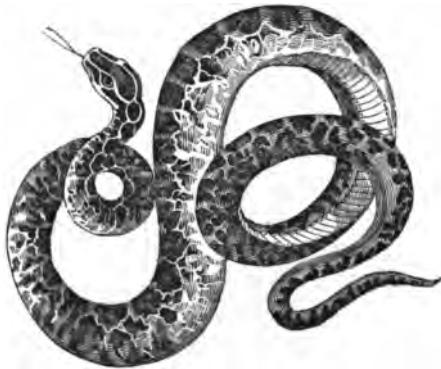
"Pray," said the hermit, "follow me to my cell, and we will pray,

my child. All things that are evil flee before prayer. Even the Evil One himself flies away at it. Come and pray, my child, to the Father of all mercies, in the name of his Son, and we shall have all that we desire."

So saying, the hermit led the child into his cell.



SOMETHING ABOUT THE BOA-CONSTRUCTOR.



THE serpents are a large family, both in natural history and in society. With those in society I would wish my young friends to have as little to do as possible; with those of natural history I would say a few words.

The boas are a genus of serpents which have no poison-fangs or other venomous apparatus, but who, nevertheless, are very powerful and crushing serpents, as they can very rapidly coil round you and give you a squeeze, so that your body and bones are crushed to

death. Like all serpents, they do not chew or masticate their food ; consequently, their jaws are capable of great distension, by which they are enabled to take it whole into the stomach. These formidable reptiles are found only in those parts of the world where the climate is hot and the vegetation rich and damp. The Malay Peninsula, the Oriental Isles, Brazil, Guinea, and tropical America, are the places for them. Here they are most abundant, and also the most to be found, for here they have all their nature in the highest perfection. The boa of the Zoological Gardens is a very different animal than he of the swamp and the desert, I can tell you.

When hungry or otherwise excited, these animals are very formidable ; their motions are so quick, and their strength in crushing so great, that it is very hazardous to approach them ; but when overcome by a full meal, a naked savage may, with impunity, go in on the most powerful, and knock him on the head with a club.

The way in which boa-constrictors seize their prey is as follows :— They generally lie in wait, coiled round the thick trunk of some high tree, by the side of the passage through a wood or swamp. When an unwary man or beast approaches, it suddenly darts forward, coils itself once or twice round its victim, and then, by the constringent power of its muscles, crushes it to death. The ribs, the backbone, and those of the shoulders and hips, form one mixed mass. The reptile then slavers its dead prey over with a slime proceeding from its mouth, and having licked it into a compact shape, slowly swallows it. The man lies for some time an undigested lump, in the creature's stomach, during which time it remains in a torpid state ; this gradually subsides, and in a few weeks the boa-constrictor is ready for another meal.

The times of the greatest activity of the boas, is after the rains, and during the subsidence of the floods, a season at which the places which are left bare are peculiarly pestilent: at these times they rage in all their strength, and death is the portion of the animal who comes within the line of their course. Here they are found, as I before said, with their long tails coiled round a tree, by the side of a pool or stream; at other times they are stretched round the sides of the lake, or on the water, where they look like floating trees. In these wastes, they are, however, useful in the economy of nature; and the philosopher sees, even in these, the goodness and providence of Almighty God.



THE MONKEY.

MONKEY !—little merry fellow—
Thou art nature's punchinello.
Look now at his odd grimaces ;—
Saw you e'er such comic faces ?

How you leaped and frisked about,
When upon the tree turned out ;
How you threw, in roguish mirth,
Rosy apples on the earth.

Then you sat, like judge sedate,
Looking quite a shallow pate.
Then asleep upon his bed,
With his arms beneath his head.

Yet he is not half asleep ;
See, he takes a sidelong peep.
Monkey, though your eyes are shut,
You can see this little nut.

You shall have it, pigmy brother.
What! another and another!
No, your cheeks are like a sack;
Sit down and begin to crack.

Here the little ancient man
Cracks as fast as crack he can.
Now, good-bye, you merry fellow,
Nature's primest punchinello.



TO 'LILLY,' A VERY LITTLE CHILD.

WRITTEN FOR PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

My little laughing, winsome thing,
 Why dost thou make the valley ring,
 And let thy voice, thus lightsome, fling
 Thy soul away?
 Sure, if thou had'st a single wing,
 Thou'dst quickly stray.

Whence hast thou stol'n that rosy hue,
 Those slight arched brows and eyes so blue,
 That golden hair, which backward flew
 When thou didst run?
 Sure Hope herself did thus endue
 Thee, little one.

Thy merry laugh I love to hear—
 'Tis music to my list'ning ear—
 'Tis Nature's self, without the fear
 That 'twill offend.
 Come laugh again; because I'm here
 Let it not end.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

(Concluded from p. 330.)



HAVING given you a view of the exterior of the Temple Church at page 321, I here present you with the interior view, as lately restored, exhibiting the magnificent tombs of the Templars. I now purpose concluding the account of that famous siege of Jerusalem.

The sufferings of the people of Jerusalem now became terrible ;— hemmed in on every side, with no postern which could give them exit to attack the enemy in the field, all that they could hope, was to defend the walls to the best of their power. But the very next day after this change of plan had taken place, twelve great machines were playing against the city ; and early in the morning the army of the Turks advanced to the assault in three columns, bearing banners before them, with the miners and men-at-arms in front, while the archers followed, commencing the attack by flights of arrows so thick, that not a man dared to remain on the walls. The abbot of Coggeshal was here struck by an arrow in the face ; and though the wood was withdrawn, the iron point of the weapon was buried in his face for life. The knights held a council over empty platters, and in a famished state.

In two days fifteen towers of the wall were mined, and it became clear that a practicable breach would soon be made, so that, there being no hope of succour from without, the place could not be considered as tenable. A hasty and anxious consultation of the chief persons of the city was again held, when all the knights, the men-at-arms, and even the citizens, agreed that it would be better to issue forth during the night and attack the camp of Saladin, sword in hand, than either to surrender the city or to await the attack of the infidels within the walls.

The patriarch Heraclius, however, represented to the inhabitants that, though they might die gloriously in such a daring enterprise, their wives and children would fall victims to Mahomedan cruelty ; and that, while they gave up life for the cross of Christ, those they loved best in this world would become slaves to the infidel, and fol-

lowers of Mahomed. At the same time he told them that there was treachery in the city among the Greek Christians, who had entered into a treaty with Saladin to deliver it into his hands, and even to aid in their massacre.



Nothing was then left but to capitulate, and no time was to be lost. A deputation was immediately sent to Saladin, asking what terms he would grant; but the sultan fiercely replied: "I will act towards the Christians as the Christians did towards the Mussulmans, when they took the Holy City. I will put the men to the sword, and of the rest I will make slaves; I will give them evil for evil."

This answer struck terror into the emissaries; but after Balian of Ibelin had endeavoured to move Saladin with prayers and entreaties without avail, the gallant knight adopted another tone, and addressed the Mahomedan conqueror in a speech every way remarkable, which has been preserved by the Arabian historians.

"Know, O Sultan," he said, "that within these walls the number is so infinite, that God alone can calculate it. The inhabitants wish not to wage a useless war, and they would not resist you, because you have exercised clemency to those who have submitted. They fear death and cling to life; but if death is inevitable, I swear by God who hears us, that we will kill our wives and our children, and burn up our wealth, not leaving you a bezant. You will find no women to bring into slavery—no men to cast into irons. We will destroy the holy places—we will slaughter the five thousand Mussulmans we have in our hands—and we will not leave a single living thing in the place besides ourselves. We will then go forth against you—we will fight as those who fight for life alone—and for one of us who perishes many of yours shall fall. We will die free, or we will triumph gloriously."

Saladin was struck with surprise, and, after a short consultation with his emirs, he consented to treat for the capitulation of the city. The terms were soon arranged. For all the ordinary classes of citizens, whether rich or poor, a ransom was agreed upon at the rate of ten pieces of gold for each man, five for each woman, and two for each child. Every one who could discharge the fixed sum for his ransom, was to go whithersoever he would. But forty days were left for the remainder to procure the money, and those who could not do so at the expiration of that term were to become prisoners. Eighteen

thousand souls, however, were exempted from these conditions, as the most noted poor of the city; and, for the redemption of these, Balian of Ibelin generously offered himself to pay thirty thousand pieces of gold.

These conditions being arranged, and the treaty signed, the gates



of Jerusalem were thrown open to the sultan, and the Crescent was planted on the walls on the 2d October, 1187. Joy spread through

the whole of Islamism at the news. The sultan afterwards turned his arms against the few places which held out in the kingdom of Jerusalem, and to the conquest of the other Christian principalities in Syria; but the fall of Jerusalem is the event which gave rise to another effort of Christian Europe at the succession of Richard I. to the throne of England.



THE BOY KING.



My young readers will not be surprised to know that there has been in England, once at least, a "boy king," and that boy king was, if not the very best of all the kings, at least, one of the very best.

I am sorry to say that kings in general, have not been particular instances of extreme goodness, but rather of extreme wickedness. Thanks be to God we have a good and virtuous queen now, and have great reason to be thankful, not only for our good queen, but also for good laws and good rulers.

Edward VI. was, at his accession, little more than nine years old. He was the son of Henry VIII., and his mother was Jane Seymour. His disposition was very docile; he was sweet tempered, gentle and forgiving; was given to study, and fond of the learning of ancient times; above all things, he had a rooted regard to the Protestant religion, which he encouraged in every way he could. He read and studied the Holy Scriptures daily, and promised his council that he would make God's holy word the rule of his life and conduct.

In those days the people of England were sorely divided in religious matters, and, what was worse than even this, diverse was the means each party of religionists, both Protestant and Catholic, made use of, to convince each other of their errors. Would you believe it, my young friends, that in those times, when men knew a very great deal, and when learning flourished to a considerable degree, and when printing and information was widely distributed among the better class of persons, and notwithstanding the light of the gospel, which many had, and the light of science and learning,—it was thought the best way to confute the errors of the mind by burning the body.

So a great number of persons, both in the reign of this young prince, and in that of his father and successors, were burnt at the stake for not pretending to believe what they could not believe. I do not know which party was worst in their wicked doings, but I suppose those who considered themselves to have the best right.

We ought to thank God every day that we have no burnings now, except on the Fifth of November, or when we go to the Zoological Gardens to see the wild beasts; which, ferocious as many of them are, are not, and never were, so ferocious as bigoted men and women.



The old chamber in which many of the consultations of the 'Burning Committees' were held, is given in the above woodcut. There it was that 'proud prelates,' zealous enthusiasts, and wicked expedienters, if I may coin a word, met, to devise ways for doing what never will be done, and never can be done—that is, make everybody think

alike. The time of burning is now past; but the zeal and the bigotry are not yet dead; the snake is scotched, not killed, and every one should be on his guard.

In the reign of this young king, the people, who had been for so many ages kept from the light of the Scriptures, were delighted at finding them now made free for all to study. But as the publishing of them was still expensive, numerous expedients were devised, by which all might read the word of God. Frequently, bodies of persons met together, and, having appointed a reader, sat down by him, and anxiously listened to the glad tidings of salvation; in a number of churches, the Bible was affixed by a chain to a desk in the church porch, and here numbers flocked to become acquainted with the charter of their salvation; especially at St. Paul's, large crowds gathered daily, and the great truths of religion were set forth in the words of Scripture by powerful voices, while the populace stood and rejoiced as well as wondered—all were eager to drink of the water of eternal life, and thousands were ready to lay down their blood in testimony of the truth. Let us not be beguiled again, my young friends, and never let us forget that the Bible is the foundation of the religion of Protestants; and, while we encourage peace and love with all men, never forget what we owe to the reign of the boy king, and of those martyrs who laid down their lives to deliver us from error and superstition and spiritual tyranny.





Interview between Golaub Sing, & the Gov. General, after
the Battle of. Cobraon, to endeavor to arrange articles of peace.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE SIKHS.

THE engraving represents the meeting of the Governor-General and Goulaub Sing, after the battle of Feroshabeg. I am not about to give my young readers an account of the terrible war which has been carried on by this country against the Sikhs, as such would be only a repetition of bloodshed, massacre, and death, but to say a few words about the country, and of the people among whom the war has been carried on.

The Sikhs, or Seiks, are a religious sect in Hindostan, who profess the purest deism, and is chiefly distinguished from the religion of the Hindoos by worshipping "One God," invisible and eternal. The sect was founded by Nanac Shah, of the caste of Cshalrijas and the Hindoo tribe of the Vedis, who was born in 1469. He enjoined to his followers universal philanthropy and love to God and mankind; and he used to say, "Hundreds and thousands of Mahomedans, and millions of Brahmins and Vishnoos, stand before the throne of the Almighty. He only is a good Hindoo, who is just, and a good Mahomedan, whose life is pure." Nanac died about 1540, at a place called

Kirtipur, where he lies buried, on the banks of the Ravee; hence Kirtipur is deemed a sacred place by the Sikhs, and a relic of Nanac's dress is preserved in his temple there.

As a governor and priest, he exercised, during his life, a spiritual and temporal dominion over his disciples. At his death, he transferred his power, not to his sons, but to a favourite disciple, named Lehana, whom he had himself initiated into his doctrines, and dressed in the sacred garb of a fakir.

He was succeeded in the government of the Sikhs, by Arzun, who published the writings of Nanac, which drew upon him the resentment of the Mahomedans, and he was barbarously put to death. Har Govind, his son and successor, eager to revenge his father's murder, transformed the Sikhs from peaceful believers into valiant warriors; and under his reign and that of his posterity, the most bloody wars have been waged against the Mahomedans. On the Sutlej, he established the state of the Sikhs, destroying among them the Hindoo distinction of castes, and giving equal right to the lowest Soodau and the highest Brahmin.

Let us hope that the war, now closed in this part of the world, will lead to the establishment of permanent peace; for Peter Parley does not think that it is at all a good way of exhibiting "Christian love," to blow poor creatures to atoms, or to shoot them by thousands on the banks of a river, when they are trying to get away.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE FOX.



THE fox (*Vulpes*), seemingly unlike the dog in form, manner of life, &c., still resembles it so much, that scientific men have placed it in the same class. (*Canis*.)

Foxes are found in each of the continents, although changing very much in appearance as we pass into Africa or America. Of the common, or European fox, much can be said. It is noted for its cunning, often stealing unperceived into a farmyard, and carrying off the

poultry. For this it is chased by the proprietor; but as the fox is considered the property of the lord of the manor and the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, he is always protected, to the great detriment



of the farmer. The reason why he is so protected, is, that he may become the "*sport*" of these gentlemen, as the hunting of him is considered superior to that of the hare, it being a little more hazardous; and he is so cunning in his turns to elude the hunters, that it has become a saying—

"As sly as a fox."

This sport is no sport, however, to the poor fox, who adopts every expedient to elude his enemies, until at last, he becomes so baffled, that he is compelled to give in.



The fox of Europe is of a red colour, but it is to be found of almost every other colour, as in the white or Arctic fox. (*Vulpes Lagopus*.)

This animal is almost entirely white during the winter, with very long fur; but in the summer its white coat falls off, and is replaced by a brown one, the fur of which is much shorter. It is very unlike the common fox in its habits, being extremely cleanly, never soiling its habitation, and having no unpleasant smell. It lives principally on eggs, young birds, blubber, and other carrion, not forgetting the beautiful little leming, which often falls a prey to it, and, indeed, is its principal food. It is also very unsuspicious, and is easily taken in traps, even if they be baited in its presence.

A variety of the Arctic fox is of a blue or sooty colour, and is found in the same region.

Of the African foxes, the smallest example is the caama, and is found very plentifully, towards the south, especially in the country of the Bechuanas. The caama, like other foxes, is fond of eggs, and is said to break them by rolling them against a stone.

There is another African fox called a fennec, which stands as a kind of link between the fox and the dog, so much so that naturalists disagree as to which class it belongs; it is, however, but two-thirds of the size of the common fox. A specimen of the skull of one was sent to Mr. Yarrell, who describes it as agreeing both in teeth and general appearance with the terrier.

The fox has also been found in a fossil state, among the gypsum of Paris, a specimen of which is in the possession of Mr. Murchison.



PARLEY'S RAILWAY TRIPS.



TRIP AMONG THE LAKES.

OF my last railway trip this season I am now about to say a few words. Having determined upon a scamper through the English Lakes, I started overnight, by the nine o'clock train, from Euston Square to Lancaster, at which place I arrived at seven the next morn-

ing, spending the intermediate time in various vain endeavours to go to sleep. Lancaster is a very poor place; its castle is, however, well worth a visit; so, obtaining an order from a magistrate, I entered the place, and, having proceeded through the several wards of the prison, in which all seems comfort and cleanliness, I was conducted to the prison yard, in which the treadmill was in full operation, and witnessed the labours of the prisoners, who seemed to go through their tasks with cheerful faces and apparent ease. The criminals looked as happy as could well be imagined: not so, however, with the poor debtors, who are confined in the same building, they seemed to suffer deeply, and for those I had, certainly, a sigh of pity; but as for the others, strong, fat, well clothed, happy-looking housebreakers, horse-stealers, and robbers, I must say that I thought them a great deal better off than half the honest hard-working labourers of our agricultural districts.

I then left Lancaster, and next morning pursued my way, by coach, towards Newby Bridge, at the foot of Windermere Lake, and a most delightful drive it was. The mountains, on one side, being covered almost to their tops with the most beautiful furze, in full blossom, and in such profusion as to make the mountains seem like masses of gold, and the descending sun touching their rugged crags, added a fresh beauty. At the foot of this lake is a pretty inn; and here a steam-boat awaited our arrival for some hours, but had departed, owing to our detention by the breaking down of the coach; so we proceeded to Bowness by a car, and were lucky enough to procure lodgings.

After wandering about the country to the east and west of Bowness for a few days, we departed by the steamer for Ambleside, and after

half an hour reached it. It is a small village of nearly a thousand inhabitants, and is intersected by the River Rothay. It lies immediately among the mountains; and one of the chief attractions of the spot is a fine waterfall called Stock Force, about half a mile from the town. The water makes four falls, altogether seventy feet in height; and each of them is very pretty. From these we continued our walk, and ascended a mountain called Wansfell Pike, about 1500 feet high. From this elevation we obtained a splendid view on all sides:—Windermere seemed like a little pond before us, strangely diminished in size; and afar to the north-west Langdale Pikes gloomed dimly in the rays of the descending sun, and a dark and deep misty haze stood upon the sides of the intervening mountains, imparting to them a grandeur not to be described.

Another beautiful ramble was over Loughrigg Fell; a rocky hill, which rises, on the west of Ambleside, to an elevation of more than a thousand feet above the level of Windermere. Here the lake appears in all its beauty, as every object on the whole lake confesses cultivation, and may be compared to a mirror of enormous size and rude shape, set in a huge frame of grotesque figure, adorned with the grandest carvings and lacework, with a variety of the richest colours, and altogether bearing a negligent air of nature's original workmanship.

Enchanted by this view, I proceeded onwards towards Langdale Pikes, winding under the craggy heights of Loughrigg Fell, on the banks of the Brathay; and sweeter stream scenery is nowhere to be found. Langdale Pikes have a very striking appearance; and close to my road, proceeding from a town high up the mountain, foamed a beautiful cascade seventy feet high, called Colwith Force. Passing

the town, and ascending between the mountains, I came to another solitary pool of water, called Blea Tarn.

“Urn-like it was in shape, deep as an urn,
With rocks encompassed.”—WORDSWORTH.

And passing this, the track soon brought me to another waterfall, called *Dungeon Gill Force*, formed by a stream which cuts through a fissure in the mountain side. A natural arch has been made by a large stone having rolled from a higher part of the mountain and become wedged in between the cheeks of the rock. It is thus celebrated by Wordsworth :—

“There is a spot, which you may see,
If ever you to Langdale go,
Into a chasm a mighty block
Hath fall’n and made a bridge of rock.
The gulf is deep below,
And in a basin, black and small,
Receives a lofty waterfall.”

In the same vicinity, in a recess on the flank of Loughrigg Fell, is Loughrigg Tarn, a lonely spot. The view from Langdale Pikes is sublime on all sides.

Returning to Ambleside, the next day was set apart to visit the “great poet of the age,” Wordsworth; and old Peter Parley’s heart beat high as he took the road to Rydal Mount. The walk of about a mile is delightful, and soon brought me to the poet’s dwelling. It stands upon the projection of a hill called Knab Scar. It is a house of fair

dimensions, almost covered with roses and climbing plants of various kinds, and surrounded by foliage. Before the door is a little open space, and beyond it some steps, picturesquely broken and ornamented by small heather ferns, and wild flowers springing from between their fissures. This leads to a little lawn which is upon the Mount,—whence the name of the spot, and from which you catch a glimpse of Windermere. Opposite are Loughrigg Fells, rich in verdure, and nearer, a newly-built church. Behind Knab Scar, and to the right, Rydal-water is seen through the trees. Within the house sat the poet himself, green and glorious in his old age, putting me immediately in mind of the passage in the first psalm.—“He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season, whose leaf shall not wither.” And when I compared his latter days with the fate of the “scorner,” I could not but marvel at the sure word of the prophecy. We conversed largely, and I found that neither the light of his eye nor the fire of his heart had decayed; that his deep and holy care for little children was as strong as ever; that he still thought that their training was “big with the fate of empires;” and that mothers were their best teachers. Would that all my readers studied his works; for in them is to be found “all love, all goodness, all majesty, and truth.”*

Close by Wordsworth’s house is Rydal Hall, the seat of Lady le Fleming; and in the grounds two beautiful waterfalls, which I had the privilege to visit. One is at a little distance from the house: it is a considerable stream, tumbling in one unbroken sheet from a rock of

* A new edition of these, complete in one volume, beautifully printed, has lately been published by Mr. Moxon, Dover Street, London.

great height into a basin below. The other is a small waterfal, seen through the window of a summer-house, and is beautiful beyond description: it tumbles, in various little breaks, through its rocky channels decked with thickets, till it arrives at the edge of the precipice before the window, whence it rushes into a basin formed by nature in the rock.

After some few day's sojourn, I wended my way towards Keswick, passing Rydal-water, to Grasmere. The village stands among the flat meadows at the head of the lake, and is a sweet little place; the lake itself is hollowed into small bars, and embosomed in trees and mountains, below Helm Crag, like a wedge from the valley; and here, in the words of Wordsworth,—

“Lives a land for ever green.”

Passing onwards on our way towards Keswick, we at last came to the base of Helvellin; and having determined to ascend it, we passed along a hill to the east, so narrow that you might sit across many parts of the ridge. When we got to the top, the view was fine beyond description—mountains towering among the hills as if they were parents of numerous families, and Helvellin in the centre of them; Skiddaw was below us to the north; Old Man just in sight; Place Fell cuts off a branch of Ulleswater, and makes the shape of the lake resemble a pair of breeches inlaid with pasturage. Having enjoyed this view for a time, we descended the mountain, and soon found ourselves at Keswick.

Keswick is a dull town. We did not stay there long; and, after visiting Southey's house and Skiddaw, we determined upon passing

through Derwentwater, Borrowdale, Buttermere and Crummock-water, to Cockermouth. Derwentwater is half-a-mile to the south-west of Keswick; it is ten miles in circumference, and about four miles long; the water transparent as crystal and shining as a mirror, over whose surface five islands are dispersed. Both the eastern and western sides are beautiful. We went down the centre in a boat, and looking around us, beheld the mountains on all sides, stupendous and gloomy, as they stood covered with clouds. There Skiddaw raised his head with a peaked brow; and, close to it, Saddleback and Causey Pike, together with a chain of mountains stretching far away towards the north-east; and the whole reflected in the lake as in a mirror. The water-lily spread its broad leaves over the surface, and here and there showed its little milk-white bells. We were landed on a plain of meadow ground, and on it stood a large cannon; a large party were about to have it fired, and the report was tremendous, echoing from mountain to mountain, up the pass of Borrowdale, and from Skiddaw and Causey Pike, in a multiplication of reports. Behind the inn at this spot, are the celebrated Falls of Lodore; unfortunately, the water was scarce, and in this fall I was disappointed.

We next reached Buttermere, where some kind friends insisted upon my partaking of luncheon; and after a very merry hour, and many expressions of gratitude on my part for civility not to be forgotten, I took my farewell for Crummock-water, which is in length about four miles, its waters clear and deep, and its western banks bordered by lofty mountains. The rugged and pointed mountains on each side are truly picturesque; some naked, others crowded to their bases; some verdant, some rocky, some heathy, and some covered with red thyme, which gives a rich tinge to the landscape.

At Crummockwater ended my lake tour. I soon found my way to Cockermouth; through the lovely vale of Lorton, and thence to Whitehaven; and on by steamer to Liverpool; not delighted more by the scenery, than by the *Robertsonian* kindness and hospitality I experienced in the Pass of Borrowdale, the Vale of Buttermere, and at the Mount of Rydal.



LONDON:
W. LEWIS AND SON, FINCH LANE, CORNHILL.

LIST OF SOME
OF THE
Illustrated Juvenile Works,
SOLD BY
DARTON AND CLARK,
HOLBORN HILL.

Just Published, Square 16mo., price 4s.,

**PARLEY'S TALES
ABOUT CHINA AND THE CHINESE.**

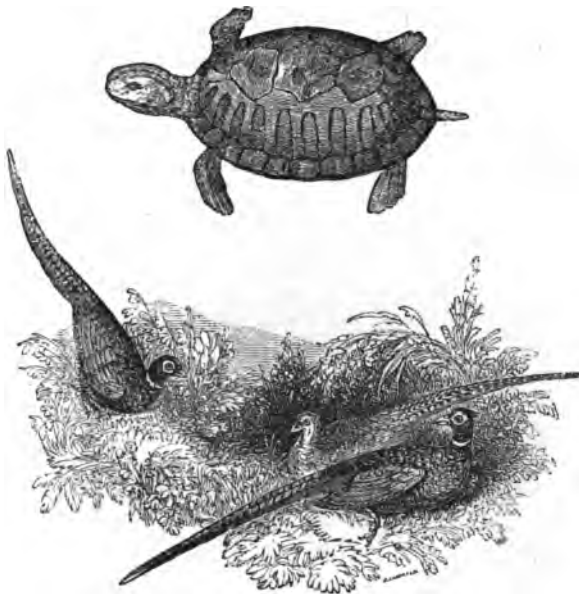


Containing a Map, and upwards of Eighty Engravings, illustrative of the Manners and Customs of the Chinese, their Public Buildings, Mode of Warfare, Punishments, &c., &c.

In this Volume Peter Parley has given his young readers a Sketch of the Manners, Customs, and Institutions of the most wonderful people on the face of the globe, accompanied by the most interesting events in their history.

Square 16mo., fancy cloth, with Illuminated Title,
STORIES OF THE ANIMAL WORLD.

BY THE REV. B. H. DRAPER.



DESIGNED AS A
SYSTEMATIC INTRODUCTION TO ZOOLOGY.
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Companion Volume to the "Juvenile Naturalist."

PETER PARLEY'S NEW SERIES.

Now in course of Publication. Illustrated by SAMUEL WILLIAMS.

I.

PERSEVERE AND PROSPER;

OR,

THE SIBERIAN SABLE HUNTER.

With beautiful Frontispiece, Vignette, a Map, and nearly Sixty Woodcuts.

Price 2s. 6d. Handsomely bound in Cloth.



II.

WHAT TO DO AND HOW TO DO IT;

With Frontispiece, and Vignette, and many Woodcuts.

Demy 18mo. Price 2s. 6d. Handsomely bound in Cloth.

III.
CHEERFUL CHERRY;
OR,
MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

With Frontispiece, and Vignette, and Woodcuts.

Demy 18mo Price 2s. 6d. Handsomely bound in Cloth.



IV.
WIT BOUGHT;
OR,
THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ROBERT MERRY.

With Frontispiece, and Vignette, and Woodcuts.

Demy 18mo. Price 2s. 6d. Handsomely bound in Cloth.

V.
INQUISITIVE JACK ;
OR,
A PEEP INTO THE WONDERS OF NATURE.



With many Plates.
Demy 18mo. Price 2s. 6d. Handsomely bound in Cloth.

VI.
TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES
OF
THOMAS TROTTER.



With Frontispiece, and Vignette, and Sixty Woodcuts.
Price 2s. 6d., Handsomely Bound in Cloth.

*In a thick vol. Royal square 16mo., with Copper Plates, and a great number of fine
Wood-cuts. Price 6s.,*

PETER PARLEY'S ANNUAL;

▲

NEW YEAR'S GIFT.



**This Interesting Volume for the Young comprises nearly Four Hundred
Pages of Moral and Instructive Reading, embellished with a profusion of
Wood-cuts and Copper-plates.**

**SCHOOL CATECHISMS, BY THE REV. D. BLAIR
AND THE REV. T. WILSON.**

**DESIGNED FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF CHILDREN IN EVERY
BRANCH OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.**

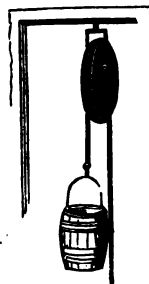
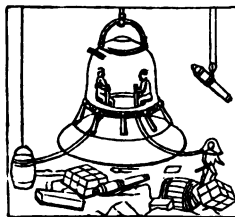
The Series comprises the following Catechisms—Price 9d. each,

BY THE REV. D. BLAIR.

THE FIRST, OR MOTHER'S CATECHISM.

THE SECOND CATECHISM.

THE THIRD CATECHISM.



.. On the same plan as the above, by the

REV. T. WILSON.

FIRST CATECHISM OF COMMON THINGS.

SECOND CATECHISM OF COMMON THINGS.

THIRD CATECHISM OF COMMON THINGS.

FIRST CATECHISM OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

SECOND CATECHISM OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

THIRD CATECHISM OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

CATECHISM OF GEOGRAPHY.

CATECHISM OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

CATECHISM OF BIBLE HISTORY.

In Demy, 16mo., elegantly half-bound, gilt edges, price 4s. 6d., with beautiful Cuts,

THE BOOK OF QUADRUPEDS.

BY BILBY AND RIDGWAY.



Containing a popular History of the most interesting Animals, with numerous
Original Anecdotes.

BOOKS FOR ALL SEASONS.

Price 1s, the Twentieth Thousand,

**GREEN'S UNIVERSAL PRIMER,
AND MOTHER'S FIRST BOOK.**



Just Published, Price 1s. 6d., neatly bound in cloth.

GREEN'S SECOND BOOK FOR CHILDREN,

BEING A SEQUEL TO

GREEN'S UNIVERSAL PRIMER.

With One Hundred and Thirty Illustrative Wood Engravings.

This Book is admirably adapted as a companion to all the Spelling Books and Primers now in use, and contains a great mass of information in a small space, simplified to the humblest capacities.

Price 1s., Sixteenth Thousand,

**GREEN'S USEFUL KNOWLEDGE,
FOR
LITTLE CHILDREN.**

**BEING A LOOKING GLASS IN WHICH THEY MAY SEE THE DANGERS OF CHILD-
HOOD WITHOUT FEELING THEIR EFFECTS.**



Price 1s. 6d., bound in cloth.

GREEN'S FIRST TALES, FOR CHILDREN.

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIVE PLATES.

In an elegant volume, Royal 18mo., cloth, or in elegant Morocco binding,

FIRESIDE VERSES.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

—
BY MARY HOWITT.



Price 1s., with nearly Fifty Woodcuts.

THE GOSPEL PREACHED TO BABES.

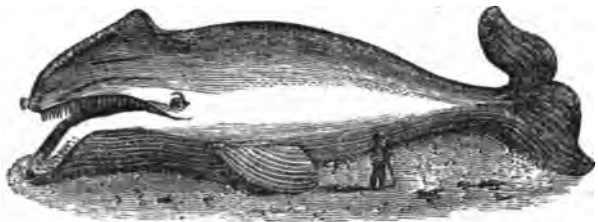
Principally in Words of One and Two Syllables.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MUSINGS."

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength."

PETER PARLEY'S
WONDERS OF THE EARTH, SEA, AND SKY.

WITH MANY PLATES AND WOOD-CUTS.
A COMPANION TO THE "WONDERS OF ART."



Square 16mo., handsomely bound in cloth. Price 6s

*Price 2s. 6d. each, in Demy 18mo., fancy cloth, richly illustrated, with Maps and
fine Wood Engravings,*

**PARLEY'S TALES ABOUT EUROPE.
TALES ABOUT AMERICA AND AUSTRALIA.
TALES ABOUT ASIA AND AFRICA.**



The above three Works in a single volume, entitled
PETER PARLEY'S WORLD.

Fancy cloth, with Maps and many Woodcuts. Price 6s. 6d. Morocco elegant, 8s. 6d.

Demy 12mo., cloth. Price 1s., plain, and bound in cloth, 1s. 6d.

CHICKSEED WITHOUT CHICKWEED;

OR,

LESSONS IN EASY WORDS.



Demy 12mo., cloth. Price 1s.,

FIRST LESSONS IN READING AND THINKING.

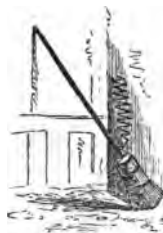
BY WILLIAM MARTIN,

AUTHOR OF THE "PARLOUR BOOK," THE "BOOK OF SPORTS," "INTELLECTUAL SCHOOL BOOK," ETC.

THE NURSERY BOOK ;
OR,
EASY EXERCISES ON ONE HUNDRED COMMON OBJECTS.

BY T. BILEY & R. RIDGWAY.

Square 16mo., cloth. Price 3s 6d.



Each subject is illustrated by an accurate Wood-cut, and the Language is so simple as to render the book acceptable to all the inmates of a Nursery.

AN APPROPRIATE BOOK FOR CHILDREN FROM FIVE TO NINE YEARS.

Price 3s. 6d. in square 16mo., with beautiful Illustrations by Samuel Williams.

THE CHILD'S OWN STORY BOOK.

BY MRS. JERRAM,

(LATE JANE ELIZABETH HOLMES.)



Royal 16mo., with upwards of Sixty Illustrations, designed and engraved by Samuel Williams, price 7s. 6d. cloth; 12s. in richly Illuminated Morocco.

THE BOOK OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Being a Description of every place of interest in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

THE
CHILD'S LIBRARY.

Illuminated Titles, and Coloured Plates. Square 16mo. 3s. each.



THE HUMAN FRAME
PARLEY'S BOOK OF POETRY
COTTON FIELDS AND COTTON
 FACTORIES
PARLEY'S BOOK OF GYMNASTICS
WONDERS OF THE TELESCOPE
WONDERS OF THE MICROSCOPE

CHILD'S BEST LESSON BOOK
GUIZOT'S TALES FOR YOUTH
FABLES AND PROVERBS
SCENES OF CHILDHOOD
BARBAULD'S LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

&c. &c.

A BOOK FOR THE PLAY-GROUND AND PLAY-ROOM.

Price 3s. 6d., bound in cloth, with Illustrations by Samuel Williams,

THE BOOK OF SPORTS,

BY WILLIAM MARTIN.

Author of "The Parlour Book," "Christian Lacon."

ATHLETIC EXERCISES, AND AMUSEMENTS.



In this Work are to be found all kinds of Amusements, from Ring-taw and Blindman's-buff, to Chess, with curious experiments in Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy.

*In square 16mo., with a Portrait of the Author, and many beautiful illustrations,
handsomely half-bound, gilt edges,*

THE BIBLE STORY BOOK,

BY THE REV. B. H. DRAPER.



In 2 vols., neatly half-bound,

THE MIRACLES OF THE LORD JESUS EXPLAINED FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. B. H. DRAPER.

By the same Author,

THE PARABLES OF THE LORD JESUS.

In one vol. square 16mo.

New Editions,
ONE SHILLING EACH, WITH COLOURED PLATES,

THE CHILD'S TREASURY ;

OR,

LITTLE ENGLISHMAN'S LIBRARY.

In bold Type, and in simple Words, suitable for Christmas, New Year, and Birthday Gifts, for Children.



Comprising

Quadrupeds, and their Uses to Man	Wild Beasts, their Habits and Uses (obl.)
The Little Mechanic ; or, Book of Trades	Little Tales for Little Children, by Mrs. Jerram
The World and its Inhabitants ; or, Travels of Reuben Ramble	Songs for the Nursery
The Zoological Gardens ; or, Book of Wild Beasts	Fairy Tales in Verse
Birds, and their Uses to Man	Reuben Ramble's Travels in the Southern Counties of England
The Bible Picture Book (oblong)	Reuben Ramble's Travels in the Northern Countries
The Ocean and its Inhabitants, with their Uses to Man	Ditto ditto Western ditto
Insects and Reptiles, with their Uses to Man	Ditto ditto Eastern ditto
	Ditto ditto Northern ditto

Selections of the above can be had bound in a Volume, or in a Library Case, suitable for a Present to a Young Family, at various Prices and Bindings.

Price Sixpence, with Illuminated Wrapper.

THE PICTORIAL PRIMER ;

OR,

CHILD'S FIRST BOOK.



GOLDSMITH'S FIRST STEP TO KNOWLEDGE.
GOLDSMITH'S SECOND STEP TO KNOWLEDGE.

SIXPENCE EACH.



APPROPRIATE PRESENTS & FANCY PRIZE BOOKS.

Royal 32mo. Morocco, elegant, with Illuminated Titles, at 4s., and in silk, elegantly bound, ornamental sides and back, with Illuminated Titles, at 3s. 6d., or in neat cloth, gilt edges, with engraved plates, at 2s. 6d.

REMEMBER ME.

A Token of Christian Affection. Consisting of entirely Original Pieces in Prose and Verse. With a finely-engraved plate of the Covenanters

THE WEDDING GIFT.

A Token of Love and Affection to the Newly Married.

THE DIADEM.

A Selection of Poetry. With an engraved Frontispiece.

THE EVERGREEN.

A Selection of Religious and Preceptive Pieces in Prose. By the late Rev. B. H. Draper. With a Portrait of the late Robert Hall.

THE EVERGREEN.

A Selection of Religious and Preceptive Poetry. With a Portrait of J. Montgomery, Esq.

INCHBALD'S SIMPLE STORY.

With a Steel Frontispiece.

THE PERENNIAL.

A Collection of Moral and Religious Poetry. Selected by the Editor of the "Evergreen."

POETRY OF THE AFFECTIONS.

With a Steel Frontispiece.

POETRY OF LOVE.

Selected by the Editor of the "Poetry of the Affections." With an engraved Frontispiece.

THE HEARTSEASE.

A Selection of Modern Poetry.

POETIC WEEDS.

A volume of Original Poetry.



ELEGANT CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

*Square 16mo., beautifully coloured Plates, from designs by the late John Brown, fancy
coloured cloth, price 6s.,*

THE HARTOPP JUBILEE;

OR,

PROFIT FROM PLAY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.



A VISIT TO A FARM HOUSE;

OR,

A PEEP INTO THE AGRICULTURAL WORLD.

18mo., fancy cloth. Price 2s. 6d.

In 18mo., cloth, boards. Price 2s. 6d.,

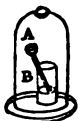
THE VISIT TO LONDON.

NOW READY,
In demy 16mo., handsomely bound in cloth,
PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS,
PETER PARLEY'S
TALES ABOUT IRELAND AND THE IRISH.



With upwards of Seventy Illustrative Wood Engravings, and an accurate Map.

. This Book is well calculated to enlighten the minds of both youth and age as to the true character of the Irish.

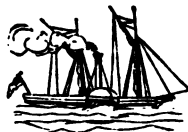
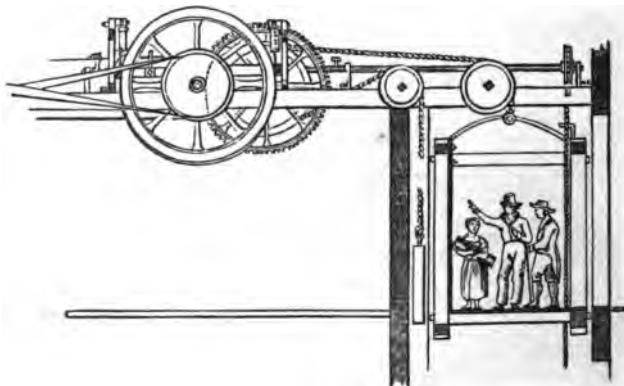


*Square 16mo., cloth, gill. Price 4s. 6d., with coloured
Illustrations,*

THE PARLOUR BOOK;

OR,

FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS ON SCIENCE AND THE
ARTS.



WITH PLATES AND WOOD-CUTS.

BY WILLIAM MARTIN.

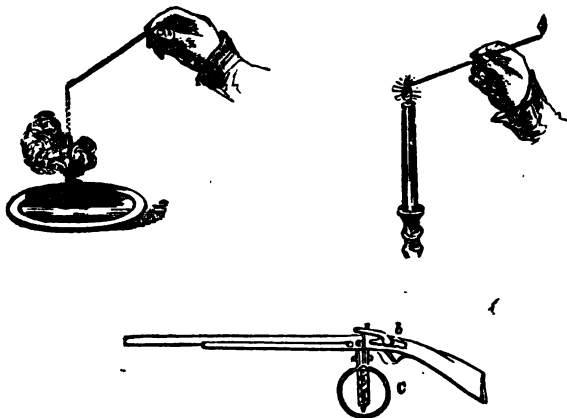
WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

Lately Published, in Demy, 16mo., cloth, gilt, price 3s. 6d.,

THE BOOK OF EXPERIMENTS.

Illustrating the principal Facts and curious Phenomena of

ELECTRICITY, GALVANISM, MAGNETISM, CHEMISTRY, OPTICS, HEAT, ETC.



With Introductory Observations on each Science, and upwards of

THREE HUNDRED SAFE AND EASY EXPERIMENTS.

BY J. S. DALTON.

DARTON'S NEW SERIES OF CHILDREN'S PRINTS.

Price 2d. each, plain, 4d. coloured.

- 1 The Horse, and its Employments
- 2 The Camel, ditto
- 3 The Dog, ditto
- 4 The Elephant, ditto
- 5 The Cow, ditto
- 6 The Donkey, and its Uses

- 7 The Beaver, and its Uses
- 8 The Sheep, ditto
- 9 The Pig, ditto
- 10 The Bear, ditto
- 11 The Cat, and its Habits
- 12 The Lion, ditto



- 13 The Farm, and its Produce
- 14 Pictorial Figures
- 15 Ditto Alphabet
- 16 Familiar Animals
- 17 Kitchen Utensils
- 18 Fruits and Grain

- 19 Animal Food
- 20 Life of Joseph
- 21 Life of Moses
- 22 Life of Christ
- 23 Acts of the Apostles
- 24 Life of Alfred the Great

Square Demy, 16mo., fancy cloth, with many fine Wood Engravings, price 5s.,

PETER PARLEY'S WONDERS OF ART,
ANCIENT AND MODERN;



CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF

WONDERFUL BUILDINGS—WONDERFUL SCULPTURES—COAL, GAS,
AND STEAM, AND THE MOST WONDERFUL BRANCHES
OF MANUFACTURES.

With beautiful Cuts, Demy 16mo., fancy cloth, price 3s. 6d. ;

HOWITT'S TALES IN VERSE.

HOWITT'S TALES IN PROSE.

Price 3s. 6d.



HOWITT'S TALES ON NATURAL HISTORY.

Price 3s. 6d.

